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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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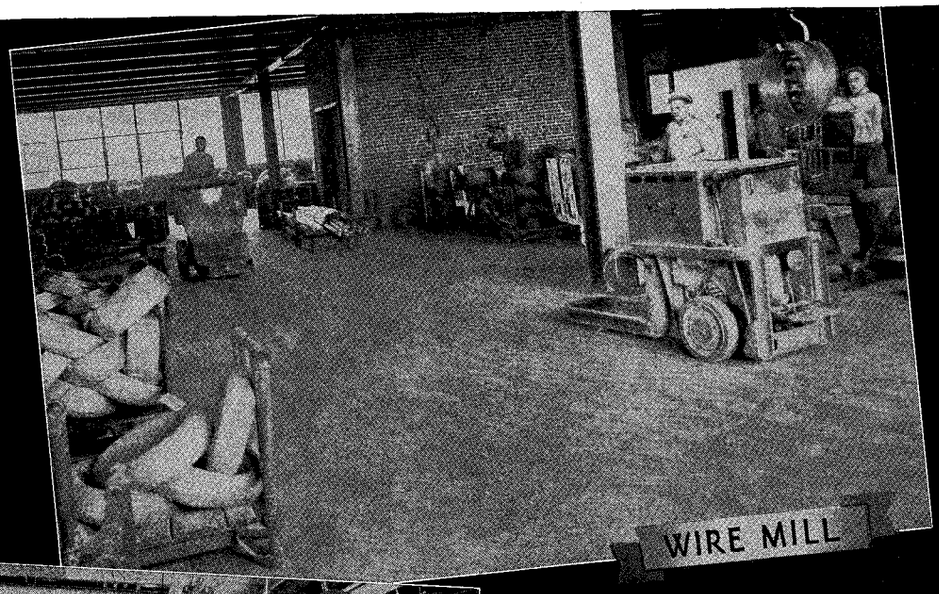

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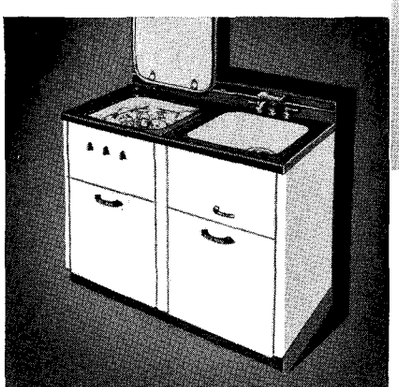

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Scribner's

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

ALLEN LEWIS

Number One Office Boy

To the editorial desks in recent weeks have come some of the most interesting letters received in several months—the kind that make one forget all about the annoying details of publishing and remember its satisfactions, however evanescent. Let it be said most emphatically that letters commenting on editorial matter or bringing up particular aspects of a subject for further discussion are welcomed—and read by the principal members of the editorial staff. First of all, we print a letter from a gentleman now living in California who was the first office boy on *Scribner's Monthly,* the predecessor for a few years of the present SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Alexander Murray writes:

The article "Fifty Years of Scribner's Magazine" in the Anniversary Issue has indeed brought out loving memories of those who were present at the establishment of *Scribner's Monthly.* I was born on the East Side in New York in 1858, and when the Civil War ended I was attending grammar school. My father had a large family to support and, young as I was, my assistance was needed. When I was eleven years old I became office boy for A. W. Drake, a designer and engraver with offices at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway. When Roswell Smith and Dr. J. G. Holland decided to start the magazine, Mr. Drake was selected as art director, and he took me along with him.

I shall never forget the thrill of loyal pride and importance that ran down my small spine that bright morning when, at last, the first precious manuscript was placed in my hands with a kindly admonition by Dr. Holland to take good care of it. I started to deliver it at a trot to the office of the New York Printing Company on Centre Street. I traveled back and forth many times each day, delivering the manuscripts and bringing back printed copy for correction. It was a daily task of which I never tired.

Some of the finest artists of the day were contributors to the *Monthly,* and it was part of my work to call on them for their drawings and engravings. The talent came from all walks of life, from garret studios in the slums to the mansions of the wealthy. The good that was done by the magazine in the dark days of the seventies to afford work to those in distress will always be a bright spot in the history of *Scribner's Monthly.* I often brought the artists the good news; I saw their faces. Time can never destroy the memory of those early days. The ideals and high standards of *Scribner's Monthly* held the respect of the public, and it was with great pleasure that I saw the present SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE come into existence a few years after the *Monthly* became *The Century.*

ALEXANDER MURRAY
Ontario, California

The editors have received a considerable number of letters from readers expressing their appreciation of the "American Painters Series" of color inserts which began in March. A great many people are framing these prints, putting them on their walls. It appears to be the most popular new feature and one meriting the acclaim of art critics as well as lay readers:

Now that the original water color of "Fall Plowing" by John Costigan has been returned, I have had the opportunity of comparing it with the reproduction of it in your March issue. I had no idea that the art of reproduction had advanced so far. I have no hesitancy in saying that the insert has all the fine quality of the original water color. Anyone framing it would have the satisfaction of knowing that it approximates the original.

E. C. BABCOCK
Babcock Art Galleries
New York City

I wish to thank you for reproducing one of my paintings in your March issue. It is a very fine reproduction of the picture and I am delighted to have my work in such a fine magazine.

JOHN E. COSTIGAN
Orangeburg, New York

The March number has just arrived, and I hasten to send you my congratulations for your beautiful job on Mr. Costigan's water color, and to say that the idea adds greatly to your magazine.

Your "realistic" stories are fine, but give so much one-sided realism! After all, there are some relatively happy, at the same time, vital experiences in life!

JOAN W. TYSON
Essex Fells, New Jersey

"The Anatomy of Courage" in the February issue was of deepest interest to me. I, too, am one of those who, like the young husband and father who wrote the article, have had maudlin praise showered upon them for the virtues of courage and patience. His began in 1933; mine in 1911.

Once, I too should have written as he did. To me courage was merely stoical endurance and I could see no reason for praise. I was too near the physical and mental torture, the doubts and fears, to have a clear perspective. I could admire courage in another person; in myself it was simply "existing without complaints."

During these twenty-six years I have learned the beauty and power of courage. I realize now that people gush forth with maudlin praise because they face a power beyond their understanding.

For seven years I have edited a little magazine which goes into the far corners of the United States, Canada, and across the Atlantic to England and Scotland, to reach those who have a fineness of courage and a fighting power which puts strong men to shame. Here are but a few: A blind boy in California, suffering hideous pain in every arthritic joint, writes poems, plans hobby shows, dictates news for his home-town paper, and makes all who know him feel a new beauty in the world. A girl in Wisconsin, in a wheel chair since early childhood, leads her state in seeing that this generation of crippled children has an education and that Congress provides funds for rehabilitation and jobs for handicapped adults. A young woman in West Virginia supports her aged mother by weaving baskets, despite the fact that her stiffened body must lie very flat or stand very straight. . . .

One might go on indefinitely.

What has kept these people facing life so that the world has not suffered by their misfortune? Whatever it is that sets these splendid people flinging their torchlight high, I cannot determine. It does not matter what you call it, but those who know them find that in their presence they feel as though they were on holy ground. I don't wonder that passers-by sometimes grow sentimental and a bit maudlin in their attempts to give praise for that which they cannot understand.

Like it or not, Mr. Anonymous, you are among the courageous. If you weren't, you'd let your wife support you. There would have been no facing the adolescent boys and winning their undying respect. For less reason than wheel chairs, other men have surrendered and let the wife become the head of the family.

MISS ANONYMOUS

Last Word

Space being at the usual premium, it was impossible for the editors to print more than one of the many answers written to the article "The New Woman Goes Home," which appeared in the February issue. Mrs. Van Doren's answer was the most concise, and in many ways the best. On seeing the proofs, Mrs. Borsodi asked to

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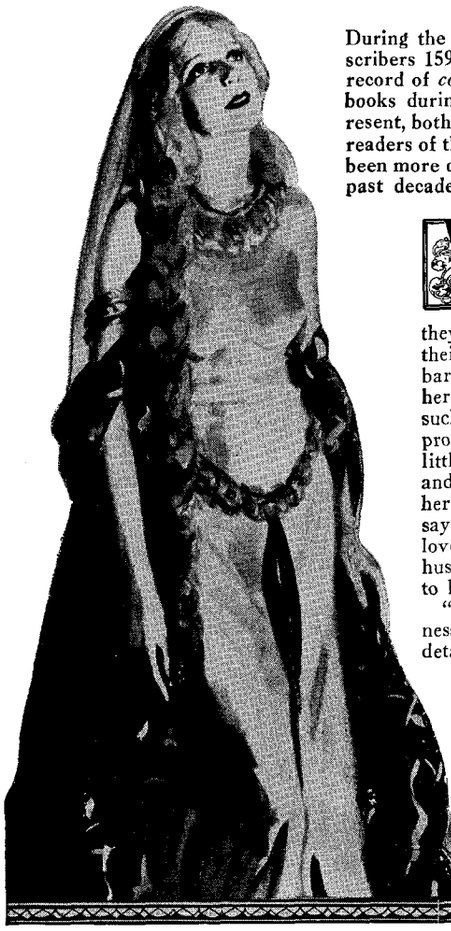
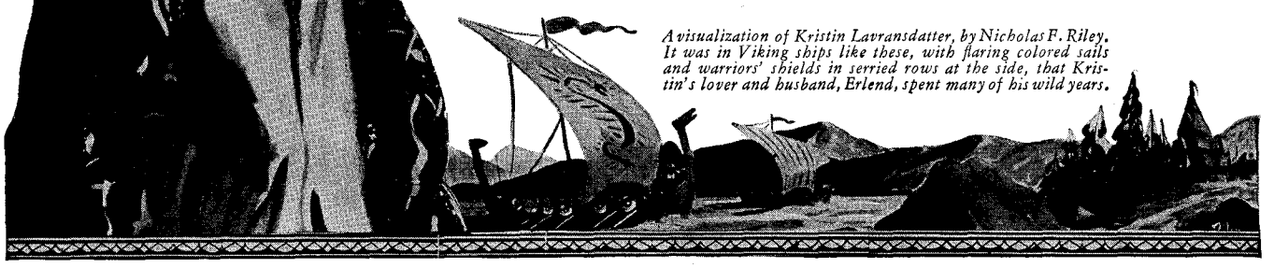


During the ten years of its existence, the Book-of-the-Month Club has sent out to its subscribers 159 different books as books-of-the-month and book-dividends. Judging solely by the record of *continuing sales* to the Club's subscribers, *Kristin Lavransdatter* tops the list of all books during the ten-year period. Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers unquestionably represent, both socially and geographically, an ideal cross-section of the more discriminating book-readers of the United States. Accordingly, it seems fair to conclude, this remarkable trilogy has been more deeply enjoyed by the real book lovers of the nation than any novel published in the past decade.

WE are likely to forget that there were women and children among the Vikings, not merely long-moustached warriors. This book is the story of how they lived and thought; here they are in their homes as well as upon the seas—barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to him and what happened to them.

"The book inspires one in its spaciousness, its spirituality, and its warm human details with the same feeling as a Gothic cathedral does. The folk-ways of the time, all the minutiae of that olden life, are here as inextricable background to a story that is as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. Crowds of people move through its pages. Things happen in large unhampered fashion, as they do in life. Again and again Chance strikes like lightning in the book—and as impassively. Moreover, one gets a sense of the inexorable creep of Time that few novelists nowadays seem able to convey. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Years pass, long years, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction."—HARRY SCHERMAN, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*



A visualization of Kristin Lavransdatter, by Nicholas F. Riley. It was in Viking ships like these, with flaring colored sails and warriors' shields in serried rows at the side, that Kristin's lover and husband, Erlend, spent many of his wild years.

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Sells 19 Features In Six Months

"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

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write a brief rebuttal, and the editors, never loath to promote a lively discussion, told her to go ahead. It would probably be only fair now to give Mrs. Van Doren another word or two, but the issue is hereby closed. . . .

The trouble with Mrs. Van Doren's point of view is that she is a New Yorker. There are millions of New Yorkers, actual and potential, all over the country—men and women who think that the New York way of living is not only the way in which people should live but the way in which they actually do. If Mrs. Van Doren would take her eyes off New York she would discover that there are millions of Americans who still get their milk from the family cow, whose food comes largely from their own farms, who still sew and bake and can foods at home. If she were to look at the real America, she would not think it so startlingly impractical to suggest that people should have their own cows. Nor would she think it hopelessly romantic to discuss the economics of baking bread at home.

She would also discover the fact that there are enormous numbers of families, including many farm families, with cash incomes of less than $1200 a year, who already own hundreds of dollars' worth of labor-saving machinery. Their homes would make her less positive about saying that the $1200-income family cannot afford to pay for the domestic equipment which makes the modern homestead so different from the old homestead with which she confuses it. The questions she asks about the cost of paying for, operating, and repairing this sort of equipment have been answered not only by my own researches, but also by studies made by agricultural experiment stations and home economists throughout the country.

She quotes the Census figures for 1930 to the effect that there are thirty million families in the United States and ten million women gainfully employed. The total number of women who have left their homes in order to work is large, but the figure of ten million does not represent what Mrs. Van Doren thinks it does. Nearly a million of these women were engaged in agriculture—that is, they lived at home and helped their husbands run their farms. And over three millions of them were engaged in domestic and personal service; they were still doing the sort of work which most women have done from time immemorial.

These figures also show, when one studies them carefully, that a vast majority of the women who worked outside the home, received a mere pittance in cash for their labor. How can Mrs. Van Doren be so certain that earning from $5 to $10 a week sorting dirty clothes eight hours each day in a power laundry—a task which gives gainful employment to thousands of women—constitutes a better way of living than washing and ironing, cooking and baking, sewing and weaving at home for her own family!

MRS. RALPH BORSODI
Suffern, New York

Who's Who in this Issue

In introducing Corey Ford's writings to American magazine readers, one is somewhat in the position of introducing people to their ABC's. His personal history is not so well known, except that he's a great fisherman and spent the summers of '34 and '35 in Canada and Alaska being one; that he gives Freedom, New Hampshire, as his official address; and that in a magazine last year he had this to say of himself:

"I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. . . . I weighed seven pounds which was above the legal limit, and apparently big enough to keep. That was some thirty-odd years ago; and I have been fishing ever since. . . .

"Otherwise, I'm afraid there's nothing much to report. I was born—to get the unpleasant part of this thing over quickly—in New York City. My alibi is that I knew nothing of it at the time, and that as soon as I found out where I was, I packed all my belongings in a triangular piece of cloth and trudged out of the city as fast as possible. Moreover, if any one in the crowd gathered about the crib in which I lay blinking and cooing had ventured to predict that, thirty years later, I should be writing immortal prose that would make all America pause and listen in awe, the neighbors would have laughed at him as an idle dreamer. What's more they would have been right."

*

According to H. V. Schieren, whose photographs "New York" appear in this issue, his pictures, like Topsy, just grew. "I owned my first camera when I was eight years old," he says, "and that was back in 1889. Since then I have been doing photographic work of various kinds, and when I started the New York set, my aim was to picture the people on the run, so to speak, doing it in a way so that they would not have the slightest idea they were being photographed."

*

Bertram Fowler, whose book *Consumer Co-operation in America* is an authoritative document on that subject, spent years traveling around the country gathering information. Before that he was a member of the staff of *The Christian Science Monitor.* Last summer he spent several months in Maine making a study of conditions along the coast, partly for a group interested in some betterment of these conditions, but mostly for his own edification.

*

Virgil Fulling, from Memphis, Tennessee, writes: "I was born near Evansville, Indiana, in the southern part of the state, known to all Hoosiers as 'The Pocket.' After acquiring a little knowledge in Indiana schools I went to Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, and was in newspaper work for several years afterward.

"Have lived in Memphis the past ten years, but I left newspaper work in 1933. Since then I have practiced law."

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I WOULD BE PRIVATE

By Rose Macaulay

Quintuplets were born to the wife of Officer McBrown of the London police. But there was only one thing he craved —privacy! How he didn't get it, even though he migrated to an uncharted island, is told with delicious humor by the author of *Potterism* and *Told by an Idiot.* $2.50

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1927

1937

TEN YEARS AGO
THIS OCTOBER

It is interesting to turn back the pages of the years and read the record of a business. For time has a way of testing purposes and policies. Good years and lean reveal the character of men and organizations. The fundamental policy of the Bell System is not of recent birth—it has been the corner-stone of the institution for many years. On October 20, 1927, it was reaffirmed in these words by Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"The business of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Bell Telephone Companies is to furnish telephone service to the nation. This business from its very nature is carried on without competition in the usual sense.

"These facts have a most important bearing on the policy that must be followed by the management if it lives up to its responsibilities.

"The fact that the ownership is so widespread and diffused imposes an unusual obligation on the management to see to it that the savings of these hundreds of thousands of people are secure and remain so.

"The fact that the responsibility for such a large part of the entire telephone service of the country rests solely upon this Company and its Associated Companies also imposes on the management an unusual obligation to the public to see to it that the service shall at all times be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.

"Obviously, the only sound policy that will meet these obligations is to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety. This policy is bound to succeed in the long run and

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

there is no justification for acting otherwise than for the long run.

"Earnings must be sufficient to assure the best possible telephone service at all times and to assure the continued financial integrity of the business. Earnings that are less than adequate must result in telephone service that is something less than the best possible.

"Earnings in excess of these requirements must either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service furnished or the rates charged for the service must be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

"The margin of safety in earnings is only a small percentage of the rate charged for service, but that we may carry out our ideals and aims it is essential that this margin be kept adequate. Cutting it too close can only result in the long run in deterioration of service while the temporary financial benefit to the telephone user would be negligible.

"With your sympathetic understanding we shall continue to go forward, providing a telephone service for the nation more and more free from imperfections, errors or delays, and always at a cost as low as is consistent with financial safety."

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CI, Number 5 May, 1937

Dorothy Thompson

By DON WHARTON

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the first lady of American journalism . . . her career abroad . . . her background, output, popularity, and influence on Sinclair Lewis*

DOROTHY THOMPSON is the only woman in this country to make good as a political commentator. She is one of a very few with the nerve even to try. Many of her fellow newspaperwomen have turned into columnists, but their output has generally been restricted to advice on etiquette, fashions, and love. They scratch around for the woman's angle while Miss Thompson pontificates on the totalitarian state. Compared with her, they are as so many tap-dancing teachers stacked up against a Nicholas Murray Butler. Now and then one of them hits upon a human item which cannot be wedged into their columns. They pass it on to some writing friend who polishes it into a short-short. But when Miss Thompson inspires fiction, it turns out to be an *It Can't Happen Here,* written by a Nobel Prize winner, shelved by Hollywood for the sake of international peace, and produced on the stage by the United States Government.

Miss Thompson has reached pinnacles yet to be visited by Emily Post, Dorothy Dix, or Lois Long. Her writings, according to material published in the New York press, have been plagiarized by Theodore Dreiser, and her grammar has been corrected by F.P.A. in person. When Sinclair Lewis, her husband, got himself slapped for insulting Dreiser in her behalf, it was an affair which, in the long history of American brawls, ranks second only to the cuffing of Huey Long in the men's room at Sands Point. In the life of Miss Thompson it was but an incident. She has been cartooned by James Thurber, solicited for testimonials by typewriter manufacturers, and permitted inside the Harvard Club of New York. This last was in a way her supreme achievement, for ordinarily the Harvard Club gives women visitors the bum's rush. It invited her to lecture before the members.

Each day Miss Thompson receives from three to six invitations to speak to clubs, forums, night classes, and mass meetings. She is sought for audiences visible and invisible, private and governmental. Last spring the National Broadcasting Company used her awhile as a news commentator, and this spring certain schemers planned to get her before a committee of the nation's Congress. A striking person always correctly gowned—more in the manner of the stage than in the style of feminists—she is already marked out as good television talent.

But her typewriter is immeasurably more important than her voice. Her column "On the Record" goes to no less than eighty newspapers with more than 5,000,000 circulation. It is published in thirty-two states and two foreign cities, quoted in hundreds of papers that do not buy it, and used as a springboard by innumerable editorial writers. Walter Lippmann's column is more widely syndicated, but Miss Thompson's, after only a year on the market, has already climbed into the company of such veterans as David Lawrence and Mark Sullivan. Moreover, there are probably not a dozen magazines in America which haven't tried to order an article from her. Dorothy Thompson is perhaps the only woman in the world whose middle- and forefingers have tapped out copy for both *Foreign Affairs* and the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Her column syndicated by The New York Tribune, Inc., her contract with the *Ladies' Home Journal* for a monthly editorial, her miscellaneous writing, and her lecturing bring in close to $35,000 a year.

All this is the result of a strange combination of circumstances—some romantic, some embellished to make good stories, and none easily interpreted. One of America's leading critics—a caustic fellow of the Mencken school—has refused to give information about Miss Thompson on the grounds that it is indelicate to write up a woman. Indelicate or not, no examination can be realistic without constantly noting her sex. No line can be

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drawn between her professional and private lives. They do not simply overlap: they form the whole. To write of Dorothy Thompson without reference to the men in her life is as absurd as to discuss Abraham Lincoln without noting Ann Rutledge, Mary Owens, and Mary Todd. Miss Thompson has no Nice-Nelly illusions about this. She is as frank as they come, and there are certain incidents of which we would not even know but for her being a good enough reporter to reveal them.

She was born on July 9, 1894, at Lancaster, New York, an industrial village on the outskirts of Buffalo. Both her parents were immigrants, but not the kind the word sometimes connotes. They were English, and their meeting, marriage, and subsequent removal to Lancaster were as accidental as some of the other chapters in their daughter's history. Her father never even intended settling in the United States. A Wesleyan lay preacher of the North Country, he was disturbed by the plight of English miners —just as in another country and another decade another lay preacher, one Vincent Van Gogh, was moved by the suffering of the coal miners near Mons. Somehow Peter Thompson decided to visit an older brother in America. Somehow he and Margaret Grierson met in Pittsburgh, married, and made their plans to return to England. And somehow, returning by way of Buffalo, they came across another Englishman, who, preaching the Methodist gospel to the glass workers of Lancaster, had grown sick for a sight of home. Peter Thompson agreed to take the poor fellow's pulpit, and thus Dorothy was born an American.

Her mother died when she was seven, her father married again, and her next few years passed about as unhappily as Kipling's boyhood. Then, at fourteen, she was dispatched to Chicago, where an aunt saw her through high school and a junior college called Lewis Institute. She had dreams of being an artist and enough sense to give them up on learning that she could neither draw nor paint. She also had dreams of picking her own college, but she was bundled off to Syracuse, where children of Methodist ministers received free tuition. In her serious way she became about as prominent as one can entering a class as a junior. She planned to teach, majored in English, belonged to an honorary pedagogical fraternity, and was on the executive committee of the Pedagogical Association. Her picture in a basketball uniform—she was a substitute guard—hangs today in the Alumni Office, but the old professors remember her as an ardent leader of the feminist movement which struck the campus about 1913.

From 1914 to 1920 Dorothy Thompson floundered around. She had to earn her way, she was equipped only for school-teaching, and she didn't want to teach. She had no idea what she wanted to do, no thought of newspaper work, no plan for a career: just a vague belief that somewhere there must be an interesting way of making the living that had to be made. After she had taken the New York State examinations—and flunked the English grammar section—she was offered two teaching positions upstate. She turned them down, not because she was a brave young thing, but for the simple reason that part-time volunteer work for a woman's suffrage outfit had turned into a paid job.

She was given many chores and was finally sent upstate as one of the organizers in the campaign that won the vote for the women of New York. She delivered fervent little speeches, but the crusade made no more impression on her than the War. Not until Dorothy Thompson saw Europe was she really moved. She was shaken there into the person we know today. All that she experienced here was as inconsequential as the preliminaries at a championship boxing match. During 1917 and 1918 she made $50 a week in a New York advertising office and during the next eighteen months she did publicity for a social-service project in Cincinnati. Her entry into newspaper work in 1920 was precisely the reverse of the usual process, whereby reporters become press agents and assistant city editors become advertising executives.

The truth is that she was more anxious to get out of America than to get into journalism. In her mind, writing was merely a means of financing life abroad. Droves of Americans were rushing to Paris to drink brandy and talk art, but she was not one of them. She was a pretty and energetic girl suddenly released from the necessity of sending checks home, and just as suddenly boxed up by love. She left to get away from one romance, and when she returned eight years later, her life had been drastically altered by one marriage and then re-altered by another.

Today Miss Thompson maintains that the greatest break in her life was not having enough money to take a fast boat. The Red Star liner she sailed on was a twelve-day ship loaded with Zionists on the way to one of their international conferences in London. Miss Thompson went aboard hardly knowing there was such a thing as a Jewish problem; she landed full of Zion's facts, figures, and hair-splitting distinctions. On the strength of her shipboard researches and friendships she persuaded International News to let her cover the conference.

It was her first assignment and for a while promised to be her last. Fleet Street was not hiring inexperienced American girls—not even after she had gone to Ireland, talked with the revolutionists, returned with a handbag full of good interviews, including the last anyone ever got from the hunger striker McSweeney. The best she could do was turn out vignettes of English life, some of which she sold to the London *Star* for five guineas apiece. She made innumerable friends, but none could give her a job—only tips, such as the one that sent her to Ireland and another that landed her in Milan. Finally she was in Paris turning out Red Cross publicity at a cent a line and desperately trying to get to Vienna. Combining a job with the Red Cross and a space-rate assignment from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, she eventually got there, married a distraught young Hungarian by the name of Josef Bard, and set up the smartest salon in the Capital.

John Gunther, the best authority on Dorothy Thompson's European experiences, has called her "an amiable and blue-eyed tornado." She tore through Central Europe with a freshness that won prime ministers and rival

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STEICHEN

Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis

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correspondents. She was a Richard Harding Davis in evening gown. Nothing prosaic ever happened to her. She arrived in Ireland the week Archbishop Mannix was kidnaped, in Milan the day the metal workers went on strike, in Vienna the morning of the first Karlist *putsch*. She rushed to trains without bags, crossed boundaries without her passport, and covered a Polish revolution in evening dress and satin slippers. When she watched an uprising in Bulgaria, it was from a hotel balcony swept by machine-gun fire. When she was asked to marry Sinclair Lewis, it was her birthday. When she had to borrow $500 to make the hurried trip to Warsaw, Sigmund Freud turned out to be the lender. When she hired a Model-T Ford to complete the journey, the taxi she wouldn't take (because of a $60 fare) proved to be the one intercepted by revolutionists and riddled by bullets. When she had to get out and walk, it was in a frozen swamp, and when she was thought dead, it was Floyd Gibbons who reported the rumor to the American Embassy.

Miss Thompson's melodramatics were equaled only by her resourcefulness. In Warsaw, censorship was clamped upon the correspondents the moment Pilsudski seized power. Her dash across the Continent would have come to exactly nothing but for another taxi ride. She figured that the censorship order would move slowly, drove out to a small village, and filed a world scoop through a lonely telegraph station. This stratagem was of the class of her celebrated beat back in Hungary. There she was the first correspondent to get to Karl and the Empress Zita after their second *putsch* had failed. Beaten in the field, they were holding out in Count Esterhazy's moat-surrounded castle in a village near Budapest. Karl had thrown his guards around the castle, and Admiral Horthy had thrown a cordon of his troops around the village. Dorothy Thompson got through the two lines by persuading a Red Cross friend to take her along as a nurse. She interviewed Karl, took the ambulance back to Budapest, and outwitted the Hungarian censors by a scheme arranged beforehand with a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*. But as if this clean beat was not enough she gave it a true Thompsonian twist: with her story went a personal message from the Empress to the Crown Prince.

Miss Thompson interviewed so many celebrities that the *Public Ledger* had to take her off space rates. The paper couldn't afford not to have her on salary. It made her Vienna correspondent and later moved her to Berlin as head of its Central European bureau. By 1927 she was a veteran, as popular as she had been in her free-lance days, but bored by office routine and unnerved by a divorce from Doctor Bard. Then to Berlin came an American not altogether unlike Sam Dodsworth. According to many accounts, Sinclair Lewis proposed marriage the first time he met Dorothy Thompson. This isn't altogether accurate. Their first meeting was at a tea given the press one afternoon in the Foreign Office. The proposal didn't come until after dinner, in her flat that night.

The rest of the story is too good to subject to any such hypercritical analysis. In brief, there were: first, a banquet in Berlin, with Lewis publicly repeating his proposal; then riots in Vienna, with Dorothy Thompson chartering a plane and the novelist hopping aboard and turning in four newspaper dispatches to pay his freight; then, a trip to Russia by the pursued and a pursuit by Sinclair Lewis; an arrival in the midst of the tenth Soviet anniversary, an imposing reception committee, a request that he explain why he had come and an answer "To see Dorothy;" then an attempt by the Soviets to begin all over again, another speech, a request that he tell the delegation what would interest him in Russia and his reply, "Just Dorothy."

For a short time after her marriage she was simply Mrs. Sinclair Lewis. She ceased to be Dorothy Thompson as definitely as she ceased to be a foreign correspondent. She had a child, helped turn some Vermont farm buildings into a home, and wrote articles under the name of Mrs. Sinclair Lewis. The smartest thing she ever did was to throw that by-line away. On her first return with Lewis to the United States the press treated her as a housewife. The shipnews men questioned her, but mainly about what she had cooked for Lewis on their trailer trip through England. The deepest comment reported passing her lips was to the effect that she was scared of bathtub gin. That was in 1928, and she did not complain.

By 1932, however, she was Dorothy Thompson again. She had gone through her magazine apprenticeship turning out pieces on "Peace" and "Is America a Paradise for Women?" She had begun writing for *The Saturday Evening Post,* had the scrap with Dreiser, and interviewed Hitler. Thus she did not merely stand by when the shipnews men boarded the *Europa* in May, 1932, and began asking Lewis about *Ann Vickers*. He had finished the novel aboard ship, and they showed him an advance notice saying it was based on his own happy married life. Lewis burst into loud guffaws, but it is recorded that his wife "stamped her foot angrily and demanded of the reporters: 'How do you know we are happily married?' " And it is also recorded that she asked Lewis "to deny the advance notice, but he was quite overcome by mirth and did not do so."

These two encounters with the press could be misleading if not topped off with a third. It came in Washington during the winter of 1936. Metro-Goldwyn "indefinitely postponed" the filming of *It Can't Happen Here,* and the reporters located Lewis in his hotel. They wanted a statement, and this, according to one of the dispatches, is how they got it: "Lewis and his wife put their heads together on what he should say about the German comment that he was a 'full-blooded Communist.' After a great deal of discussion Miss Thompson scurried to the typewriter. A few minutes later she handed around the following statement attributed to Mr. Lewis. . . ."

Next to marriage to Lewis—with all its inevitable consequences, not the least of which has been continual contact with his incomparable style—the most important thing that ever happened to Dorothy Thompson was her interview with Hitler. It was a flop, but such a flop as few journalists could achieve. She saw him in 1932, when

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everybody was saying he'd be the Mussolini of Germany. She had been trying to get to him for seven years and finally she succeeded: as a representative of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and as an acquaintance of Ernst Hanfstaengl.

Before the interview she waited, nervously, considering taking smelling salts, in Hanfstaengl's room, while Hitler talked with an Italian correspondent. Afterwards she wrote: "When finally I walked into Adolph Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof Hotel, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In less than fifty seconds I was quite sure I was not. It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog. He is formless, almost faceless, a man whose countenance is a caricature, a man whose framework seems cartilaginous, without bones. He is inconsequent and voluble, ill-poised, insecure. He is the very prototype of the Little Man."

She didn't qualify it. She wrote, "As a matter of fact, Hitler and his Nazis can come into power by themselves only if they can get control of fifty-one per cent of the Reichstag seats. And no matter how you look at it, this eventuality seems, at present, unlikely." She wrote, "I predict that Hitler will be extinguished between two prelates." She wrote, "I thought of this man before me, seated, as an equal, between Hindenburg and Bruening, and involuntarily I smiled. Oh, Adolph! Adolph! You will be out of luck."

She was wrong, but wrong in the grand manner. Where she could have covered herself with a few weasel words she became distinguished by their absence. The very magnificence of her error gave her a kind of fame. Where another writer would have tried later to crawl out of it, she diligently showed how wrong she had been. In *The Saturday Evening Post* she pilloried herself with a paragraph beginning, "This article is by way of being a confession." And for years her name could not be brought up without someone remarking, "Oh, she's the girl who said Hitler wouldn't be dictator." In like manner, the Nazis contributed to her good fortune. They ordered her out of the country in 1934 and, five years after publication, banned the book containing her interview.

Fifty or a hundred years from now some lonely candidate for a doctorate will grind out a thesis entitled "The Influence of Dorothy Thompson on Sinclair Lewis." It will be a learned affair, probably proving that the influence wasn't momentous. That is correct up to 1937. We don't know what he will produce in the years to come, but to date Dorothy Thompson's influence on Lewis the writer has been confined to subject matter. Probably *Dodsworth, Ann Vickers, Work of Art,* and *It Can't Happen Here*—his four novels of the past nine years—cannot compare with the Big Four of the nine preceding years: *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith,* and *Elmer Gantry.* But if Lewis has been in a literary slump, it has not been so deep as it might have been. Whether or not Dorothy Thompson's social work led him to write *Ann Vickers* is of little consequence. It is not one of his great books. (And contrary to some opinion she is not Ann Vickers—that character is more Frances Perkins, and Dorothy Thompson seems more the Edith Cortright of *Dodsworth.*)

Her only major effect in evidence today is in pointing Lewis at dictators. Maybe she did it without knowing, in casual conversation, at mealtimes and during the long afternoons looking off from their farmhouse to the hills of Vermont. But however it was transferred, the germ of *It Can't Happen Here* seems to have come from Dorothy Thompson. It was there in *I Saw Hitler,* three years before his book was published: ". . . imagine that in America, an orator with the tongue of the late Mr. Bryan and the histrionic powers of Aimee Semple McPherson combined with the publicity gifts of Edward Bernays and Ivy Lee should manage to unite all the farmers, with all the white-collar unemployed, all the people with salaries under $3000 a year who have lost their savings in bank collapses and the stock market and are being pressed for payments on the icebox and the radio, the louder evangelical preachers, the American Legion, the D.A.R., the Ku Klux Klan, the W.C.T.U., Matthew Woll, Senator Borah, and Henry Ford—imagine that, and you will have some idea of what the Hitler movement in Germany means."

Someone has written of her ruthless ambition—a trite and inaccurate measure of the woman. She has ambition, of course, but it is hardly the compelling force in her life. If there is anything ruthless about her, it is her indignation. Her emotions have carried her to places which cunning alone could not have reached. She was tremendously moved when she saw a Bavarian camp where 10,000 children were trained in sight of a swastika-flecked banner saying "We Were Born to Die for Germany." "I wanted to stand in the midst of that camp and scream," she told an American audience. "I wanted to say: 'Little Children! Don't Die! Don't Die!' I wanted to protest and here I do protest that life should not be in the service of death."

This intense quality permeates her articles, lectures, and conversation. Her column is an intelligent merger of disinterested observation and passionate pleading. It also contains a good quantity of genuine reporting. Before launching it she spent three months traveling around, getting acquainted with Washington and such things as sharecroppers and the Rust cotton picker. She has a secretary clipping not only the New York papers, but six others from Kansas City, Chicago, Paris, and Frankfort. She lunches with Industrial Giants and consults with German scholars who fled the Nazi plague. They are her private brain trust. Her friends are also useful, and her husband's remarks at breakfast have been turned into some of her best columns. She spends long vacations abroad renewing her contacts and has been seen talking politics in the Cotton Club.

Except for summers at their Vermont farm, the Lewises live at Bronxville, New York, in just the kind of house you'd expect Dodsworth to pick if he were dropped into that suburb. Dorothy Thompson takes pride in being a competent manager and with Lewis as a drawing card

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has no difficulty in maintaining one of the most distinguished salons in America. Practically all their parties revolve around that man's great and sardonic humor, and with his exception, Miss Thompson has no conversational superior. Warmed by German wines, which she prefers to his whiskeys, their gatherings consist of ten parts talk and no parts bridge, poker, tennis, golf, or badminton.

When at Bronxville, Miss Thompson commutes to and from New York, but lately she has taken an apartment in the city. Generally she works there rather than in her home or at her office in the *Herald Tribune* building. She has no such thing as an average working day. Her column appears three times a week, her lectures are sometimes bunched, and she has been known to turn out a solemn article for *Foreign Affairs* over the week end.

She reads widely except in fiction—a field which she entered as co-author (with Phyllis Bottome) of *The Depths of Prosperity* and then deserted, even to the point of not listing that book in her sketch for *Who's Who in America*. Her lectures are a mixture of objective analysis, mimicry, sarcasm, and scholastic debating—all extremely pleasing to the women who like the Town Hall things. Her voice is well-pitched and needs but a little grooming, a little more experience, to qualify her for political campaigning. She could easily become the Lady Astor of America. Antagonize her with a few more moves such as Mr. Roosevelt's on the Supreme Court, let the conservatives wallow a little longer in depression, and she will get the Call.

Despite her great fund of common sense, Dorothy Thompson has what might be diagnosed as a dictator complex. She was exposed to it abroad, and today every symptom suggests that it is a genuine case—not one trumped up for professional advantage. She talks, writes, and lectures about dictators, gets glimpses of them in bills, resolutions, and political addresses, and all but sees them under beds. On the night of Hitler's great victory in 1933 she was, according to friends, more alarmed than even the German Jews. No other American is her equal in detecting trends here paralleling trends abroad. Her mind is a storehouse of historical analogies. She owns four different editions of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. She has read and annotated it in German and reread it in both the English and American languages. In her work and conversation it is as unavoidable as a Gideon Bible in a Midwestern hotel. And perhaps she is right—perhaps those who scorn her obsession are as wrong about America as she was about Germany. In any case, Sinclair Lewis is said to have remarked—though probably he didn't—that if ever he gets a divorce, he will name Hitler corespondent.

Sonnet for a Blue Breakfast

ELICK MOLL

. . . rumor of light, pale messenger of dawn
Falls like a something slain across the rug.
"The League ——" you say . . . an imminence of yawn
Suspends the phrase. The League, the coffee mug
Attend the consummation of this littler
Dawn. You turn the page, discover Sax
Is giving ties away. We talk of Hitler,
Sugar shock for schizophreniacs . . .

And once your fingers vocal on my cheek
Told worlds away; your silences were breathless —
Breathless words you shaped but did not speak . . .

The coffee, rhythmic, murmurs "deathless" . . . "deathless" . . .
Noiseless as time the maid moves, swift, unhurried;
And death between us — and nothing to be buried.

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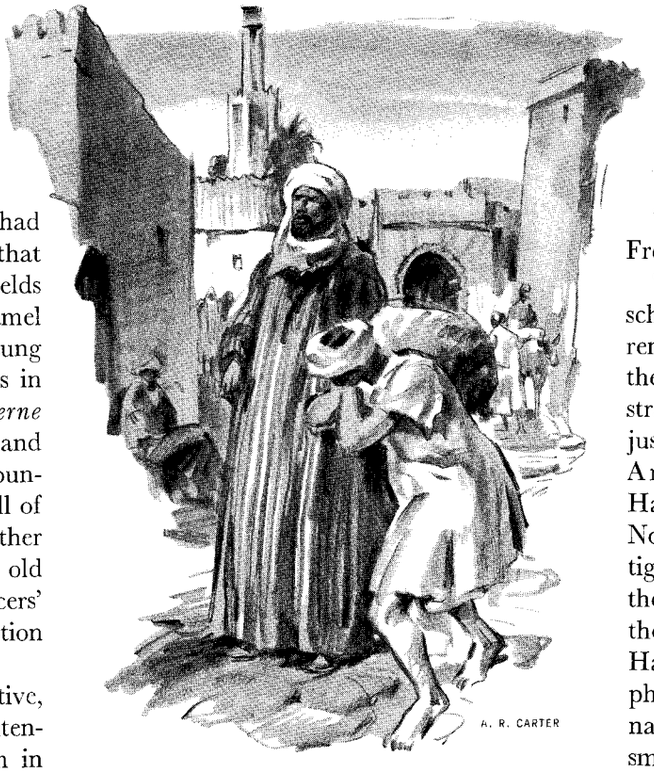

The Moraine

GEORGE ALBEE

The North Sahara had had not a day of rain that spring, and the little grain fields around the oasis at El Hamel were burnt and brown. Young Lieutenant Villiers, who was in command of the cavalry *caserne* and who ruled over ten thousand square kilometers for his country, sat on the high mud wall of the courtyard with his brother Jean-Frederic, fifteen years old and down from his officers' academy to spend his vacation in North Africa.

"This may prove instructive, Jean-Frederic," said the Lieutenant. "We have moved them in here from the desert, you see. I suppose you might call it a gesture."

Usually the Lieutenant's bearded, turbaned spahis stabled their horses in the courtyard of the *caserne,* but the horses had been moved out to make room for two hundred natives. The mud wall was four feet thick, and was pierced with rifle slots in case the natives should attack. Blue lizards whisked up and down it, and it was peaceful. The natives were not going to attack. They were inside.

"There went another," Villiers remarked.

"Where?" Jean-Frederic asked.

"In the far corner. He moved his chin. You have to look closely."

They were very quiet about their dying, Jean-Frederic thought. There was not a sound, and only rarely did a dirty brown arm or leg stir. The place looked like the floor of a laundry. The men were bundled in dirty woolen rags with their conical hoods drawn down over their faces, and the women were swaddled in faded crimson head shawls. No babies cried, because there were no babies. The babies had died first.

"Do you bury them, Paul?" he asked.

"Once a day the spahis take them out."

"Paul," said Jean-Frederic, "I don't believe I'll go into the Army."

"*Tiens, tiens!* How curious that such a thought should come to you! If our magnificent parent, the Maréchal, were alive you would wound his feelings severely," the Lieutenant said. "We Villiers have been in the Army for three hundred years."

"Nevertheless—" said Jean-Frederic.

"I will give you a lecture, my schoolboy," said the Lieutenant, removing his pale-blue cap with the scarlet top. "I will demonstrate to you that this is perfectly justifiable. First, what do the Arabs contribute to culture? Have they produced any art? No. Their paintings are of crude tigers and ridiculous palm trees, their dancing is a hopping, and they sing through their noses. Have they produced a philosopher? No; they are religious fanatics who debauch themselves smoking hemp."

"It is not quite clear," said the boy, "that they should therefore be exterminated."

"True. Now we shall pass on to consider them as business men. They have no thrift, no foresight. They had a good crop last year, but they ate all of it and saved nothing, and this year they're starving, as you see. In much the same impractical fashion they build mud huts which melt and flow away like syrup when it rains. In a civilized world it is inevitable that they will perish. What shall I do? Shall I feed them? Then they will grow fat and spirited and start a revolt, and my spahis will have to shoot them, or we shall lose the colony for which our glorious parent, the Maréchal, fought so magnificently."

"Perhaps if they hadn't impoverished themselves in their battles against us, they'd have the money to build granaries and a better quality of hut," observed Jean-Frederic.

"That also," agreed his brother, "is unfortunately true."

An old man down below them sighed. It was impossible to tell whether he was still alive, afterward, or whether it had been his last sigh.

"At the Academy," continued young Jean-Frederic, "we are studying glaciers. They slide along, crushing everything before them, and when they melt they leave little piles of mud behind them, like your Arab huts. It strikes me there's an analogy in that. It seems our Papa, the Maréchal, has left the mud for us to clean up."

"That, you see," said the Lieutenant, "I did not learn when I was at the Academy."

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Monk

WILLIAM FAULKNER

ACCOMPANYING DRAWINGS OF SOUTHERN TYPES BY HOWARD COOK

I WILL have to try to tell about Monk. I mean, actually try—a deliberate attempt to bridge the inconsistencies in his brief and sordid and unoriginal history, to make something out of it, not only with the nebulous tools of supposition and inference and invention, but to employ these nebulous tools upon the nebulous and inexplicable material which he left behind him. Because it is only in literature that the paradoxical and even mutually negativing anecdotes in the history of a human heart can be juxtaposed and annealed by art into verisimilitude and credibility.

He was a moron, perhaps even a cretin; he should never have gone to the penitentiary at all. But at the time of his trial we had a young District Attorney who had his eye on Congress, and Monk had no people and no money and not even a lawyer, because I don't believe he ever understood why he should need a lawyer or even what a lawyer was, and so the Court appointed a lawyer for him, a young man just admitted to the bar, who probably knew but little more about the practical functioning of criminal law than Monk did, who perhaps pleaded Monk guilty at the direction of the Court or maybe forgot that he could have entered a plea of mental incompetence, since Monk did not for one moment deny that he had killed the deceased. They could not keep him from affirming or even reiterating it, in fact. He was neither confessing nor boasting. It was almost as though he were trying to make a speech, to the people who held him beside the body until the deputy got there, to the deputy and to the jailor and to the other prisoners—the casual niggers picked up for gambling or vagrancy or for selling whiskey in alleys—and to the J. P. who arraigned him and the lawyer appointed by the Court, and to the Court and the jury. Even an hour after the killing he could not seem to remember where it had happened; he could not even remember the man whom he affirmed that he had killed; he named as his victim (this on suggestion, prompting) several men who were alive, and even one who was present in the J. P.'s office at the time. But he never denied that he had killed somebody. It was not insistence; it was just a serene reiteration of the fact in that voice bright, eager, and sympathetic while he tried to make his speech, trying to tell them something of which they could make neither head nor tail and to which they refused to listen. He was not confessing, not trying to establish grounds for lenience in order to escape what he had done. It was as though he were trying to postulate something, using this opportunity to bridge the hitherto abyss between himself and the living world, the world of living men, the ponderable and travailing earth—as witness the curious speech which he made on the gallows five years later.

But then, he never should have lived, either. He came —emerged: whether he was born there or not, no one knew—from the pine hill country in the eastern part of our county: a country which twenty-five years ago (Monk was about twenty-five) was without roads almost and where even the sheriff of the county did not go—a country impenetrable and almost uncultivated and populated by a clannish people who owned allegiance to no one and no thing and whom outsiders never saw until a few years back when good roads and automobiles penetrated the green fastnesses where the denizens with their corrupt Scotch-Irish names intermarried and made whiskey and shot at all strangers from behind log barns and snake fences. It was the good roads and the fords which not only brought Monk to Jefferson but brought the half-rumored information about his origin. Because the very people among whom he had grown up seemed to know almost as little about him as we did—a tale of an old woman who lived like a hermit, even among those fiercely solitary people, in a log house with a loaded shotgun standing just inside the front door, and a son who had been too much even for that country and people, who had murdered and fled, possibly driven out, where gone none knew for ten years, when one day he returned, with a woman—a woman with hard, bright, metallic, city hair and a hard, blonde, city face seen about the place from a distance, crossing the yard or just standing in the door and looking out upon the green solitude with an expression of cold and sullen and unseeing inscrutability: and deadly, too, but as a snake is deadly, in a different way from their almost conventional ritual of warning and then powder. Then they were gone. The others did not know when they departed nor why, any more than they knew when they had arrived nor why. Some said that one night the old lady, Mrs. Odlethrop, had got the drop on both of them with the shotgun and drove them out of the house and out of the country.

But they were gone; and it was months later before the neighbors discovered that there was a child, an infant, in the house; whether brought there or born there—again

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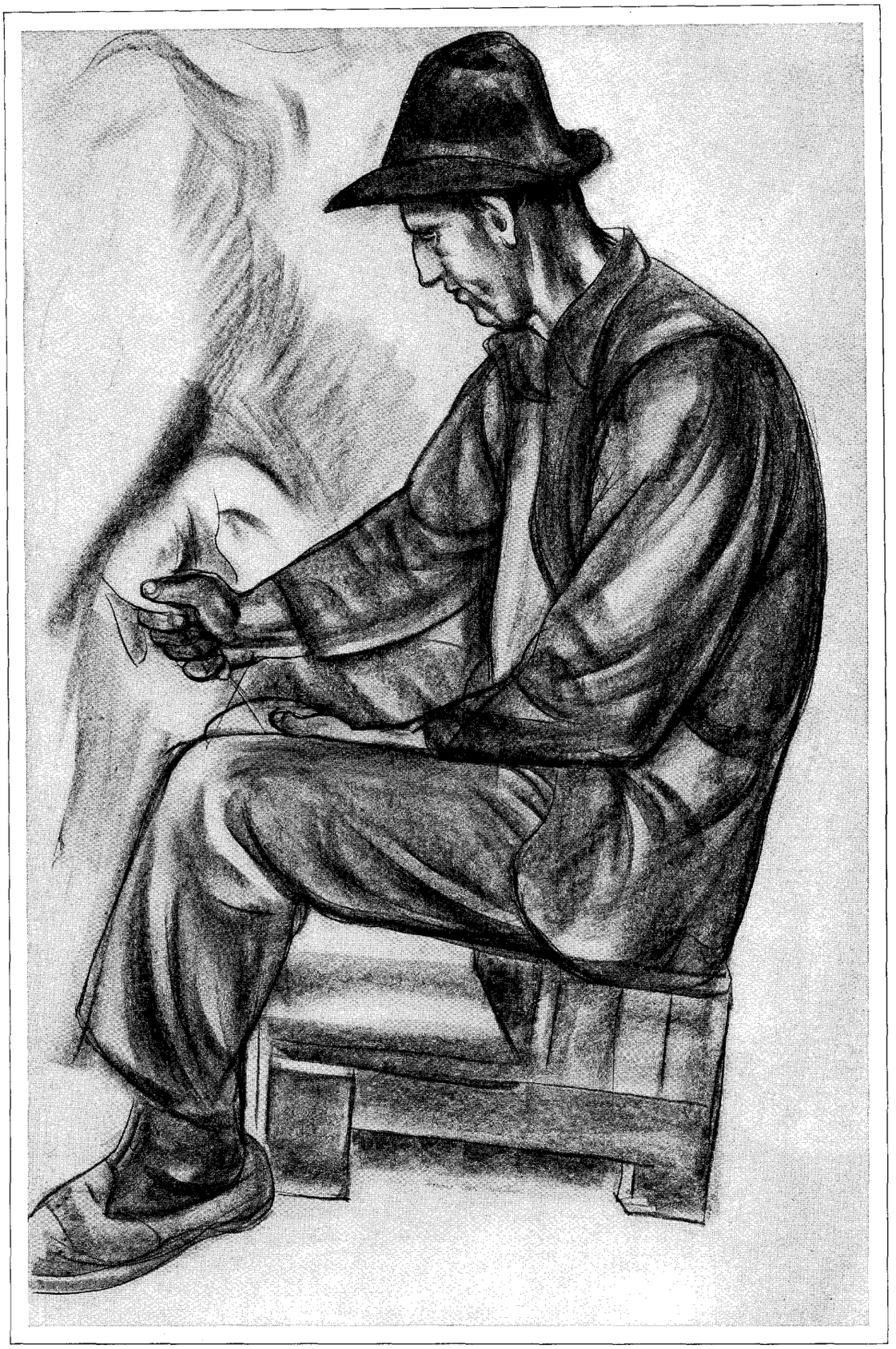

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they did not know. This was Monk; and the further tale how six or seven years later they began to smell the body and some of them went into the house where old Mrs. Odlethrop had been dead for a week and found a small creature in a single shift made from bedticking trying to raise the shotgun from its corner beside the door. They could not catch Monk at all. That is, they failed to hold him that first time, and they never had another chance. But he did not go away. They knew that he was somewhere watching them while they prepared the body for burial, and that he was watching from the undergrowth while they buried it. They never saw him again for some time, though they knew that he was about the place, and on the following Sunday they found where he had been digging into the grave, with sticks and with his bare hands. He had a pretty big hole by then, and they filled it up and that night some of them lay in ambush for him, to catch him and give him food. But again they could not hold him, the small furious body (it was naked now) which writhed out of their hands as if it had been greased, and fled with no human sound. After that, certain of the neighbors would carry food to the deserted house and leave it for him. But they never saw him. They just heard, a few months later, that he was living with a childless widower, an old man named Fraser who was a whiskey maker of wide repute. He seems to have lived there for the next ten years, until Fraser himself died. It was probably Fraser who gave him the name which he brought to town with him, since nobody ever knew what old Mrs. Odlethrop had called him, and now the country got to know him or become familiar with him, at least —a youth not tall and already a little pudgy, as though he were thirty-eight instead of eighteen, with the ugly, shrewdly foolish, innocent face whose features rather than expression must have gained him his nickname, who gave to the man who had taken him up and fed him the absolute and unquestioning devotion of a dog and who at eighteen was said to be able to make Fraser's whiskey as well as Fraser could.

That was all that he had ever learned to do—to make and sell whiskey where it was against the law and so had to be done in secret, which further increases the paradox of his public statement when they drew the black cap over his head for killing the warden of the penitentiary five years later. That was all he knew: that, and fidelity to the man who fed him and taught him what to do and how and when; so that after Fraser died and the man, whoever it was, came along in the truck or the car and said, "All right, Monk. Jump in," he got into it exactly as the homeless dog would have, and came to Jefferson. This time it was a filling station two or three miles from town, where he slept on a pallet in the back room, what time the pallet was not already occupied by a customer who had got too drunk to drive his car or walk away, where he even learned to work the gasoline pump and to make correct change, though his job was mainly that of remembering just where the half-pint bottles were buried in the sand ditch five hundred yards away. He was known about town now, in the cheap, bright town clothes for which he had discarded his overalls—the colored shirts which faded with the first washing, the banded straw hats which dissolved at the first shower, the striped shoes which came to pieces on his very feet—pleasant, impervious to affront, talkative when anyone would listen, with that shrewd, foolish face, that face at once cunning and dreamy, pasty even beneath the sunburn, with that curious quality of imperfect connection between sense and ratiocination. The town knew him for seven years until that Saturday midnight and the dead man (he was no loss to anyone, but then as I said, Monk had neither friends, money, nor lawyer) lying on the ground behind the filling station and Monk standing there with the pistol in his hand—there were two others present, who had been with the dead man all evening—trying to tell the ones who held him and then the deputy himself whatever it was that he was trying to say in his eager, sympathetic voice, as though the sound of the shot had broken the barrier behind which he had lived for twenty-five years and that he had now crossed the chasm into the world of living men by means of the dead body at his feet.

Because he had no more conception of death than an animal has—of that of the man at his feet nor of the warden's later nor of his own. The thing at his feet was just something that would never walk or talk or eat again and so was a source neither of good nor harm to anyone; certainly not of good nor use. He had no comprehension of bereavement, irreparable finality. He was sorry for it, but that was all. I don't think he realized that in lying there it had started a train, a current of retribution that someone would have to pay. Because he never denied that he had done it, though denial would have done him no good, since the two companions of the dead man were there to testify against him. But he did not deny it, even though he was never able to tell what happened, what the quarrel was about, nor (as I said), later, even where it had occurred and who it was that he had killed, stating once (as I also said) that his victim was a man standing at the moment in the crowd which had followed him into the J. P.'s office. He just kept on trying to say whatever it was that had been inside him for twenty-five years and that he had only now found the chance (or perhaps the words) to free himself of, just as five years later on the scaffold he was to get it (or something else) said at last, establishing at last that contact with the old, fecund, ponderable, travailing earth which he wanted but had not been able to tell about because only then had they told him how to say what it was that he desired. He tried to tell it to the deputy who arrested him and to the J. P. who arraigned him; he stood in the courtroom with that expression on his face which people have when they are waiting for a chance to speak, and heard the indictment read: . . . *against the peace and dignity of the Sovereign State of Mississippi, that the aforesaid Monk Odlethrop did willfully and maliciously and with premeditated*—and interrupted, in a voice reedy and high, the sound of which

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in dying away left upon his face the same expression of amazement and surprise which all our faces wore:

"My name ain't Monk; it's Stonewall Jackson Odlethrop."

You see? If it were true, he could not have heard it in almost twenty years since his grandmother (if grandmother she was) had died: and yet he could not even recall the circumstances of one month ago when he had committed a murder. And he could not have invented it. He could not have known who Stonewall Jackson was, to have named himself. He had been to school in the country, for one year. Doubtless old Fraser sent him, but he did not stay. Perhaps even the first-grade work in a country school was too much for him. He told my uncle about it when the matter of his pardon came up. He did not remember just when, nor where the school was, nor why he had quit. But he did remember being there, because he had liked it. All he could remember was how they would all read together out of the books. He did not know what they were reading, because he did not know what the book said; he could not even write his name now. But he said it was fine to hold the book and hear all the voices together and then to feel (he said he could not hear his own voice) his voice too, along with the others, by the way his throat would buzz, he called it. So he could never have heard of Stonewall Jackson. Yet there it was, inherited from the earth, the soil, transmitted to him through a self-pariahed people—something of bitter pride and indomitable undefeat of a soil and the men and women who trod upon it and slept within it.

They gave him life. It was one of the shortest trials ever held in our county, because, as I said, nobody regretted the deceased and nobody except my Uncle Gavin seemed to be concerned about Monk. He had never been on a train before. He got on, handcuffed to the deputy, in a pair of new overalls which someone, perhaps the sovereign state whose peace and dignity he had outraged, had given him, and the still new, still pristine, gaudy-banded, imitation Panama hat (it was still only the first of June, and he had been in jail six weeks) which he had just bought during the week of the fatal Saturday night. He had the window side in the car and he sat there looking at us with his warped, pudgy, foolish face, waving the fingers of the hand, the free arm propped in the window until the train began to move, accelerating slowly, huge and dingy as the metal gangways clashed, drawing him from our sight hermetically sealed and leaving upon us a sense of finality more irrevocable than if we had watched the penitentiary gates themselves close behind him, never to open again in his life, the face looking back at us, craning to see us, wan and small behind the dingy glass, yet wearing that expression questioning yet unalarmed, eager, serene, and grave. Five years later one of the dead man's two companions on that Saturday night, dying of pneumonia and whiskey, confessed that he had fired the shot and thrust the pistol into Monk's hand, telling Monk to look at what he had done.

My Uncle Gavin got the pardon, wrote the petition, got the signatures, went to the capitol and got it signed and executed by the Governor, and took it himself to the penitentiary and told Monk that he was free. And Monk looked at him for a minute until he understood, and cried. He did not want to leave. He was a trusty now; he had transferred to the warden the same doglike devotion which he had given to old Fraser. He had learned to do nothing well, save manufacture and sell whiskey, though after he came to town he had learned to sweep out the filling station. So that's what he did here; his life now must have been something like that time when he had gone to school. He swept and kept the warden's house as a woman would have, and the warden's wife had taught him to knit; crying, he showed my uncle the sweater which he was knitting for the warden's birthday and which would not be finished for weeks yet.

So Uncle Gavin came home. He brought the pardon with him, though he did not destroy it, because he said it had been recorded and that the main thing now was to look up the law and see if a man could be expelled from the penitentiary as he could from a college. But I think he still hoped that maybe some day Monk would change his mind; I think that's why he kept it. Then Monk did set himself free, without any help. It was not a week after Uncle Gavin had talked to him; I don't think Uncle Gavin had even decided where to put the pardon for safekeeping, when the news came. It was a headline in the Memphis papers next day, but we got the news that night over the telephone: how Monk Odlethrop, apparently leading an abortive jailbreak, had killed the warden with the warden's own pistol, in cold blood. There was no doubt this time; fifty men had seen him do it, and some of the other convicts overpowered him and took the pistol away from him. Yes. Monk, the man who a week ago cried when Uncle Gavin told him that he was free, leading a jailbreak and committing a murder (on the body of the man for whom he was knitting the sweater which he cried for permission to finish) so cold-blooded that his own confederates had turned upon him.

Uncle Gavin went to see him again. He was in solitary confinement now, in the death house. He was still knitting on the sweater. He knitted well, Uncle Gavin said, and the sweater was almost finished. "I ain't got but three days more," Monk said. "So I ain't got no time to waste."

"But why, Monk?" Uncle Gavin said. "Why? Why did you do it?" He said that the needles would not cease nor falter, even while Monk would look at him with that expression serene, sympathetic, and almost exalted. Because he had no conception of death. I don't believe he had ever connected the carrion at his feet behind the filling station that night with the man who had just been walking and talking, or that on the ground in the compound with the man for whom he was knitting the sweater.

"I knowed that making and selling that whiskey wasn't right," he said. "I knowed that wasn't it. Only I . . ."

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He looked at Uncle Gavin. The serenity was still there, but for the moment something groped behind it: not bafflement nor indecision, just seeking, groping.

"Only what?" Uncle Gavin said. "The whiskey wasn't it? Wasn't what? It what?"

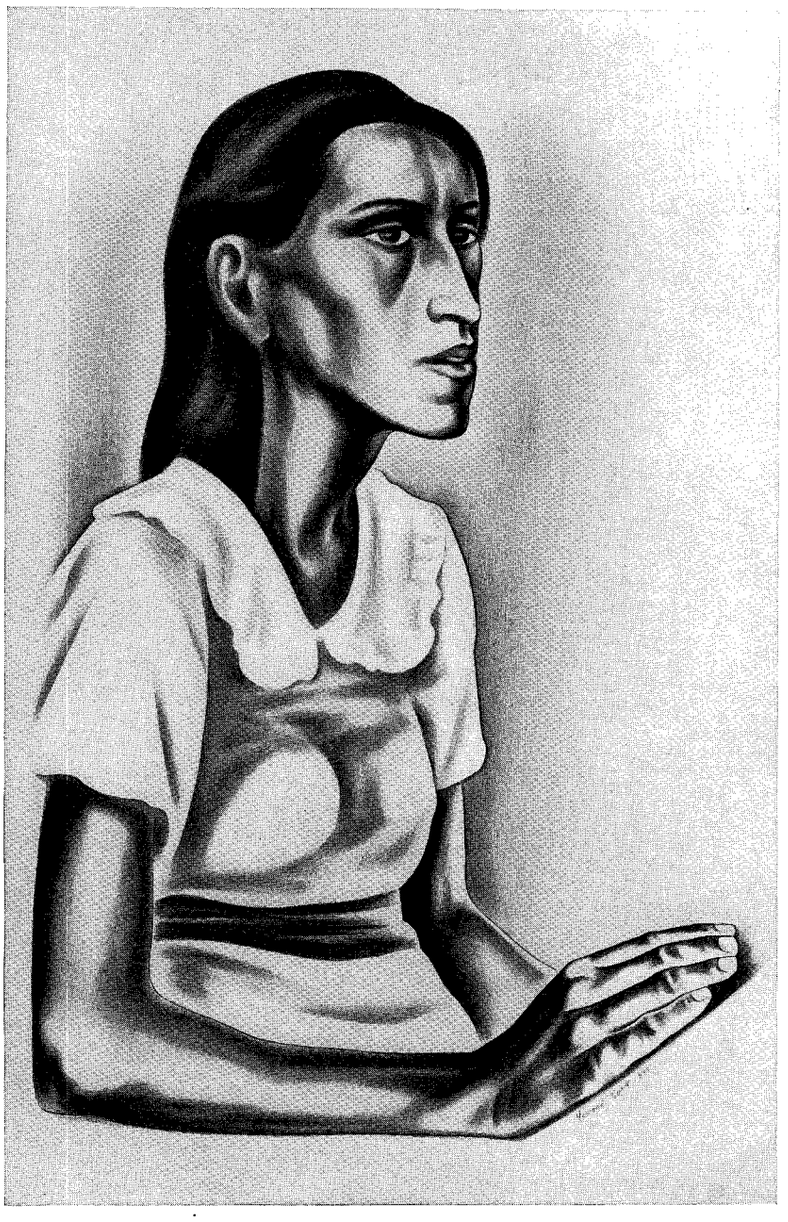
"No. Not it." Monk looked at Uncle Gavin. "I mind that day on the train, and that fellow in the cap would put his head in the door and holler, and I would say 'Is this it? Is this where we get off?' and the deppity would say No. Only if I had been there without that deppity to tell me, and that fellow had come in and hollered, I would have . . ."

"Got off wrong? Is that it? And now you know what is right, where to get off right? Is that it?"

"Yes," Monk said. "Yes. I know right, now."

"What? What is right? What do you know now that they never told you before?"

He told them. He walked up onto the scaffold three days later and stood where they told him to stand and held his head docilely (and without being asked) to one side so they could knot the rope comfortably, his face still serene, still exalted, and wearing that expression of someone waiting his chance to speak, until they stood back. He evidently took that to be his signal, because he said, "I have sinned against God and man and now I have done paid it out with my suffering. And now—" they say he said this part loud, his voice clear and serene. The words must have sounded quite loud to him and irrefutable, and his heart uplifted, because he was talking inside the black cap now: "And now I am going out into the free world, and farm."



You see? It just does not add up. Granted that he did not know that he was about to die, his words still do not make sense. He could have known but little more about farming than about Stonewall Jackson; certainly he had never done any of it. He had seen it, of course, the cotton and the corn in the fields, and men working it. But he could not have wanted to do it himself before, or he would have, since he could have found chances enough. Yet he turns and murders the man who had befriended him and, whether he realized it or not, saved him from comparative hell and upon whom he had transferred his capacity for doglike fidelity and devotion and on whose account a week ago he had refused a pardon: his reason being that he wanted to return into the world and farm land—this, the change, to occur in one week's time and after he had been for five years more completely removed and insulated from the world than any nun. Yes, granted that this could be the logical sequence in that mind which he hardly possessed and granted that it could have been powerful enough to cause him to murder his one friend (Yes, it was the warden's pistol; we heard about that: how the warden kept it in the house and one day it disappeared and to keep word of it getting out the warden had his Negro cook, another trusty and who would have been the logical one to have taken it, severely beaten to force the truth from him. Then Monk himself found the pistol, where the warden now recalled having hidden it himself, and returned it.)—granted all this, how in the world could the impulse have reached him, the desire to farm land have got into him where he now was? That's what I told Uncle Gavin.

"It adds up, all right," Uncle Gavin said. "We just haven't got the right ciphers yet. Neither did they."

"They?"

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"Yes. They didn't hang the man who murdered Gambrell. They just crucified the pistol."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I don't know. Maybe I never shall. Probably never shall. But it adds up, as you put it, somewhere, somehow. It has to. After all, that's too much buffooning even for circumstances, let alone a mere flesh-and-blood imbecile. But probably the ultimate clowning of circumstance will be that we won't know it."

But we did know. Uncle Gavin discovered it by accident, and he never told anyone but me, and I will tell you why.

At that time we had for Governor a man without ancestry and with but little more divulged background than Monk had; a politician, a shrewd man who (some of us feared, Uncle Gavin and others about the state) would go far if he lived. About three years after Monk died he declared, without warning, a kind of jubilee. He set a date for the convening of the Pardon Board at the penitentiary, where he inferred that he would hand out pardons to various convicts in the same way that the English king gives out knighthoods and garters on his birthday. Of course, all the Opposition said that he was frankly auctioning off the pardons, but Uncle Gavin didn't think so. He said that the Governor was shrewder than that, that next year was election year, and that the Governor was not only gaining votes from the kin of the men he would pardon but was laying a trap for the purists and moralists to try to impeach him for corruption and then fail for lack of evidence. But it was known that he had the Pardon Board completely under his thumb, so the only protest the Opposition could make was to form committees to be present at the time, which step the Governor —oh, he was shrewd—courteously applauded, even to the extent of furnishing transportation for them. Uncle Gavin was one of the delegates from our county.

He said that all these unofficial delegates were given copies of the list of those slated for pardon (the ones with enough voting kin to warrant it, I suppose)—the crime, the sentence, the time already served, prison record, etc. It was in the mess hall; he said he and the other delegates were seated on the hard, backless benches against one wall, while the Governor and his Board sat about the table on the raised platform where the guards would sit while the men ate, when the convicts were marched in and halted. Then the Governor called the first name on the list and told the man to come forward to the table. But nobody moved. They just huddled there in their striped overalls, murmuring to one another while the guards begun to holler at the man to come out and the Governor looked up from the paper and looked at them with his eyebrows raised. Then somebody said from back in the crowd: "Let Terrel speak for us, Governor. We done 'lected him to do our talking."

Uncle Gavin didn't look up at once. He looked at his list until he found the name: *Terrel, Bill. Manslaughter. Twenty years. Served since May 9, 19—. Applied for pardon January, 19—. Vetoed by Warden C. L. Gambrell. Applied for pardon September, 19—. Vetoed by Warden C. L. Gambrell. Record: Troublemaker.* Then he looked up and watched Terrel walk out of the crowd and approach the table—a tall man, a huge man, with a dark aquiline face like an Indian's, except for the pale yellow eyes and a shock of wild, black hair—who strode up to the table with a curious blend of arrogance and servility

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and stopped and, without waiting to be told to speak, said in a queer, high singsong filled with that same abject arrogance: "Your Honor, and honorable gentlemen, we have done sinned against God and man but now we have done paid it out with our suffering. And now we want to go out into the free world, and farm."

Uncle Gavin was on the platform almost before Terrel quit speaking, leaning over the Governor's chair, and the Governor turned with his little, shrewd, plump face and his inscrutable, speculative eyes toward Uncle Gavin's urgency and excitement. "Send that man back for a minute," Uncle Gavin said. "I must speak to you in private." For a moment longer the Governor looked at Uncle Gavin, the puppet Board looking at him too, with nothing in their faces at all, Uncle Gavin said.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Stevens," the Governor said. He rose and followed Uncle Gavin back to the wall, beneath the barred window, and the man Terrel still standing before the table with his head jerked suddenly up and utterly motionless and the light from the window in his yellow eyes like two match flames as he stared at Uncle Gavin.

"Governor, that man's a murderer," Uncle Gavin said. The Governor's face did not change at all.

"Manslaughter, Mr. Stevens," he said. "Manslaughter. As private and honorable citizens of the state, and as humble servants of it, surely you and I can accept the word of a Mississippi jury."

"I'm not talking about that," Uncle Gavin said. He said he said it like that, out of his haste, as if Terrel would vanish if he did not hurry; he said that he had a terrible feeling that in a second the little inscrutable, courteous man before him would magic Terrel out of reach of all retribution by means of his cold will and his ambition and his amoral ruthlessness. "I'm talking about Gambrell and that half-wit they hanged. That man there killed them both as surely as if he had fired the pistol and sprung that trap."

Still the Governor's face did not change at all. "That's a curious charge, not to say serious," he said. "Of course you have proof of it."

"No. But I will get it. Let me have ten minutes with him, alone. I will get proof from him. I will make him give it to me."

"Ah," the Governor said. Now he did not look at Uncle Gavin for a whole minute. When he did look up again, his face still had not altered as to expression, yet he had wiped something from it as he might have done physically, with a handkerchief. ("You see, he was paying me a compliment," Uncle Gavin told me. "A compliment to my intelligence. He was telling the absolute truth now. He was paying me the highest compliment in his power.") "What good do you think that would do?" he said.

"You mean . . ." Uncle Gavin said. They looked at one another. "So you would still turn him loose on the citizens of this state, this country, just for a few votes?"

"Why not? If he murders again, there is always this place for him to come back to." Now it was Uncle Gavin who thought for a minute, though he did not look down.

"Suppose I should repeat what you have just said. I have no proof of that, either, but I would be believed. And that would——"

"Lose me votes? Yes. But you see, I have already lost those votes because I have never had them. You see? You force me to do what, for all you know, may be against my own principles too—or do you grant me principles?" Now Uncle Gavin said the Governor looked at him with an expression almost warm, almost pitying—and quite curious. "Mr. Stevens, you are what my grandpap would have called a gentleman. He would have snarled it at you, hating you and your kind; he might very probably have shot your horse from under you someday from behind a fence—for a principle. And you are trying to bring the notions of 1860 into the politics of the nineteen hundreds. And politics in the twentieth century is a sorry thing. In fact, I sometimes think that the whole twentieth century is a sorry thing, smelling to high heaven in somebody's nose. But, no matter." He turned now, back toward the table and the room full of faces watching them. "Take the advice of a well-wisher even if he cannot call you friend, and let this business alone. As I said before, if we let him out and he murders again, as he probably will, he can always come back here."

"And be pardoned again," Uncle Gavin said.

"Probably. Customs do not change that fast, remember."

"But you will let me talk to him in private, won't you?" The Governor paused, looking back, courteous and pleasant.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Stevens. It will be a pleasure to oblige you."

They took them to a cell, so that a guard could stand opposite the barred door with a rifle. "Watch yourself," the guard told Uncle Gavin. "He's a bad egg. Don't fool with him."

"I'm not afraid," Uncle Gavin said; he said he wasn't even careful now, though the guard didn't know what he meant. "I have less reason to fear him than Mr. Gambrell even, because Monk Odlethrop is dead now." So they stood looking at one another in the bare cell—Uncle Gavin and the Indian-looking giant with the fierce, yellow eyes.

"So you're the one that crossed me up this time," Terrel said, in that queer, almost whining singsong. We knew about that case, too; it was in the Mississippi reports, besides it had not happened very far away, and Terrel not a farmer, either. Uncle Gavin said that that was it, even before he realized that Terrel had spoken the exact words which Monk had spoken on the gallows and which Terrel could not have heard or even known that Monk had spoken; not the similarity of the words, but the fact that neither Terrel nor Monk had ever farmed anything, anywhere. It was another filling station, near a railroad this time, and a brakeman on a night freight testified to seeing two men rush out of the bushes

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as the train passed, carrying something which proved later to be a man, and whether dead or alive at the time the brakeman could not tell, and fling it under the train. The filling station belonged to Terrel, and the fight was proved, and Terrel was arrested. He denied the fight at first, then he denied that the deceased had been present, then he said that the deceased had seduced his (Terrel's) daughter and that his (Terrel's) son had killed the man, and he was merely trying to avert suspicion from his son. The daughter and the son both denied this, and the son proved an alibi, and they dragged Terrel, cursing both his children, from the courtroom.

"Wait," Uncle Gavin said. "I'm going to ask you a question first. What did you tell Monk Odlethrop?"

"Nothing!" Terrel said. "I told him nothing!"

"All right," Uncle Gavin said. "That's all I wanted to know." He turned and spoke to the guard beyond the door. "We're through. You can let us out."

"Wait," Terrel said. Uncle Gavin turned. Terrel stood as before, tall and hard and lean in his striped overalls, with his fierce, depthless, yellow eyes, speaking in that half-whining singsong. "What do you want to keep me locked up in here for? What have I ever done to you? You, rich and free, that can go wherever you want, while I have to—" Then he shouted. Uncle Gavin said he shouted without raising his voice at all, that the guard in the corridor could not have heard him: "Nothing, I tell you! I told him nothing!" But this time Uncle Gavin didn't even have time to begin to turn away. He said that Terrel passed him in two steps that made absolutely no sound at all, and looked out into the corridor. Then he turned and looked at Uncle Gavin. "Listen," he said. "If I tell you, will you give me your word not to vote agin me?"

"Yes," Uncle Gavin said. "I won't vote agin you, as you say."

"But how will I know you ain't lying?"

"Ah," Uncle Gavin said. "How will you know, except by trying it?" They looked at one another. Now Terrel looked down; Uncle Gavin said Terrel held one hand in front of him and that he (Uncle Gavin) watched the knuckles whiten slowly as Terrel closed it.

"It looks like I got to," he said. "It just looks like I got to." Then he looked up; he cried now, with no louder sound than when he had shouted before: "But if you do, and if I ever get out of here, then look out! See? Look out."

"Are you threatening me?" Uncle Gavin said. "You, standing there, in those striped overalls, with that wall behind you and this locked door and a man with a rifle in front of you? Do you want me to laugh?"

"I don't want nothing," Terrel said. He whimpered

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almost now. "I just want justice. That's all." Now he began to shout again, in that repressed voice, watching his clenched, white knuckles too apparently. "I tried twice for it; I tried for justice and freedom twice. But it was him. He was the one; he knowed I knowed it too. I told him I was going to—" He stopped, as sudden as he began; Uncle Gavin said he could hear him breathing, panting.

"That was Gambrell," Uncle Gavin said. "Go on."

"Yes. I told him I was. I told him. Because he laughed at me. He didn't have to do that. He could have voted agin me and let it go at that. He never had to laugh. He said I would stay here as long as he did or could keep me, and that he was here for life. And he was. He stayed here all his life. That's just exactly how long he stayed." But he wasn't laughing, Uncle Gavin said. It wasn't laughing.

"Yes. And so you told Monk——"

"Yes. I told him. I said here we all were, pore ignorant country folks that hadn't had no chance. That God had made to live outdoors in the free world and farm His land for Him, only we were pore and ignorant and didn't know it, and the rich folks wouldn't tell us until it was too late. That we were pore ignorant country folks that never saw a train before, getting on the train and nobody caring to tell us where to get off and farm in the free world like God wanted us to do, and that *he* was the one that held us back, kept us locked up outen the free world to laugh at us agin the wishes of God. But I never told him to do it. I just said 'And now we can't never get out because we ain't got no pistol. But if somebody had a pistol, we would walk out into the free world and farm it, because that's what God aimed for us to do and that's what we want to do. Ain't that what we want to do?' and he said, 'Yes. That's it. That's what it is.' And I said, 'Only we ain't got nara pistol.' And he said, 'I can get a pistol.' And I said, 'Then we will walk in the free world because we have sinned against God but it wasn't our fault because they hadn't told us what it was He aimed for us to do. But now we know what it is because we want to walk in the free world and farm for God.' That's all I told him. I never told him to do nothing. And now go tell them. Let them hang me too. Gambrell is rotted, and that batbrain is rotted, and I just as soon rot under ground as to rot in here. Go on and tell them."

"Yes," Uncle Gavin said. "All right. You will go free."

For a minute he said Terrel did not move at all. Then he said, "Free?"

"Yes," Uncle Gavin said. "Free. But remember this. A while ago you threatened me. Now I am going to threaten you. And the curious thing is, I can back mine up. I am going to keep track of you. And the next time anything happens, the next time anybody tries to frame you with a killing and you can't get anybody to say you were not there nor any of your kinsfolks to take the blame for it— You understand?" Terrel had looked up at him when he said Free, but now he looked down again. "Do you?" Uncle Gavin said.

"Yes," Terrel said. "I understand."

"All right," Uncle Gavin said. He turned; he called to the guard. "You can let us out this time," he said. He returned to the mess hall, where the Governor was calling the men up one by one and giving them their papers and where again the Governor paused, the smooth, inscrutable face looking up at Uncle Gavin. He did not wait for Uncle Gavin to speak.

"You were successful, I see," he said.

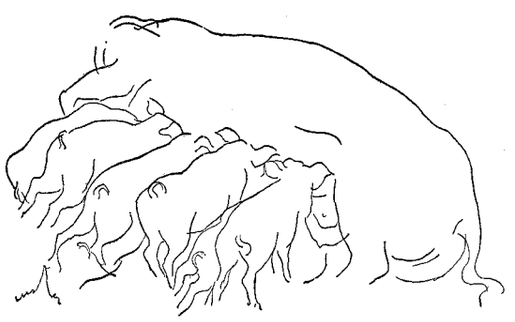
"Yes. Do you want to hear——"

"My dear sir, no. I must decline. I will put it stronger than that: I must refuse." Again Uncle Gavin said he looked at him with that expression warm, quizzical, almost pitying, yet profoundly watchful and curious. "I really believe that you never have quite given up hope that you can change this business. Have you?"

Now Uncle Gavin said he did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "No. I haven't. So you are going to turn him loose? You really are?" Now he said that the pity, the warmth vanished, that now the face was as he first saw it: smooth, completely inscrutable, completely false.

"My dear Mr. Stevens," the Governor said. "You have already convinced me. But I am merely the moderator of this meeting; here are the votes. But do you think that you can convince these gentlemen?" And Uncle Gavin said he looked around at them, the identical puppet faces of the seven or eight of the Governor's battalions and battalions of factory-made colonels.

"No," Uncle Gavin said. "I can't." So he left then. It was in the middle of the morning, and hot, but he started back to Jefferson at once, riding across the broad, heat-miraged land, between the cotton and the corn of God's long-fecund, remorseless acres, which would outlast any corruption and injustice. He was glad of the heat, he said; glad to be sweating, sweating out of himself the smell and the taste of where he had been.



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Return, and the Sea Gone

JOHN LANG

He sat with his body pressed to the table for the act of rising. He sat that way a long time, and in the long moments that were the first of their kind with him he thought: "I'm old." Well, of course. That was why he was off the sea. That was why he was giving it up. That was why—that was why in these long moments he stared at the intersecting brown rings from coffee cups on this dirty little table. He sat with his body pressed to the table for the act of rising, thinking, "I'm old," knowing, "I'm old, old, old." He stood up suddenly, walked briskly to the cashier, paid, and went outside.

A woman almost brushed against him. They were at a corner, and around it he took her arm until she winced. "Look," he said harshly, "here's a dollar." And he put it in her hand roughly, and she stood there while he went away. Had it made him feel better? He shrugged, and he breathed much air. The air was damp, and the coolness was not invigorating, though it was the air of the sea. He walked along Embarcadero. He came to Mission, went up Mission, turned, came out on Market. He paused, he stopped, daunted by the amazing vitality of the place. It was not that he had not seen it before; he had. Yet it was new now, and he was seeing it as someone else, the man he had become, an old man, as a person who would live here as part of it forever until death, in this city, with these people, and be these people. He had never before been a part of a crowd, and now he was beginning to feel it, beginning to feel a new aliveness, for he was to become one of the city, stop being that small self who had fought vainly and proudly up and down the world, pecking at it from strange corners, like a blind chicken pecking at an empty cob of corn. He felt bigger. And then, as groups of lively people passed him, he again felt old. He thought, "I'm old, old—old."

And he ran his fingers on his face, fumbling in the wrinkles, seeming to find himself there, and he laughed aloud in the faces of the people, though no one noticed him. He had seen the Bund of Shanghai and had swum at Waikiki. He had lain drunk in a street like an alley in Rangoon, and had gone unwashed from Alexandria to San Francisco; and he found it in him to see all these, this crowd, this street, this city, as another place to wallow in.

He wanted to hit somebody, but he was not drunk. And immediately he wanted to hit no one, he wanted to fit into this place and be old. He wanted to be a beat of the pulse of the life of the great city, and live so as to die unnoticed. There was no disgrace in dying old, in a large city, and if there was no glory, well, there had been glory in living.

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It was strange, though. It was strange how the past flattened itself out, old with the aged, and he could feel it calling, weakened, in a cracked, unsubtle voice, "You are old, old man, you are old. For long ago you were young." And he laughed. He laughed at it, because it was weak, and it cackled like a fish peddler who had called all day on the wharves of Bombay, "You are old, old man, you are old," and in a foreign language he could understand. But no one else would understand it, he would grow old and die, and no one would understand it, no one walking briskly, riding briskly in the automobiles would have in mind old age, and dying in a city, after a personal life, after the last glory of all glories gone. He stood quietly, solemnly. One would have thought, "There is an old clerk waiting for a streetcar, waiting to go home to his family." Family? He had no family; his daughter was married. He was himself. Home? He had no home. Where he went was his land. Where he lived was his own, his home, and this was the reward of having no home. He was sick for no place, and he was sick only in himself, feeling in himself his own life coming to its own personal end and running quietly, secretly, luckily unknown, into the respectable lives of the crowd. He was content with this. This was all right, and decreed by the flesh, by the weakness, and he almost felt it his inheritance. Why, yes, it was his, this city, and it was not death if it teemed with life. Again he walked, taking out a card with an address written on it and the name of his daughter, the new name and the "Mrs."

He walked the distance, fully two miles. And then she stood before him, seeing and breathless, and holding one hand, she took him to a quiet place, her own room, one of a suite, and he sat in a comfortable chair, whose comfort, however, was alarming. It rocked when he first sat in it, not rocking really but the springs *moving,* and he planted his feet on the floor grimly, and smiling, thinking of the past and the various floors of the sea, the planes of the wet, green and glistening, and the one coincidental plane of the deck, on which he, by a miracle, stood.

"Oh, you're glad to be back!" she said.

"Eh?" He lifted his head, through the cords in his neck. "Glad to be back?" he said. "Oh yes."

"Tell me everything," she said. "Everything." And at his bewildered look she said, "Anything. Tell me anything."

"Oh," he said. "Oh—ohh," he said, as if he knew what she meant.

"Tell me about the trip back," his daughter said.

"The trip back. Well, it was all the same, the sea higher than the ship." And he saw the planes of the sea and the single simple miracle of the deck, and his own miracle of being there, on the sliver of wood.

"Was it a good trip?" she said.

"Good? Well, we got wet." He laughed, a little confused, having nothing to say.

"Oh," she cried, taking his hand, "you're glad to be back!" She knelt at his side, laughing, then she rose and ran into the kitchen, making a noise with pans, and at a sink, and at a stove. Then she came back, but only to say, "Dad, this is Peter." And she ran away again.

He rose to shake hands with Peter, but Peter, seeing, hurried—hurried to the old man before he could rise up straight, and they clasped hands warmly, the young man Peter, the young husband, and the old man back-bent because he had not been allowed to rise, to straighten up. He sank back into the chair that was too comfortable. "Well, young man," he said, having nothing in his mind, nothing to say, and also he said, "Well, Peter."

"Pyotr," the young man said, in an accent. "Russian."

"Yes, I noticed," said the old man.

In a short time the young man had said many things, all of the life, all of the story. (It was like a story—and nothing real, no fight, no plan, no being, only living in the city, in offices, on streets, and meeting, kissing, loving, marrying.)

"Well, Russian Peter," said the old man, "so you married my daughter." He chuckled. The young man laughed too. They talked more, being friends.

"Did you have a good trip?" said the kind young man.

"It was rough." Why was the young man kind? Was there something wrong? Did he look half dead?

"You've had a life," said the young man.

There was confusion, and if Peter had not been called to the kitchen—well, what could happen? Nothing could happen here, nothing in this safe place, in this room, in this chair. Nothing.

There were noises in the kitchen, noises of pans, of bundles unwrapping, of Peter shutting the door.

"Peter's gone for chops," said his daughter, coming into the room, skipping to his chair.

"Chops?" he said. "What is chops?" He laughed. And noting her face, he waved his hand, waving aside everything, the room, the town, "Oh, luxuries, I've had luxuries."

But the girl took his hand, the hand he had waved. She chafed it, as if he were ill, as if he were *old,* and as if (ridiculous!) he were hungry, having starved. "You're glad to be back," she said soothingly, in a lullaby, "glad to be back."

So he cleared his throat roughly, growling.

"You're free now, aren't you," the girl said, satisfied. "Tell me," (she was earnest, suddenly, like a very small child earnest) "tell me, you *like* San Francisco—you've always wanted to live here?"

Could he tell her? He said, stroking her cheek, the softness of which was lost to his fingers, "I'm glad to be back; I'm old and I'm glad to be back." And he smiled, to explain this, to make everything all right.

And she thought she saw, and she said again, excited, "Dad! Oh," and she dropped by his side again, looking up to his eyes, "you're free, aren't you?" And serious again, the little girl again, she asked earnestly, "You *are* free, aren't you, Dad?"

"Yes," he said, and her eyes in his, his own smiling gravely, she looked to him, and he said, and patting her cheek, "I'm free."

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They looked up startled at a short round stocky figure in the doorway

. . . And So They Lived Happily Ever After

COREY FORD

Some Impossible Conclusions to the World's Greatest Love Story—that of the King and Mrs. Simpson—in the Manner of Several Popular Contemporaries

A concluding chapter of Faith and Suffering and Sacrifice, as it could be written only in the manner of

MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS

With each step on the stairs, her heart jumped to Davy. Ah, here he was! But no, it was not he. No Davy yet. She smoothed back a loose strand of dark-black raven hair from her smooth pale white forehead, and bent over the sink again. Whatever could be keeping him?

Half past five; winter dark had already taken the little neat clean kitchen. She ran her hand wearily around the bottom of the dishpan, took out a dripping diamond tiara, and set it on the back of the stove to dry. Davy always helped her do the jewels when he was home. She loved having Davy help her with her jewels, an apron about his waist, his sleeves rolled up on his big strong arms, his face laughing as he wiped a sapphire or pinned a string of pearls on the line behind the stove.

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A hand fumbled with the knob, and she wiped her soapy hands hastily on her Oxford Street ermine wrap, and forced a bright smile on her careworn face. Must not let Davy see how tired she was. "Hello, Wally," he said to her, sailing his hat across the room onto the mantelpiece.

"Anything today, Davy?" she asked, knowing all too well the answer.

"The same old story," he sighed, pouring himself a cup of *Château Yquem 1904* and setting the bottle back on the stove. "Not a job in sight. . . ." He opened his mail disconsolately, and tossed a $125,000 pension check from the British Government onto the worn red tablecloth. "Whatever is to become of us?"

"Don't worry, Davy," she said. "We'll make out somehow. There's that $500,000 yearly from the Duchy of Cornwall, and you could always sell a couple more castles to keep the wolf from the door——"

He drew her chin down to him and kissed her. "You're so—so brave and sweet."

"Oh, I'ave over, now," she scoffed, but the heart of her was fluttering like a bir'rd. "Get along with ye while I putt me little things to soak."

Her "little things" were an unsavory mountain of soiled ermine and mink and silver fox. She soaped them generously in the dishpan, and flung them into the warm suds of the neat clean laundry tub. Wally liked nothing better than nice fresh furs, and a good day's ironing of clean neat sables was a delight to her. She bustled cheerfully about the stove, warming up some *crêpes suzette* for supper in the frying pan, while Davy watched her with misery in his heart.

"I hate to see you have to struggle like this," he said. "Roughing it in last year's jewels, driving about in the same old limousines, making the steam yacht do another season. . . ." He kicked petulantly at an old $750,000 emerald and diamond necklace lying on the floor. "Oh, to get away from all this squalor——"

"Pardon me, Sir."

They looked up startled at a short round stocky figure in the doorway, puffing stolidly at a stocky round short pipe. Over his arm was a market basket filled with celery, carrots, a sack of flour, jars of preserves, a fresh-plucked goose that dangled temptingly from the lid. "Parliament thought you might be able to use these."

"We're making out quite all right, thank you, Mr. Baldwin," replied Davy proudly.

Mr. Baldwin puffed a moment at his pipe. "By the way, Sir," he suggested, "Parliament asked me to tell you that your old job is always waiting for you if you care to reconsider. Of course," with a sidelong glance at Wally, "I'm afraid we'd have to insist—er, hurrumph——!"

"Never," cried Davy, clasping Wally in his arms. "I will not give up the Woman I Love." He pointed to the door. "Get out!"

"But, Davy," Wally sobbed, tears of joy streaming down her pale smooth white cheeks, "your job——"

"What does poverty matter," he murmured, "as long as we two are together?"

"Not we two, Davy," she corrected, blushing. "We three." And she pointed to a tiny baby in a bassinet under the sink. "It's a little surprise!"

II

A tremulous last chapter, in the manner of

MR. JAMES HILTON

INTRODUCTION BY MR. WOOLLCOTT:

WHENEVER your faintly repetitive correspondent, gathering these random jottings for some future biographer of your times, recalls that oft-mentioned August morning at Number 92 South Street in the erstwhile placid community of Fall River when the somewhat testy nature of Miss Lizzie Borden prompted her to indulge in a series of rather sanguinary experiments upon the persons of her doubtless faintly startled parents and thus evoke a drama which was destined to set the tongues a-wagging over every breakfast tray in America ere it wound its way at last into the fusty archives of history, he is wont to muse that even the faintly bloodstained hatchet with which Miss Borden performed her mulish dissection, to what I have no doubt was the lofty disapproval of the more conservative members of the community, was no more historic a weapon than the pen with which a young English scrivener, on a foggy week in London, chanced to scribble a story which he called, somewhat raffishly, "Goodbye, Mr. Windsor" . . .

MR. HILTON:

And now, fifty years after, Mr. Windsor could look back on it all with a deep and sumptuous tranquillity. He was not dead, of course—just forgotten. He would not go abroad—he had tried it once, but the Riviera had been chilly. "I prefer—um—to grow cold—umph—in my own country," he used to say, after that. It was not really so bad—there were warm fires, and books, and you could rummage through old newspaper clippings about the Coronation, or look at stereoptican slides of Buckingham Palace. His life . . . and what a life it might have been. The whole lost pageant would pass before him, as he sat before the fire, blending tea from the different caddies—luckily there was half a walnut cake with pink icing—and he would shut his eyes and go back to sleep again—and after a while he would begin to dream of the old days——

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MR. WOOLLCOTT (*interrupting eagerly*):

To read this gentle tome, of which it may be said that it has the quality of greatness, is to recall that nostalgic hour when your doddering correspondent, then but a mewling sophomore in his salad days at Hamilton College, was wont to sit upon the steps of the Theta Delt House, and muse somewhat idly upon that magic moment when I had first seen the haunting Lillian Gish in *Camille,* a performance as exquisite as that other in a Tokyo theater when Onoe Kikugoro put me in mind, by the sheer artistry of his performance, of a very different moment in the frozen mud near Savigny when the monstrous winds of war had swept a number of us together in a mood far different from that occasion when your indefatigable correspondent, whilst sipping an apéritif in a rickshaw on the Rue de la Paix with Rebecca West and Harpo Marx. . . .

MR. HILTON (*beginning again*):

Sometimes, when he was strolling about, small boys of the cheekier kind would ask him questions, merely for the fun of getting his "latest" to report:

"I say, Mr. Windsor, could you give me a hand with my English history, sir?"

"Eh? What's that? God bless my soul—umph—you haven't got your—umph—history done yet? It's not—um—half as easy as it looks, eh? Now, then—let's see—umph—who was Edward VIII?"

"I'm pretty sure that I never heard of him, sir."

"Eh? What's that? Never heard of King Edward?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear—umph—of the Woman He Loved?"

"What woman was that, sir?"

"Why, who was the most—umph—famous woman of the century?"

"Gypsy Rose Lee, sir——"

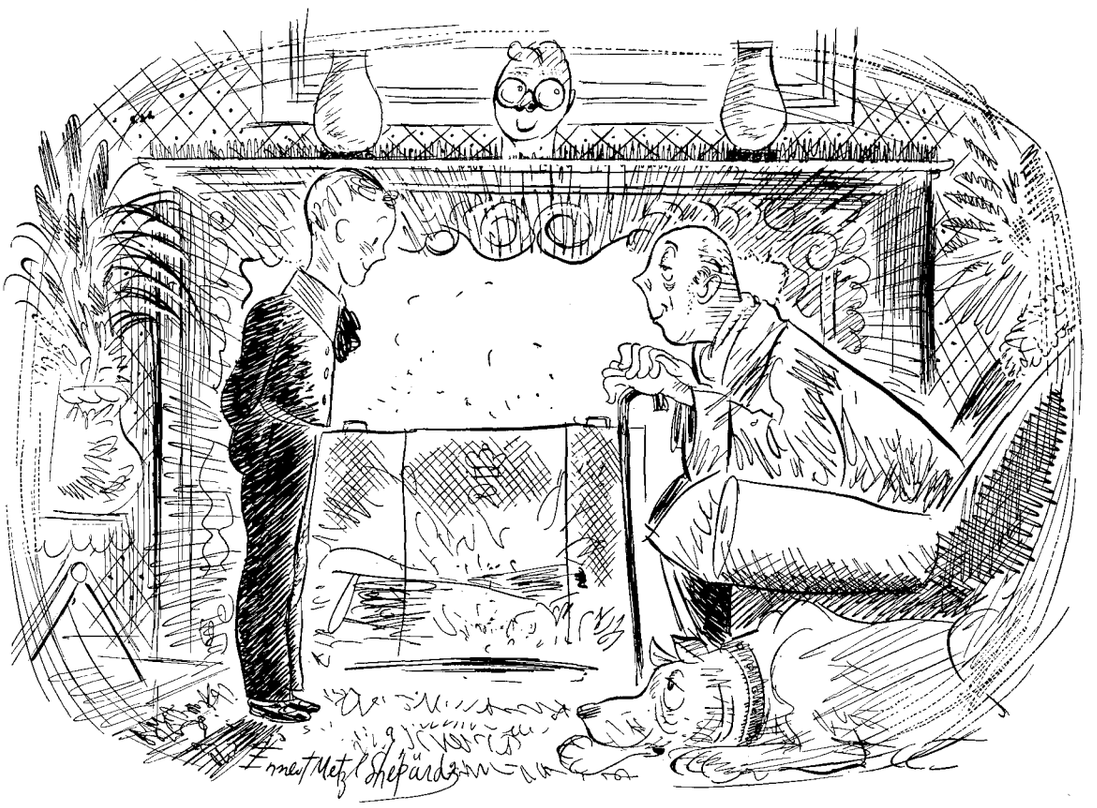
MR. WOOLLCOTT (*unable to contain himself*):

. . . an occasion which, in turn, recalls that elfin remark which someone—was it Mrs. Patrick Campbell—once made, if memory serves, to Paul Robeson, on that never-to-be-forgotten, at least by your determined correspondent, moment when he chanced to dine, for reasons which escape me, with Anne Parrish, Charles MacArthur, Alice Duer Miller, and a certain quiet modest young English scrivener from London. . . .

MR. HILTON (*shouting*):

He felt: Anyhow, I can't be bothered to wonder why about anything. I'm going to sleep. But it wasn't sleep, either; it was a sort of in-between state, full of dreams and voices. Once he heard them talking about him in the room.

"Poor old chap—must have lived a lonely life. Gets hallucinations now and then, thinks he's the King of



"Did you ever hear—umph—of the Woman He Loved?"

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England or something—that's what happens, living all by himself."

"Not always by himself. He married, you know."

"Did he? What happened to his wife?"

"Ran off and left him, I heard. Went back to America. Married the President of the United States, or some such person as that. Must have been fifty years ago."

"Poor old chap. Pity. . . ."

MR. WOOLLCOTT (*drowning him out*):

. . . and this random introduction would not be complete, my pets, if I neglected to add that the name of this modest young author, if memory serves, was James Hilton.

III

In the brilliant, if it kills him, manner of the sophisticated, if it kills us—

MR. NOEL COWARD

THE action of the play takes place on the stage of a variety theater in one of the smaller English towns on a Saturday night. DAVY and WALLY are wearing top hats, white ties, and tails, and are carrying canes. They are discovered performing before a backdrop on which is painted a picture of Buckingham Palace.

BOTH (*singing*):

HAS ANYBODY SEEN OUR KING?

Verse

What's to be done with the Mayfair crowd
Who lead a chap astray?
Or that fast Long Island polo set
In the barbarous U. S. A.?
Their friends are gay
But *très déclassé,*
And when they really go to town,
A chap is apt to lose his bloomin' Crown.

1st Refrain

Has anybody seen our King?
The late Edvardus Rex.
He took a tour
Of the Côte d'Azur,
But the Bishop intimated that his motive
wasn't pure.
Hi, ho, me hearties,
The awful price of Sex.
When he was a King, he used to be
The Admiral of the Queen's Na-vee,
But now he's only third mate on the
matrimonial sea—
Has anybody seen our King?

DAVY (*aside*): Stop it!

WALLY (*aside*): Stop what?

DAVY (*aside*): Stop making eyes at the orchestra leader.

WALLY (*aside*): And who do you think *you* are, telling me what to do?

DAVY (*aside*): I'm your husband.

WALLY (*aside*): What's *that* got to do with it?

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: Come on, come on, stop talking! Get on with the act!

BOTH (*glaring across the footlights*): La la—la la——

2nd Refrain

Has anybody seen our King?
The late Edvardus Rex.
He wanted a wife
In Buckingham Palace,
But Mr. Baldwin specified it never could
be Wallis.
Ho, hum, me hearties,
So now he signs it "Ex."
He just stood up like a gent to share
His seat on the Throne with a lady fair,
And when the two sat down again, the
Throne it wasn't there—
Has anybody seen our King?

(*The curtain falls amid boos*)

DAVY: "*Stop making eyes at the orchestra leader*"

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IV

In the manner of *Death in the Afternoon, Death Without Women, Death in Esquire*

MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE marvelous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?" she said.

"Absolutely. First it starts in your mind, and then you feel dull all over, and the next thing you know the boredom has crept through your whole body, and then you don't care any more. Let's have another gimlet."

"You shouldn't drink," she said. "You know what happens when you drink."

"Molo!" he shouted.

"Yes, Bwana."

"Bring whiskey-soda."

"Yes, Bwana."

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree, and as he looked past the shade across the veldt he saw the Lion still crouching in the distance, looking at him. At first he had wanted to kill the Lion. Lions bleed excitingly when you kill them, and they fall bleeding, and their guts tumble out— He wished the Lion would stop looking at him.

"Molo!" he shouted. "Another whiskey-soda."

"I wish you wouldn't drink," she said. "Every time you drink you start thinking again, and it's so hard to read italics."

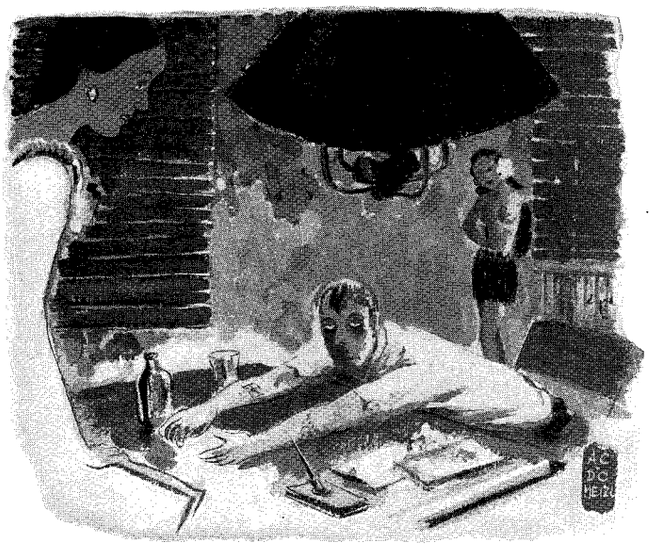
"You don't have to read them," he said.

"If you drink another whiskey-soda, you'll start right off on another long paragraph in italics," she said, "and I'll just have to sit here like a dope and wait for the dialogue to start again."

Now in his mind he saw a lonely mountain peak at Enzefeld and he was standing alone after the retreat was over and the last photobombs had exploded, and now the snow was so bright that it hurt your eyes as you ran down the last stretch to the steep drop, and the fast-slipping rush of fine snow on the crust was like talcum powder on the tall dark petal-smooth American girl he had met in Baltimore, but they had loved each other in the Balkans, and parted in London, and he had wanted to hit the smug British Minister twice in the mouth, and then hit him in the belly, and then smash him with his knee, his mouth tasting bitter like cherry pits, but he coasted alone down through the orchard, past the woodcutter's house where the half-wit boy killed the old man, but that has nothing to do with the story, and when you knocked your bindings loose and kicked the skis free, and went inside the Castle you smelt the smoky new-wine warmth, and somebody was playing the accordion, and he thought of Monte Carlo and Vienna and Mayfair, and long hours at Belvedere, and feet tramping in the snow outside Buckingham while he was taking the destroyer at Portsmouth, but now he did not want to think of those things any more. . . .

"Is there anything I can do?" she said.

"You can go away and let me sleep," he said.



"You can go back to Baltimore and leave me alone"

"You can go back to your lousy Baltimore, and leave me alone. . . ."

"Leave you alone," she said. "That's a laugh. I suppose it was all my fault. How about all those things you promised me if I married you? How about making me a Queen, and all that malarky?"

"Forget it," he said. "Let's have a gimlet."

"How about all those fine titles you told me you'd have?" she said. "Knight of the Order of the Garter, Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Star of India, Knight of the Golden Gyp of England, Knight of the Royal Order of the Eight Ball. Listen, you may have been a big Knight to everybody else, but you're nothing but a Morning After to me——"

"The Lion's coming closer," he said. "Have you got that revolver?"

"You bet I have."

"Is it loaded?"

"It's all ready," she said, spinning the chamber with her thumb and clicking it shut.

"I want another whiskey-soda."

"You'll only bring on another attack of italics."

"Molo!"

"I give you fair warning," she said. "If you start one more sentence in italics——"

The Lion stretched itself, and yawned, and walked toward him, licking its chops, and he reached over the side of the cot and petted the Lion. There was a shot, and he felt a cold rush of air. The Lion crawled up on the cot, and sat down on his chest. . . .

"Never mind, Molo," she said, tossing the smoking revolver beside the cot, "Bwana won't need that whiskey-soda."

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Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 3—"Down the Rabbit-Hole," by Saul Schary

(A scene from his "Alice in Wonderland" series)

"Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank. . . . So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. . . . Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge."

ALMOST anyone could go on from here to narrate the other adventures that make up the story of *Alice in Wonderland.* The thrill of recognition, however, is not only in the words but in the images evoked of the slightly Victorian illustrations of Tenniel that, for most of us, are just as much "Alice" as the story itself.

For a contemporary artist to venture into this holy of holies may seem bold, but the modern world of art is much better equipped to treat such a highly imaginative story than were our immediate ancestors. With the development of a psychological and "super-real" form of artistic expression, the story of *Alice in Wonderland* can be told again in another and even more convincing fashion.

The difference between the old and the new is seen in the fact that for the first subject Tenniel merely shows us a slightly humorous figure of the White Rabbit consulting his watch, while in the Schary illustration the drowsy, half-asleep quality of the story is clearly conveyed. Alice rests against her sister and as she falls asleep her dematerialized figure is shown pursuing the Rabbit toward the right. By treating the figures at the left in one color range and those at the right in another, the artist has indicated the difference between the world of reality and the dream world in which the rest of the story is to take place.

As we proceed in a slight diagonal across the surface of the picture, the outlines of the figures become looser, and the Rabbit appears to be made of the same stuff as the clouds themselves. The relationship between what one sees just before falling asleep and the dream itself is subtly implied in the fact that, while the child relaxes for sleep, the clouds overhead appear to take on rabbitlike forms. Down the rabbit-hole we go, directed by the arrow, ending in the tunnel that opens on further adventures.

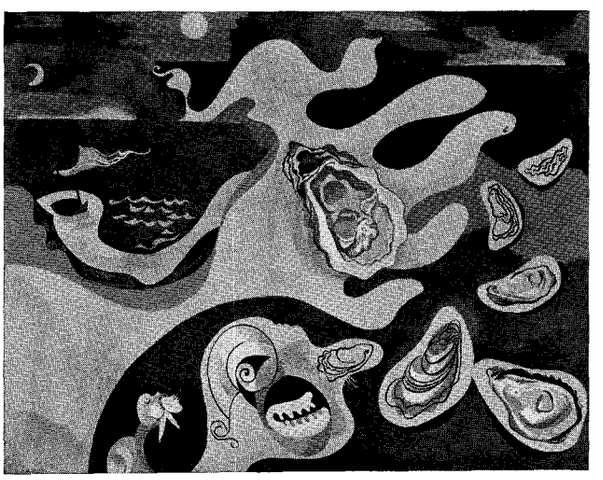
This gouache, or opaque water color, is one of a series of seven by Saul Schary, conceived in 1926 and completed in 1935. To his material the artist has brought the imaginative power typical of this period of his development. Of this group perhaps the most modern and surrealist is "The Walrus and the Carpenter," wherein all of the nuances of

The sun was shining on the sea
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night

are brought out in the nontransparent water colors used. As usual, Schary presents a few incidents simultaneously, with the larger part of the composition given over to the very agreeable oysters, whose story ends

But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

while a long, shapeless hand is stretched forth to take the last of them.



The Walrus and the Carpenter

Saul Schary was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1904 and lived there until he was eighteen. He now lives in New York. Most of his ability is the result of individual development rather than formal training. After a few years of commercial work, he had saved enough to spend a year in Paris, where he was much influenced by the current vogue of cubist art and by such personalities as Braque, Leger, and Picasso. Upon his second visit to Paris in 1928 he began to realize the importance of the art of the past and copied for practice and training a good many works in museums. His cubist experience had made him realize the importance of form, and it was almost natural for him to go back to the masters who had accomplished the most in that sense.

Mr. Schary feels his cubist period to have been the archaic or early stage of his career. The works illustrated here are examples of that earlier period in that they present simultaneously different views of reality in the typical cubist manner. To these have been added the vivid imagination and subconscious perceptions of the surrealist school, making them expressive of the two most advanced developments in the modern art world. From this point on, Schary has proceeded, like Cézanne, to a re-evaluation of the old masters in terms of his own point of view.

The "American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers.

Pictures, courtesy F. A. R. Gallery, New York.

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Breadwinner or Breadmaker?

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

That the average woman is more valuable as a breadwinner than a breadmaker is one answer to "The New Woman Goes Home" in our February issue

For seventeen years I was gainfully employed outside my home. During more than half of that time I was married and the mother of children. I feel, therefore, that I know something about the working woman; just as I grant that Mrs. Borsodi knows something about the woman who is a homemaker. I was not an average wage earner; for one thing, my salary was too high. But Mrs. Borsodi is not an average homemaker. Which ought to make us about even.

Mrs. Borsodi urges her plan for the "average woman," but by her own figures the average wage for gainfully employed women was about $800 a year in 1929. Today she estimates it at about $500 to $600. If these women stayed at home, she promises that they could save from $5 to $20 a week. This saving would be effected, however, not by the ordinary hit-or-miss home management, but by scientific management with mechanical equipment. The minimum necessary equipment is an electric range, a "large" electric refrigerator, an electric mixer, a pressure cooker, a washing machine, a mangle, and an electric sewing machine. This equipment would involve an expenditure, I estimate, of something over $500. Mrs. Borsodi computes carefully how much it costs her to make bread in her modern kitchen and notes a saving of a little more than five cents a loaf for a more nourishing and palatable product. Other items show a corresponding saving. But nowhere does she compute how $500 worth of equipment can be bought by a woman earning $600 a year.

The official census for 1930 showed roughly thirty million families in the United States, and ten million women gainfully employed. The average gives us one family in three with a woman wage earner. Why do these women work for wages outside the home? The answer, I believe, lies in other figures. In the "good" year of 1929, the average family income was $2,600. Since this includes high-income families, it is fairer to take the typical income, which in that year was $1,600 or less for a family. Today the average family income is $1,700, the typical family income is $1,100 to $1,200. Mrs. Borsodi admits that the initial cost of her equipment is high, but declares that it must be regarded as an investment paid for out of income. Practically, however, the income in this case does not appear until the equipment is in operation. And it is clear that a twelve-hundred-dollar-income family cannot pay $500 for domestic equipment. The poor cannot afford investment, any more than they can afford the economy of quantity buying.

> *"Most people believe today that the industrial age has demonstrated the economic futility of homemaking. As a result of this belief, millions of women have abandoned the production of things at home to earn money in business, and those who have remained homemakers let outside agencies perform many home tasks. . . . But I am convinced that this decision by many women, that they could be of greater economic value to their families in business than they could while performing homemaking tasks, is based on an economic fallacy. . . . Money-making, for the overwhelming majority of women, does not pay. It pays neither them, their families, nor society."*
>
> —Mrs. Ralph Borsodi

When income figures are considered, it is clear that the vast majority of women — what Mrs. Borsodi calls the average women— who work outside the home do so because the cash they earn, little as it is, is a necessary part of the family earnings. Let us not delude ourselves. Most women do not work because they hate housework, because they would rather feed their families out of a can, because they prefer to neglect their children (and particularly in the lower-income groups, children often are neglected). It is not a caprice which takes women to the factory loom, to the clerk's desk, to the retail-store counter. It is the harsh compulsion of economic necessity.

The vast majority of working women, therefore, fall into the low-income groups where extra cash is a grim necessity, where the cost of the Borsodi equipment is prohibitive, and in most cases where the necessary education to use it economically is lacking. Moreover, probably the majority of gainfully employed women are not mistresses of their own homes. They are daughters waiting for marriage; they are single women or widows with no other means of support. In many cases, of course, they are young wives who keep on with their jobs after marriage in order to make marriage itself possible.

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A minority of wage-earning women are members of an income group which could afford the equipment necessary for Mrs. Borsodi's mechanical household. A smaller minority are earning salaries large enough so that savings under the Borsodi plan would be negligible. A woman who earns $50 or even $30 a week, unless she is strongly inclined to domesticity, cannot be easily convinced on purely economic grounds that it is better to stay home and, by her efficient management of the home and a good deal of hard work, save $5 to $20 (minus her salary, of course). Even in the higher-income groups, the additional income of the wife is often an indispensable part of the family income. Not, as it is in the lower-income groups, for minimum necessities, but for obligations which the family may have incurred in happier days—property, for instance—and which cannot be denied without grave financial loss today. Certain women are temperamentally disinclined to, and many are woefully untrained for, the very real job of home management involved in the Borsodi plan. I said at the beginning of this article that Mrs. Borsodi was not an average woman. She is the one woman out of the many, many thousands of average, more or less educated, more or less competent women who is fitted for a high administrative post. She has chosen to use her extraordinary talents in the home, which is wholly admirable. But these talents are extraordinary; they are not average, and the average woman does not own them or would, I believe, lay claim to them.

There are, of course, extraordinary women in business. A few women are outstanding; their names are known to all of us; they command large salaries; and some of them have husbands and families. There are, in addition, a number of salaried women who have jobs which they enjoy, and who are paid $5,000 a year, or perhaps less, and who manage their homes as well as their jobs with surprising success. For them the economic advantages of Mrs. Borsodi's plan are not important. A woman of this sort employs a competent cook and house manager who serves palatable food, economically bought, properly cooked, and not dished out of a can. Her home is neat and orderly. Her children probably go to a play school when they are small and to a "progressive" school later on, where provision is made for keeping them until nearly suppertime because "mother is at the office."

In such homes the working mother performs a couple of full-time jobs. She must be companion and entertainer before she leaves for business in the morning and after she comes home at night. She must exercise supervision over her household as well as her desk. But whatever the strain on her body, it is likely that she is a more interesting companion both to her husband and her children than many women who spend all their days in the home. It is not necessarily so, but it often happens.

Superficially, it would seem that the division which modern industry has brought to the family results from the factorizing of processes which were formerly performed in the home. I believe that this is putting the cart before the horse. The factory, and all it brought with it, was the answer to certain problems which had been felt in the home long before the factory existed. Prepared foods, store-bought clothes, the corner grocery store came after the decline of the domestic arts. They did not cause that decline. Our Puritan forefathers had no factories, no chain stores, no vegetables raised in California and shipped on ice to New York. The family was not only the domestic unit but the economic unit as well. Clothing was made in the home from wool woven in the home from yarn spun in the home from sheep raised on the home farm. It was dyed in the home from dyes made from plants plucked in the adjoining fields. The same thing was true of food. Meats and vegetables came from the farm. Imported items were few. Such a home was large, and such a family was numerous. Not only parents and a hearty group of working children but also aunts, uncles, cousins, bond servants, and innumerable hangers-on contributed to the incessant labor necessary to provide food, raiment, and shelter.

It was in some ways a good life. Nostalgic dwellers in the twentieth century are prone to look back on it and sigh for the lost frontier. Yet both spiritually and in fact that frontier is irrevocably lost. It was disappearing before the factory got started. The family was shrinking, the old days of labor from sun to sun—particularly for women—were falling out of favor, just as the stern Puritan morality fell out of favor, just as the reign of master over his household declined. Like it or not, the factory has come to stay because it answered deep wants in men and women. The urge for freedom, less consoling perhaps when it is possessed than it seemed in prospect, is a factor in our modern life. We have renounced our old labors as we have renounced our old gods.

Mrs. Borsodi, of course, does not advocate the back-breaking drudgery of those old times, although she does, I believe, minimize the labor involved in her home-management plan. But in a sense she wants to eat her cake and have it. We have given up our time-honored gods for our new god, the machine, and Mrs. Borsodi would like to combine the best features of each. I do not believe it can be done. We must alter the concept of the family which we now have before we can stop eating prepared food or sending the shirts out to the laundry. It will not help to bring mother back into the home. It will not help much to increase the income of the male wage earners to the point where the wages of the females are no longer needed.

We must restore the domestic arts to their former place—if indeed we want them restored. Then women will cheerfully give their lives and their labor to home-work, with or without mechanical aids; then daughters will learn to cook and sew before marriage, and not to manage a typewriter. I don't want to sound too optimistic about all this. Perhaps the old days are gone forever. But I am very sure that their decline was not the result of women going out to work. And I am equally sure that the "new" woman, providing we are sure who or what she is, is not going home—at least not just yet.

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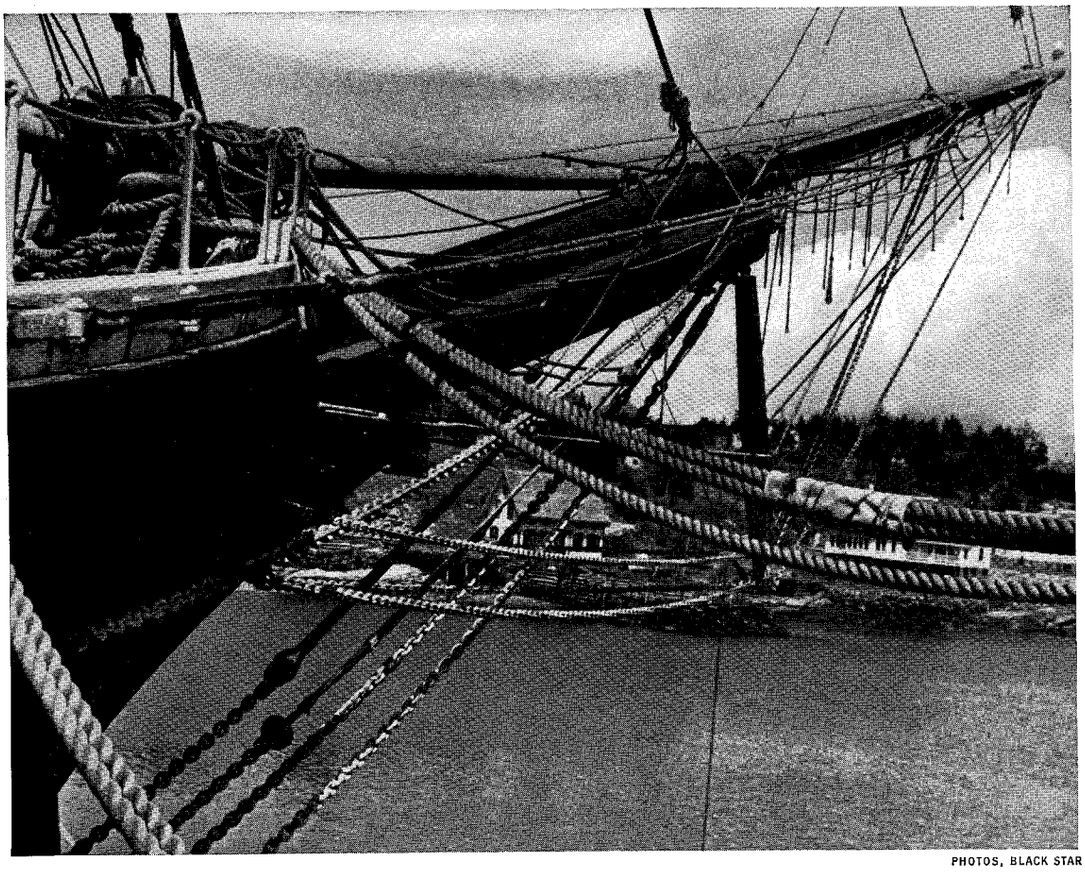

PHOTOS, BLACK STAR

Sharecroppers of the Sea

BERTRAM B. FOWLER

As the fish go, so goes the coast of Maine—unless something is done to remedy conditions which have sapped the morale of the fishermen from Portland to Canada

THERE are a hundred places like the cove in Frenchman's Bay where George Bradley has his shack. Some of them are better, some worse. The coast is dotted with shacks like George's. Some of them, also, are better. And some are worse. The coves and the shacks along the strip of coast from Portland to the Canadian border represent a new problem. Or, perhaps I should say, the sign of a trend. Something has happened to Maine, just as it has happened to the farmers of the Middle West. It is the appearance of the same evil that has blighted the whole of the South. Tenancy has come to replace ownership. It is there, showing the same face of ugliness along the Maine coast that one finds in the sharecroppers' shacks from Arkansas through the South and East to the coastal plain and the sea.

Let us study more closely the case of George Bradley who lives in the cove on Frenchman's Bay. His shack faces the massive bulk of Cadillac Mountain and Bar Harbor. He can see the yachts of the summer people lifting white wings against the sharp blue of the sky. The nearer view isn't so impressive. Waist-deep in the tide wash stands an old canning factory. It is several hundred yards out from the rocky shore, out where there was sufficient depth of water for boats to pull alongside and unload their fish.

The boats have vanished now. The pier that connected the cannery with the shore has rotted away. Here and there a pile leans disconsolately, a perch for the scavenging sea gulls. The cannery, with its blank windows staring out of the still-substantial brick walls, stands as a monument to a day that has passed, to a prosperity that to George has become like a half-forgotten legend.

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There are thousands of such monuments along the coast. There are the wharves, sagging, season by season slipping into the water. There are the funereal heaps of lobster pots rotting in the fog and bleaching in the sun. There are the fish-drying racks—the wreckage of some of them are still there—reminders of a day when the fishing communities along the Maine coast were communities of owners, the prosperous symbols of a democracy that was authentic and apparent.

Look at George's shack and you are looking at a segment of a pattern that is appearing. The shack is unpainted, unlovely, standing on high piles just above the high-water line. It has two rooms—kitchen and bedroom. There are seven in the Bradley family—five children, George, and his wife. In the two rooms there are no comforts or conveniences, only a squalor that is deadening and depressing.

Perhaps, in some of the blighted areas of Alabama or Kentucky or Arkansas, George's shack would not rate more than passing comment. But this is Maine! And when Americans think of Maine they are conscious of a sensation of something like smugness. Maine is so sound, so stable. Its people are sturdy, self-reliant, self-respecting. Which was true—once.

Americans by the thousands whir through Maine on their wheels of air and rubber. The change has taken place beneath their eyes without their understanding what has happened. They see for the most part the great midway of the filling stations, the tourist homes, the We Take You Inns, the clusters of roadside cabins with such esthetic titles as "Maine Idyll." These people usually miss the shacks of the George Bradleys. The coves they visit are studded with summer cottages, hotels, and inns. If they do see the shacks, they fail to notice and understand the trend of which they are the symbols.

The reason is there, in the piled-up lobster pots, in the unpainted boats careened on the beaches. It is written in the smudge of smoke that the beam trawler traces across the blue of the sky off Bar Harbor. The shacks, the rotting wharves, the disintegrating fishing gear and lobster pots—all these are effects. Cause and effect pass unnoticed by the summer visitors. To them the grayness of the shacks, the fantastic angles taken on by falling wharves are picturesque. The tragedy is softened by the esthetic shades with which sun and wind and rain paint their damage.

Mass production in fishing, the centralization of ownership and control of the industry, the depredations worked by unsound methods of fishing, the disappearance, one by one, of the fish by which they live—these constitute the cause of the change.

Let us look more closely at George Bradley's case. He did not always live in a shack on the rim of the cove. There was a time when he reaped an abundant harvest from the sea. In a lobster season he has made as high as fifty dollars a day. He has made twenty dollars a day hand trawling. He has seen the season when he and his neighbors cleared thousands of dollars on the herring catch. Such figures speak of prosperity. But they shrink a little when one stops to figure the hazards of the trade. There are days when no boats can go out. There are lobster traps lost in storms. There is the wreckage of trawl gear during the season. There is the upkeep of boats and motors.

George has always kept the accounts of his fishing. His books show the results of three months' lobster fishing this spring. For the three months he averaged twenty-three cents a day above expenses. Here are the figures that can be duplicated a thousand times along the coast, the figures that show the swift and relentless extinction of the lobster, the harvest upon which five thousand families along the Maine coast depend. Here George's economic problem is linked directly to the tragedy of waste that is wiping out one more of the national resources.

This spring George, like hundreds of others, turned his back on lobster fishing. He admitted, after years in which his catch had fallen off steadily, that as a livelihood, lobster fishing was finished.

He started trawling. He got up at three in the morning to start in his motor boat for the fishing grounds. He set his two or three miles of hook-festooned line and fished for hake. Once it had been haddock. But now market catches of haddock by the individual fishermen are part of the past. In that past, hake was a despised fish, with practically no market value. The inexorable urge of circumstances forced the markets to sell hake to the consumers, even as it had been forced years earlier to popularize the then-despised haddock.

Having set his two or three miles of trawl, George waited an hour, then hauled the interminable length of line back into his boat. An average day's catch was a thousand pounds. He freighted that to the buyer at the fishstand in a neighboring cove and got forty cents a hundred for his fish. With his four dollars he went home, paid a dollar for the gasoline he had used, a dollar and a half for bait for the next day. There were other incidentals, lubricating oil, motor repairs, fishing gear—all to come out of the four dollars. The result is there for all to see in the shack on the rim of the cove, in George's boat that will one day be unfit to venture to sea in. It is tragically apparent in George's children, who get an insufficiency of milk and eggs. George himself shows the result. He works too long hours, suffers from exposure on an unbalanced diet, too much fish, not enough of meat and proteins.

Leave the cove in which George lives and go along the coast. The problem will be before you as you go. It is there, the hopelessness that in some instances is degenerating into shiftlessness and chronic despair. For, in all the blighted sections of America, the pattern is uniform. First, poverty, destroying self-respect and courage. Later, hopelessness, bitter and enervating. The last stage is the stage of shiftlessness, the abandonment of hope, a supine willingness to accept relief, to lie down when standing upright becomes impossible.

In one town I walked on the beach and found a fisher-

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Maine fishermen resting after a hard day

man calking the widening seams of an upturned boat. I asked him if he were getting ready to go fishing. He looked at me and laughed.

"What's the use of goin' fishin'?" he said. "I fished for three weeks this spring. At the end of three weeks I was just four dollars deeper in debt than I had been when I started. What's the use?"

I decided to follow the question through. I decided to try to find out what had happened to this community. The blight was apparent. It screamed at me from the unpainted houses, the slovenly streets, the dour suspicion with which the inhabitants looked at the stranger who asked questions.

I talked to a local fish dealer. He sold the fishermen their boats, gear, gasoline, and oil. He bought their fish when they came back from fishing. He stared sourly out of his window onto the bay. There were three wharves immediately below us. All three were sagging, falling into the tide.

"The fishermen are no good!" he said bitterly. "They don't want to work. They're shiftless! They're lazy. They'd rather live on relief than make an honest living fishing." He said a lot more things about the fishermen, none of them complimentary.

"There was a time," he went on, "when you could get them to fish. But not now!" He turned away from the window. "Me, I'm through. I've made a little money in thirty years of hard work. I'm going to retire. I'm going to get out of it." He brightened while he said it. He looked like a man who saw an escape from some sort of a nightmare.

I inquired further. I found a merchant who leaned over his dusty counter and gave another angle of the problem. He told me about the fish dealer. That man owned more than fifty per cent of the boats that fished out of the harbor. The fisherman who sold his fish to any one but that particular dealer lost his boat. He had to sell to the one market at the price offered. The fishermen had thus become sharecroppers of the sea. They worked on the owners' terms or sat in rebellious idleness.

Up on the hill I found the minister, but he couldn't tell me anything. He was new to the community—a weary

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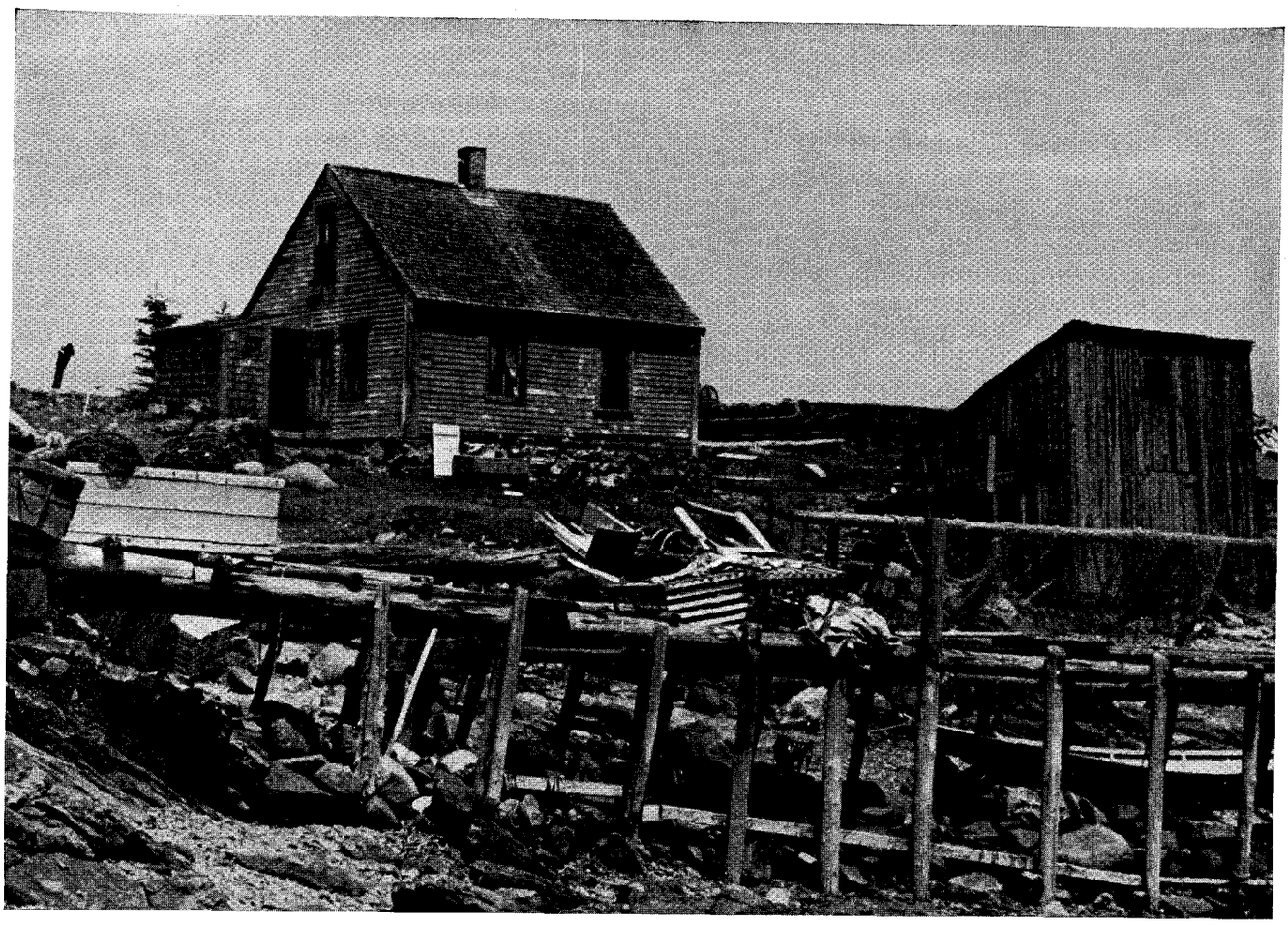

A fisherman's house, guarded by a ruined wharf and piled-up lobster pots

old man who had not even been accorded the housewarming customary in the Maine of old. Perhaps his treatment was not indicative, but the sagging wharves were. And so was the careened boat on the beach.

I traveled along the coast and stopped again. There was a fisherman to whom I talked. A baby played in the yard. It was a barren yard, devoid of flowers or any touch of an owner's pride. The wife came to the door and looked at me with a dull boredom that was freighted with the same tragedy that I had seen in the old minister's eyes.

"I went out today," the fisherman told me. "I went out at four o'clock. I got back at noon. After I got my fish unloaded and my trawl baited it was nigh night. I just figured out the day. I made just fifty cents over and above bait, gas, and oil. Sure, I'll go out tomorrow. Perhaps the catch will be bigger. Perhaps prices will be a little better. But I doubt it."

What he said, and his manner of saying it, echoed the cry that is so commonly heard along the coast. "Tomorrow, maybe. But I doubt it." It is a sort of universal monotone, the accents of hopelessness.

The cause is there on the surface for all to see. There had been an era in which these people had been owners of an industry. They caught their fish and brought them to a port where the people owned their own units of processing. They split their fish, salted and dried them. When they sold they sold a partially finished product.

Then came the change that the modernization of marketing methods has worked. Iced or frozen fillets began to replace the salt fish. The local fish dealers began to buy fish direct from the boats as the fishermen came in. The local dealer sold to another dealer in Portland, who in turn sold to a dealer in Boston, who sold again to the retail outlets. All had to have a profit. Retail prices remained practically unchanged. Therefore, prices to the fishermen dropped lower and lower, until they were swallowed by production costs and poverty swept a whole section of the population into its embrace. The fishermen were carrying on their backs a vicious system of distribution.

Prices have not borne any relation to the abundance of the supply. The lobster dinner at hotel or restaurant, for example, has been priced the same for nearly twenty years. Yet, twenty years ago the fisherman caught many times the weight of lobsters per trap as he does today. He gets practically the same price per pound for his twenty-pound catch today as he did for his one-hundred-pound catch ten years ago.

With the change in the marketing methods of fish

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other than lobsters there appeared a new technique in fishing, or rather a modernization of an old technique. The beam trawler appeared on the fisherman's horizon and began a system of fishing that today threatens to deplete the fishing grounds and do for some of our most valuable food fish what an earlier generation did for the passenger pigeon, the heath hen, and the buffalo. The modern, high-powered beam trawler drags its net across the bottom, taking whatever is before it. It kills the young fish by the countless millions. It drags its way across the spawning grounds and destroys millions of pounds of fish that should be the catch of years to come. It is mass production in the fishing industry, giving the consumer the immediate benefit of low prices and quantity production. But, unrestrained by laws or regulations, it is wiping out the existing supply of fish. And as the fish go, so goes the coast of Maine.

Not all the villages have been ruined by marketing methods or the beam trawlers. There are other causes of the prevalent poverty. In out-of-the-way corners of the coast you can find the disconsolate clusters of houses slipping into ruin. These are the deserted villages, the communities where the inhabitants gave up the unequal struggle and went south to the factory towns.

I found two or three such villages at the mouth of the Kennebec. The streets were grass-grown lanes. In front of the villages the surf growled on the rocks, and the gulls screamed over the desolation. I found an old native and talked to him about what had happened here. When I asked him why, he swung his arm toward the river and said, "Shad!"

In this particular section every one looked to the spring and the annual shad run. The people made most of their livings on their tiny farms. The shad came in the spring as a cash crop. Before them came the smelts, another cash crop. Now, with the river polluted by industrial plants, the shad have vanished. The smelts come, but in decreasing numbers. So the villages stand deserted.

The old native I talked with was making hay. He needed help and couldn't get any. Some of the unemployed were working on the roads under WPA. These fellows didn't care about leaving relief to take such a seasonal job as haying. It was too hard to get back on relief again. To some of the others haying was too strenuous. But that wasn't all the native told me. He was above the average level of intelligence. He knew what was happening to the section of the country in which he had lived his life. He had thought things through. "Even if I could get one of those fishermen, I'd have to feed him up for three weeks before he'd be of any use to me."

This man knew the havoc that unbalanced diets had worked among the fishermen. Others do not, and snort derisively about shiftlessness and laziness. But the native is right. A whole section of the population does not change without cause. There is a reason for shiftlessness and inability in Maine, as in any other section of the country.

In Maine the trend is clear and well-defined. The rulers of distribution fit into the picture with the plantation owner of the South, with the absentee owner of the Middle West. The pattern is the national pattern of tenancy. When the primary producer loses ownership, he becomes a sharecropper. In the West and South it is ownership of the land that has been lost. In Maine it is ownership of the units of individual production, the boats and fishing gear.

In Maine you will find the remnants of what was once an authentic democracy. The town halls are still there, those institutions that were so essentially the symbols of democracy. In these town halls the citizens gathered to take an active part in the government of their social, political, and economic affairs. To my mind, they voted intelligently because they voted as property owners, as men in whom the interest of the community was vested. They constituted the economic foundation which governs the political setup—which seems fundamentally sound. The owners of the wealth of a nation should, in my opinion, control the political destinies of the nation.

Ownership is vanishing along the Maine coast. Therefore, the dereliction of old political beliefs. Ownership has gone, and with it the self-reliance and responsibility which accompanied it. Therefore the following of strange banners, the flocking of the old people to the standard of the Townsendites. When ownership vanishes, democracy disappears.

The slide from ownership to tenancy in Maine has been accompanied step by step by the disintegration of a section of the population. The route of the march from democracy during the past few decades is so clearly defined as to allow of no doubt as to the cause. The wharves have rotted and fallen into the water, the houses have degenerated into shacks, the fish houses and the drying racks have tumbled down in exactly the same ratio to the inexorable downward trend of the morale of the people and the decadence of the communities.

To the east of Maine lies Nova Scotia, where on a section of the coast the same situation existed for years. There St. Francis Xavier University carried out a plan of education and action and began to salvage the villages. In Nova Scotia, co-operation has proven the truth of the theory of democracy. The renaissance of the Nova Scotian fishing villages has paralleled exactly the return of ownership to the people of the communities.

There, the people began to own co-operatively those things which a system of modern distribution had made impossible of ownership individually. Co-operatively, the people in the Nova Scotian villages began to unite to win back ownership. United, they were invincible. They have proved this by remaking a whole section of the coast.

One way or another Maine must do it also. Otherwise, it will continue to slip until it is just another blighted area, its people chronically hopeless and inherently shiftless. It will slip until Washington finds itself facing another area of the nation where a costly scheme of resettlement has become vitally necessary.

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A Plain Woman

ISABEL R. A. CURRIER

One of the women on the porch, next door, said, "I wonder what he sees in her!"

I thought of Mary Barton back home, because when I was young I thought that remark had been invented for her—people said it about her so often. Nobody ever understood what men saw in her, and they said so when she waited, like a queen, at chicken-pie suppers for her husband, Peter Barton, to fetch her overshoes and buckle them onto her feet. They said it more viciously when she walked down the street with Doctor Howard Goulding, laughing and hanging onto his arm, while he talked down to her in a low voice as in prayer.

Mary Barton—she was Mary Saunders before her marriage—was a pleasant enough young woman, but she was as homely as a hedge fence. She had everything that a woman prays not to have: a too high forehead—and not enough sense to wear bangs—wispy hair, buck teeth, and —so help me!—a cast in one of her eyes. She was big and rawboned and awkward in her movements. She laughed a lot, and when she didn't, you thought that she was laughing, because her teeth were made that way.

Everyone supposed that Peter Barton married her for her money. She had her father's property, and a couple of tenements, and stock in the power company. It looked as though Peter were smart enough to feather his nest. Mary made him a good wife, of course, and she was a splendid cook, but plenty of attractive women had those qualities, and their husbands didn't wait on them hand and foot, as Peter waited on Mary. They went everywhere together, and they didn't seem to favor having other people around. You'd see them racing each other down the hill, running and laughing like a pair of school children; or sliding in the wintertime; or drifting in a canoe on the lake in the moonlight, as young lovers do.

They'd been married for seven years and they still acted like that when Doctor Howard Goulding came to town. His coming to take over old Doctor Phelps' practice was pretty exciting because he wasn't married, and even if he had been, there weren't many men like him in the town. He looked like a magazine picture of a young man, and he talked like the men in stories. Everybody took to him. Old ladies called him "a dear boy," and told him about their lost youth. Old men called him "that up-and-coming young fellow," and got him to play cribbage with them. Middle-aged folks invited him everywhere and boasted about it when he accepted the invitations. Young women called him "wonderful," and tried their best to cultivate him, but he wouldn't be cultivated. He seemed to prefer to read during his spare time.

It was amazing the aches and pains that spread like an epidemic among women under thirty-five after Doctor Goulding came to town. He would give them a delightfully careful examination. He took their personal history on a little card, got out his stethoscope, looked at tongue and throat and eyelids. Then he leaned back in his chair and smiled with a sweetness that would turn one's insides right over.

"You don't feel well, do you?" His voice was soft with sympathy. "I think it's because you're worried, or because you don't get enough exercise, because there is nothing whatever wrong with your health."

He took his patient's arm, as he started her toward the door, and gave her another winning smile as he ushered her out.

"I congratulate you on your fine physical condition and thank you for coming."

The patient always boasted, around town, that Doctor Goulding had said he had never seen a more physically perfect woman. A doctor of diplomacy!

Then he got mixed up with Mary Barton. She had a baby and lost it, and he came to know her through taking care of her, as far as people could find out. After Mary was up and around, he continued to call on the Bartons—almost every evening. The three of them played cards, or sang at the piano, or just sat around and talked. The Bartons, like everyone else in town, never lowered their shades, so people could see them and Doctor Goulding, looking so happy that folks couldn't help but wonder what they said and did that gave them so much joy.

Peter was a foreman in the factory, and when business picked up he took the night shift, but young Doctor Goulding didn't stop spending his evenings at Peter's home. After a while the neighbors noticed that the doctor often stayed all night, walking out of the house in the early morning as brazenly as you please, just before it was time for Peter to get home. He seemed brazen about it, but he wasn't, because one morning Mrs. Humphrey, wanting to see what would happen, called to him as he was going down the street.

"I've been watching for you to leave Mary's, Doctor," she said, "so you'd look at the baby. He has a rash all over his body."

Doctor Goulding stopped as if he were petrified, and stood in the middle of the sidewalk, blushing like a boy getting up to recite at school on visiting day. He stammered and choked, and Mrs. Humphrey felt kind of

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sorry for him, so she spoke to him again to help him out.

"Would you just look at the baby, Doctor?"

Doctor Goulding stammered, "I—I haven't my bag with me. I'll come back, shall I? I had to get a book which I had left at Mrs. Barton's the other evening. I needed it for reference this morning, so I had to come early to get it."

"There he stood," Mrs. Humphrey said, "looking the picture of guilt, without the sign of a book in his hand, telling me over and over how he happened to be at Mary's that morning. . . . If ever I saw guilt caught red-handed, it was Doctor Howard Goulding."

People felt that someone should tell Peter about the goings-on at his house while he was working nights, and everyone wondered what on earth that nice Doctor Goulding could see in plain, cockeyed Mary Barton.

After that Doctor Goulding wasn't seen leaving the Barton home in the early morning, but his housekeeper reported that often she heard someone slip in the office door, late at night, and slip out again much later, and one of the voices she heard was a woman's. One night, just to set her mind at rest, she stayed awake until she heard someone in the bathroom. Then she slipped into her kimono and stood in the hall until the bathroom door opened.

"There I was," she told the story, "face to face with Mary Barton. She didn't say a word, just looked at me . . . then walked by me as though I wasn't there and went downstairs, where I suppose he was."

It was the talk of the town. Everyone seemed to know about it except Peter, and he kept on being as friendly with the doctor as if the doctor wasn't making a cuckold of him right under the eyes of everyone. The doctor was so nice a young man that nobody minded his part in the scandal. They blamed Mary Barton. They figured there was some devil in her that led men astray to their ruin. Everyone stopped calling on her—she herself had never been any hand to call on folks—so she and Peter and the doctor lived in a world of just three people, you might say. Sometimes Mary looked almost pretty. Her face had a soft, opened look, and a sort of radiance from inside, like a peony that is washed in dew and moonlight.

The scandal went on for four or five years, and most people got used to it, although every now and then there was fresh talk about it, like the time when Henry Stebbins met the doctor and Mary walking through the lobby of a hotel in the city, and they both looked the other way, and when the doctor sailed into young Woodruff on the corner one evening and beat him almost senseless because Woodruff made smart remarks as the doctor and Mary were walking by. Then there was the time that the three of them—the Bartons and the doctor—were coming out of the post office, and Mary, who was always clumsy, slipped and fell on the ice. Both men were down on their knees beside her in a jiffy. You'd think she'd been run over by a train or something, the way they acted.

"Oh, Bird, you're not hurt are you?" Peter sounded as though he were praying. He always called Mary "Bird," which was kind of ridiculous.

The doctor, on the other side of her, was saying, "My dear, oh, my dear, my dear!"

Of course, Mary wasn't hurt, and they helped her up, between them, and she stood facing both of them and laughing.

"I'm all right, darling," she said. Nobody could figure out which one she was talking to, and you couldn't tell which she was looking at, on account of her eyes being peculiar.

They walked on home, Mary in the middle and the men bending over her and holding her arm on each side as if she were a china doll.

All of a sudden people noticed that the doctor didn't go to the Bartons' any more. He and Peter went fishing now and then, but Mary was never along, and Mary, when she went to the mail, seemed to have lost her sparkle. She looked old and tired. At first, she walked with her chin up, as though she was the one not speaking to folks she met. Then she had a blank look in her eyes, as though she didn't see anyone at all.

Folks had been expecting her to divorce Peter to marry the doctor, and that would have put them both in good standing in the town. Now, they figured, the doctor had got wise to himself. Or maybe Peter had found them out. Peter wasn't stupid, but he was as friendly with the doctor as ever, and as devoted to Mary. Some folks started speaking to Mary again, as long as she wasn't giving public scandal any more, but she didn't want to talk to anyone. Often as not, she wouldn't answer. Other times, she'd just nod.

Doctor Goulding stopped as if he were petrified

It was April when folks first noticed the break between Howard and Mary. In August, Howard went off for a month's vacation, and came back with a wife. Mrs. Goulding was a lovely person, and she and the doctor seemed made for each other. She was an English girl, not long in this country, and she had a dash about her that nobody in the town had ever seen. Her manner was brusque, almost masculine, and all the women in the town

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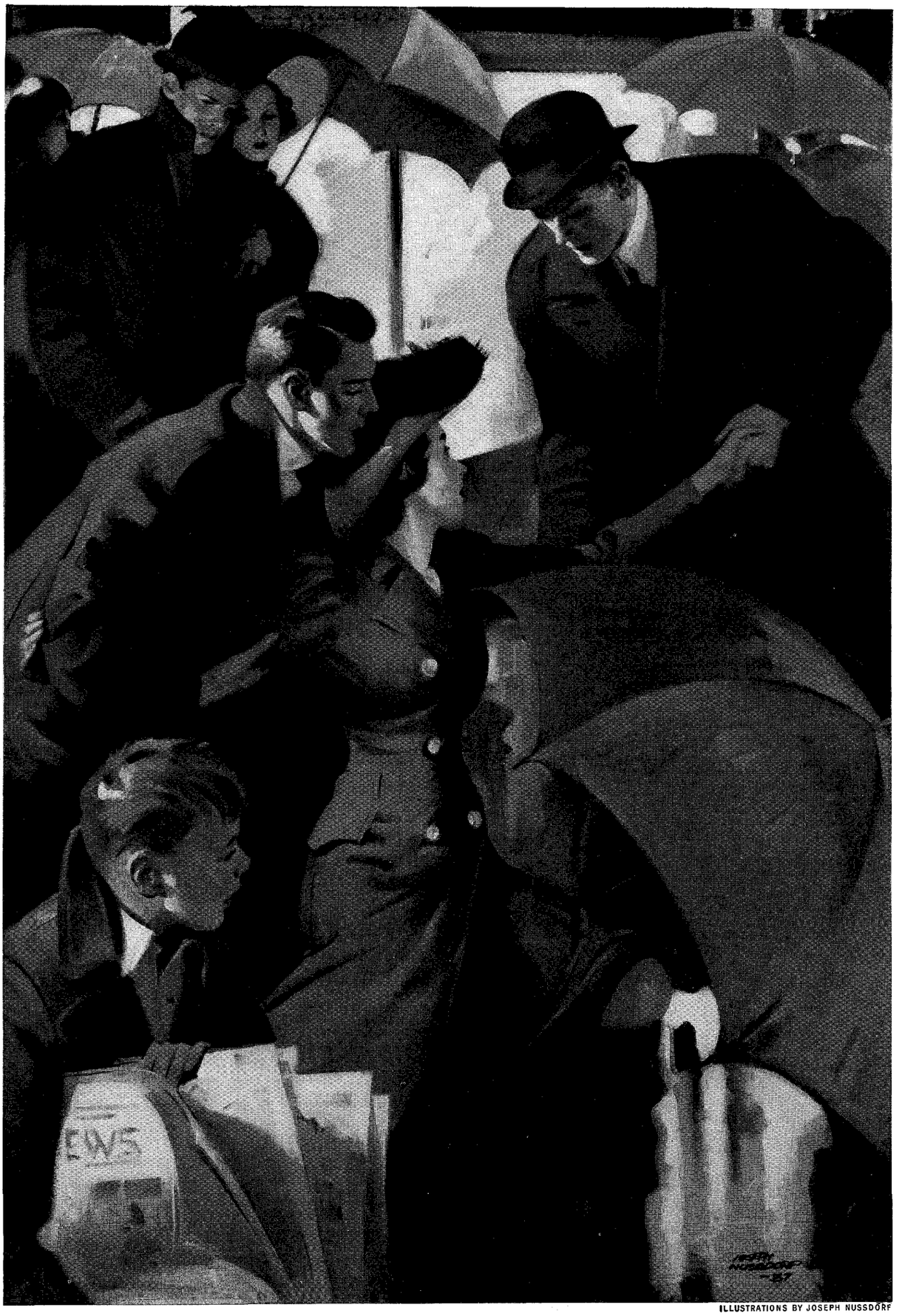

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

They helped her up, between them

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started aping her. Such expressions of hers as "Cheerio, now!" were worn to a frazzle.

For the first time, Doctor Goulding went out to parties in the town. He and his wife went everywhere, and one afternoon, when they had been at home about a month, they went up the street to the Bartons'! They'd been asked for supper, because some of the neighbors were in their dooryards and saw the four eating supper in Mary's dining room and talking and laughing fit to kill. After that the two couples visited back and forth a lot. It seemed that Mary was at the doctor's house every minute that the doctor's wife wasn't at her house. Mrs. Goulding liked active pleasures, and she got Mary Barton to go skating and snowshoeing and things like that. They seemed to have a lot of fun together. Mrs. Goulding wasn't intimate with anyone else in the town, although she was pleasant to everyone, and almost as popular as her husband.

Over a year went by, because it was toward winter again when, one day, just as the noon train steamed in, the door of Doctor Goulding's house, on the corner opposite the station, opened, and Mrs. Goulding came out carrying a bag, and ran for the train. When Tom Graham, the station agent, helped her up the steps of the train, she was all out of breath.

"Well, you just made it, Mrs. Goulding," Tom said. "You going to be away long?"

"Forever!" Mrs. Goulding said. She climbed into the vestibule of the coach and went in without looking back, just as the train started. Nobody in the town ever saw her again.

In a few months the county paper had a court notice, under "Divorces," that said: "Lesley Harrower Goulding versus Doctor Howard N. Goulding; charge: infidelity." That was all anybody ever heard about it, although quite a few went over to the country seat to attend the court session. But it seems the divorce got a secret hearing.

Meanwhile, Mary Barton and Doctor Goulding were carrying on the same as in the beginning, and the town got tired of talking about it long before I grew up, except when a newcomer to the town had to be told about the affair Doctor Goulding had with that homely Mrs. Barton.

You still couldn't figure out what Doctor Goulding saw in her, but he never looked at another woman, and he never lost his friendship with Peter, Mary's husband. Nor did Peter lose his devotion to Mary. The three of them grew to be middle-aged—the doctor handsomer than ever with his hair gray just at the temples, and Mary plainer than ever because she got fat. Peter was a person whom nobody ever paid much attention to, and when he was middle-aged, you forgot that he ever looked any younger.

When he talked to other men at the factory, he was forever quoting Doctor Goulding, as though he were a prophet: "Howard was telling me . . . Doctor Goulding says . . . I was talking to Howard about that and he thinks . . ."

He and Howard went on hunting and fishing trips, and played cribbage, and took Mary out to walk or to drive or to canoe on the lake. When Peter wasn't around, Mary went down to the doctor's house, and he went up to her house, and they went out of town together. They weren't furtive, although they were secretive—just secretive enough so folks thought Mary was shameless, and the women hated her. They hated her because she had something, homely as she was, that none of them had: two men who loved her devotedly.

I remember seeing Mary and Howard walking, arms linked, by the lake shore one evening, not knowing or caring if there were anyone else there. Their faces had the same look of peace that the water wore where it was shadowed by spruces—a deep and impenetrable peace. I felt guilty, I remember, at thinking that something in the look of them was very beautiful.

I left the town, and during my first visit there several years later, I noticed that the doctor and Mary went about together openly. I met them here and there, generally together, on the golf links and the community tennis courts, at the bathing beach, and on the street. When I inquired for Mr. Barton on one occasion when I met Mary alone, it caused no embarrassment.

"He seldom goes out," she said. "Likes to poke in his garden. I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for Howard. He takes me everywhere."

This open camaraderie between Doctor Goulding and Mrs. Barton had resulted in their being taken into the bosom of the town again, and both seemed to enjoy going out to social functions.

Hostesses invited them out together! They'd say, "We'll have Howard and Mary. There's no use asking Peter. He won't come." A stranger would have been puzzled at trying to figure out which was Mary's husband. I'm sure she never figured it out herself.

Whatever Doctor Goulding saw in Mary, it was an attraction so strong that it had filled half of his life, displaced his lovely young wife, and left him, apparently, with no sense of loss. In his fifties, he had the air of a man whose life had been rich and satisfying, and there was between him and Mary a complete and comfortable understanding. Their eyes would meet across a room in public places, and everyone else melted away for them while they exchanged recognition of some shared amusement, or signaled, wordlessly, that they were to go home. They were beautifully united. Their comradeship was of that satisfying and rare kind which the happily married achieve when they have outgrown passion and find that they have a splendid friendship left.

Mary and Peter together had the same comradeship, with a little more of open tenderness, and Peter and the doctor were a pair of inseparable old cronies with constant delight in each other's company.

It was the oddest thing.

Mary died first.

Doctor Goulding attended her. It was lobar pneumonia, and he called in consultants from the city. Irene Foster was the nurse, and she said that when Mary died,

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Doctor Goulding sobbed uncontrollably, his arms on the edge of Mary's bed, and his head in his arms. Irene said Peter comforted the doctor. She said Peter's own tear-streaming face was convulsed, but he patted Howard's shoulder and said, "That's no way, Howard. Take it easy! There, there, boy, Mary wouldn't want us to take on like this."

Peter and Howard cling to each other since Mary's death. Neither one has any other intimate. The factory closed years ago, so Peter potters about his garden and keeps house for himself. If he isn't at home, you can find him at the doctor's house. They go off hunting and fishing a lot. There's a new doctor from the city who is getting a lot of Doctor Goulding's practice right from under his nose. Peter seems unchanged since Mary's death. It is Doctor Goulding who is breaking up. Besides neglecting his practice, they say that he takes drugs. It seems a pity—he was such a nice man—and Peter often looks at his friend in worried fashion. Folks wonder, now, what the doctor will do if anything happens to Peter, and what Peter will do if the doctor should die. They are lost without each other. And it is so, that this friendship was founded upon a deep and mystifying love for the same woman—that plain, unprepossessing, maddening Mary Barton of whom people always said, "I wonder what he sees in her!"

Sooner or Later

HARRY ELMORE HURD

Time is a rodent, hungry as a mouse,
Gnawing the beams of every old house.

No matter how fertile, a family can never
Keep an old homestead forever and ever.

Sooner or later the curtains are drawn:
Quiet-voiced neighbors trample the lawn.

Treasured trifles—things that were dear—
Delight the heart of the auctioneer.

The vultures gather from city and town—
The bids rise high—the hammer comes down.

An antique dealer buys the bronze knocker,
Two tavern tables, and a Boston rocker.

Hand-woven linen and a four-posted bed
Pass to the living from the not-long dead.

After the auction—very soon after—
The house is filled with vulgar laughter.

The cellar is cleaned—the attic is swept:
Nothing is sacred—nothing is kept.

All is flung on the funeral pyre—
Family photographs feed the fire.

Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—
Decay, disorder, ruin, and rust.

Banging shutters and broken pane—
Cluttered dooryard and unmown lane.

Thistle and burdock, witchgrass and weed,
Grow unimpeded—scatter their seed.

Sooner or later a house is alone—
Cleaned of its contents—bare as a bone.

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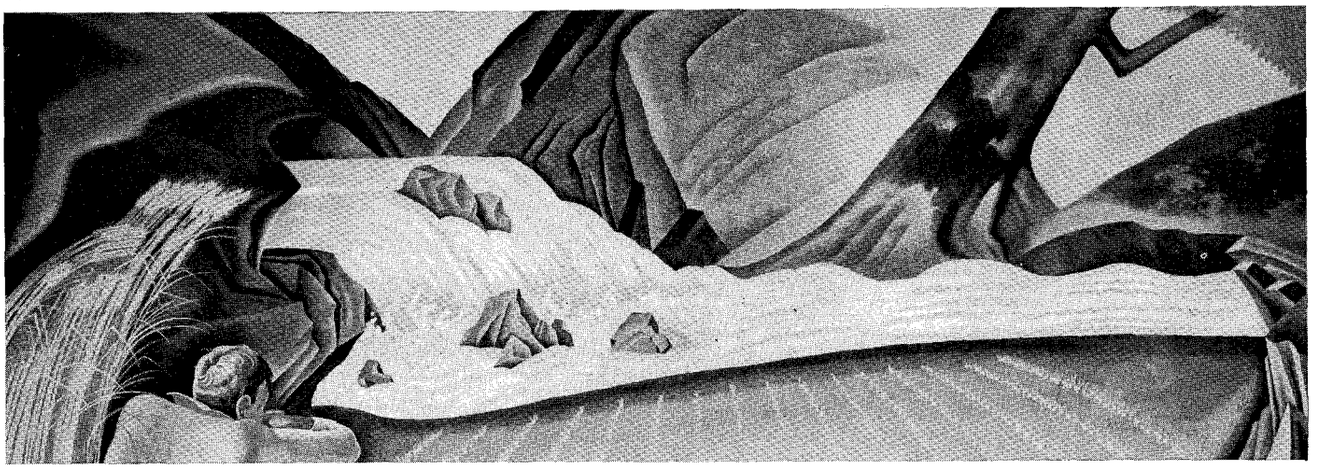
Gilbert Wilson: Mural Painter

FRED J. RINGEL



A mural (since destroyed) reflecting Wilson's intense absorption in nature

Out of the fertile plains of Indiana rises a young man, aged twenty-nine, with a formidable claim for recognition as one of the most potent mural painters in America. Gilbert Wilson's work consists of no more than two sets of murals in two school buildings in Terre Haute, his native Hoosier town, yet his paintings reveal a tremendous force, an enormous breadth of scope. They have the insistent power, sometimes harsh and raucous in expression, that compels attention and understanding. They look backward at the past, portray the chaos of the present, and hail the visions of the future.

Four years ago, with his final departure from all academic training and perception, he smashed the anemic little gold frames that glorified the only three still lifes he ever put on canvas. And with that, he bade farewell to a world that is ballyhooed as typical of the American scene today. The cleavage was clear and vital. He believed that the lowest form of art is regional; the highest universal.

He could not see an American world consisting chiefly of gambling drunkards and slouching Negro types, dining farm hands and dreary railroad crossings, spectacular tornadoes and quiet Sunday streets. He was not inspired by what he considered the writhing grotesqueries of Tom Benton, the papier-mâché pictorialism of Grant Wood, the dramatic sensationalism of John Steuart Curry, or the drab romanticism of Charles Burchfield. They all stemmed from the Middle West—Gilbert Wilson's spiritual climate. But their world seemed foreign and strangely un-American to him. Born and raised against a small-town background, his world reached out toward a universal theme.

For the last seventeen years Gilbert Wilson has been a Boy Scout. It has been a life of much collective activity but very little warmth and intimate relationship. We see this boy today with his shaggy auburn hair, his old face and youthful gestures, and his deep-set, melancholy eyes. He has the earthy, homespun ruggedness of a Will Rogers, of whom one is reminded by looking at him. His spirit, too, is rooted deeply in his environment and the vitality of the people. Yet his broad, tight mouth and the inward look of his eyes bespeak a remoteness and a life all his own. It expresses a life marked by lack of fulfillment, by frustration of his normal desires, by the impatient eagerness and sinking feeling that comes to one who feels that the fruits of happiness are passing by him.

Gilbert himself is shy and timid, but his work has the audacity and self-assurance of a master. He seems orderly and exact, yet he never makes a sketch or a plan: he must face the wall directly before he can visualize his ideas. He seems naïve and childish, perhaps even petulant at times, yet his work is mature in its grasp and profound in concept. He seems arrogant, impatient, and peremptory in his attitude toward people, but he has the straightforward and simple purposefulness and direction of a man who knows where he is going and doesn't understand why obstacles should stand in his way.

It seems natural that his first murals should be a realistic statement of a world that has been a revelation to his Boy Scout past. That they should contain the simplicity

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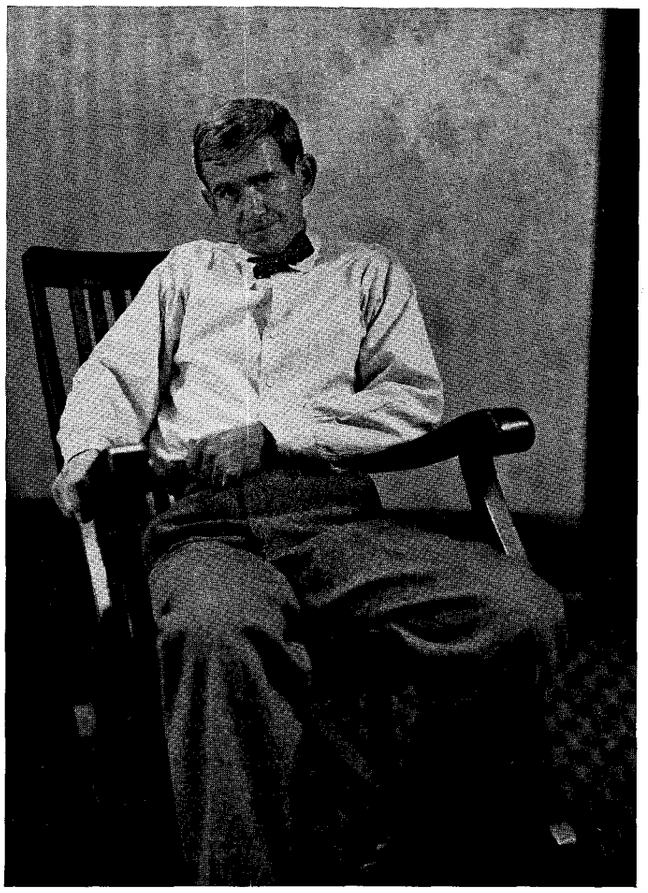
and directness of a large-scale cartoon or poster with its acrid interpretation of a basic truth. That both walls should be frankly autobiographical. That he should, without the slightest self-consciousness, project himself several times into the *montage,* as the "bewildered but determined youth" in his machine mural. That many of his figures and their actions should correspond with those of well-known people in his community.

They, and the few speakers who dropped into the tranquillity of his environment, were the only forces to expose and expand the limited horizons of his world. The film *Frankenstein* may have been the most compelling inspiration for the machine mural. Father Coughlin's radio tracts brought him the first furore of economic disaster. Then came a talk on the menace of Fascism by Robert Minor, himself a powerful artist. His semblance can be found in the rows of militant workers appearing in the mural reproduced on page 48. Shortly afterward Senator Nye came to town with an exposé of the munition makers. These were the influences that crashed and widened the woodland philosophy of Wilson's Boy Scout world.



In Gilbert Wilson audacity and amazing artistic vision are combined with a country boy's timidity and shyness

Gilbert Wilson holds a fifteen-year veteran pin and has achieved a Silver Eagle rank. He has been for two years on the Court of Honor, for ten years on the Camp Staff. But Scouting has meant more to him than playful exhibitionism: it held the ideal and discipline that make for a sturdy American citizenship. Every summer, for nearly as many years as he can remember, he has worked on the farms of his kinsfolk. Then came several weeks of camp life, concluded with a two-hundred-mile canoe trip from Terre Haute to Evansville, where the Wabash runs into the Ohio. This life called for the competent fingers of a craftsman. It required familiarity with the woodland activities of the scout: trail blazing; cooking meals over a campfire; making water buckets out of birch bark; and the qualities of self reliance. It has brought Wilson in close touch with nature, with the biological and mystical forces of growth and decay. It has meant absorbing study of plant and mineral life, of birds and animals. It is the invigorating air of the fields and streams of America that has given him the energy to participate in the changing social pattern of community life in Terre Haute—the "little Pittsburgh of the West."

His artistic training and the determination to follow his own path came just as naturally as his outdoor life. Wilson had been drawing all his life and, in 1929, after four years of high school and a course in arts and sciences, he was sent off to the Art Institute in Chicago. He was a very poor student. He drew miserably, didn't take the courses as outlined, and even failed to follow the venerable tradition of copying old masters. Instead, he spent his time drawing prehistoric men and animals in the Field Museum, and the flora and fauna of a fabulous world. Indeed, so much enthusiasm did he work up for his anthropological studies that for a while he considered acceptance of a five-year contract as a staff artist for research expeditions.

But often, Providence has a "kindsome" way of making the longest way the shortest, as Wilson poignantly reflects. For two years he helped support himself "bussing" dirty dishes at the Harmony Cafeteria in Chicago. The third year brought a tuition scholarship and released his creative impulse. He entered his first paintings in the Chicago Hoosier Salon and was awarded a two-hundred-dollar prize. The Hoosier Prize brought him the first sweet taste of local fame and an introduction to Eugene Savage, an Indiana artist then engaged in finishing his murals for the Elks Memorial in Chicago. Savage was quite impressed with Wilson's facile hand and when the boy asked for an apprenticeship, the master ordered him to put on overalls.

After five days of exuberant work, however, Savage advised the youth to enroll in his course at Yale, where he criticized the work of art classes twice a week. But after three months of diligent labor, Wilson left Yale and went home. Timidly he wrote Savage that he couldn't stand that sort of artistic life; that he would much rather work and live with the master, as had been the apprentice's way for centuries before. Thus it happened that for the next ten months Wilson became part of the Savage household in Ossining, New York. He rendered color composi-

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tion and design to rolls of architectural blueprints, did various household chores, came twice a month for the regular shopping tour to New York, and painted incidentals for the remainder of the Elks Memorial murals. This was his only canvas-oil experience except for the three still lifes of his schooldays.

The turning point in Gilbert Wilson's life came unobtrusively and irrevocably. It was at one of their visits to the Metropolitan Museum, on one of those fortnightly shopping tours in New York. Savage had often talked of the Mexican masters but now, for the first time, he pointed out some Rivera and Orozco paintings to him. It was a quiet afternoon, and there was not much talk. They returned that evening, and the next days followed in the established routine. But something had caught fire in Wilson; a new world began to grow in his imagination and took on vivid reality. Suddenly a determined young man left Ossining for Indiana. He did not lose much time at home. His plans were set. He utilized the prestige of an apprenticeship with Savage and got a commission to mural-decorate the "tropic" swimming pool of a millionaire. With five hundred dollars in his pocket—the only money he has received for his murals as yet—he went to Mexico in 1931.

Wilson says that Mexico made him see America. That the States have more in common with this amazing country than a mere geographical kinship. That both lands have the fomenting freshness of virgin soil. But, he tells us, America has been sold out to the creaking antiques of European academies and museums. In Mexico, where tradition represents but the Mayan and Aztec cultures, he saw the living expression of the world today. He saw the magnificent work of Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros, Charlot, Merida, and Pachecho. He realized the significance of mural painting as the expression of our age, and his own destiny to thus interpret the meaning of life to the people who were part of his blood and spirit.

"Great art can and must be universal—but of necessity it must have its origin in a locality," enthusiastically wrote Wilson from Mexico. "Great art must be in touch with life, must function through some means and link itself up with the common everyday experience of the people. Out here, I have come to realize that a creative individual must accept the place where he comes into being and must seek to know that place. I have lived in Terre Haute and intend to remain there, feeling as I do that out of the Middle West, some day, will come something very wholesome and good of art. Here lie the richest possibilities for an indigenous culture, and all the more significant because of its humble origin and obscurity.

"And therefore I hope that my locality will afford my talent the greatest advantage, the greatest opportunity for its fullest expansion, *while I am yet young* . . . Indiana has numerous colleges and universities—Indiana University, DePauw, St. Mary of the Woods, Notre Dame, Purdue. My intentions as a mural painter are to identify my work closely with education. Therefore, I hope—and heartily—that the people of my State will see fit to go even as far, as here in Mexico, to build great chapels in connection with these schools and appropriate walls for the murals I hope to create. . . ."

His zest and eagerness to prepare himself for the future seemed to increase while he was in Mexico. One day Wilson waited fourteen hours before Rivera would come down from the scaffolding. Again he asked for an apprenticeship. But Rivera comforted him, promised that he could help on the big job in the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Wilson went home to Indiana, spent a joyful time preparing himself, and left for the Barbary Coast. But Rivera did not come; the mural had been postponed. Wilson remained there for a year and worked with the sculptor Urbici Soler. The sculpture had the monumentality of Rivera's figures, and that quality has remained in Wilson's work. A short while later, he heard that Rivera was at work in Detroit. He took the next train, but Rivera had gone.

Naïve and religious in feeling, Gilbert Wilson grew old during these five days in Detroit. He regarded it as his fate and destiny to start work at once; to transform into action the inspiration he had received in Mexico. He prepared a sketch for a machine mural and took it to the school board of his home town. Nine months of procrastination and despair followed. At the end, his fanatical determination won. The doors of the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School were opened to him—an obscure little art student faced with two enormous blank walls. An uproar of emotion and conflict had to be harnessed into form and color. It was his first real job, and Gilbert Wilson did not make it easy for himself.

The murals at the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School present at once the challenging dual problem of any mural painter: the *one-theme* composition of a cracking industrial order and the intricate network of a *montage,* embracing eighteen episodes of a chaotic social pattern. Both walls, separated by a broad flight of stairs, are linked with an overhead panel depicting two gigantic hands, protectively bending over a tiny seedling as it shoots up into a flood of warming light. They are placed above the portals through which the school children pass every day. The symbolism of the beautifully drawn hands seems to be immediately apparent, but it also reveals the tragic conflict of Wilson's life. It reflects the emergence of a youthful talent into a cultural vacuity of heartbreaking indifference and oppression. It reflects the isolation of a sentient and soaring spirit.

With no small cost of suffering and despair does creative energy burst through the oppressing confines of regimented normalcy and suspicion. Indeed, our plains and valleys bear both a blessing and a curse in the rich and living substance they provide for a wholesome native expression—and in the tentacles they extend to choke and strangle it. Yet out of this atmosphere comes a talent that speaks with dynamic power and vision.

There is the machine mural (page 49): the cold, gray steel of chains and turbines, screws and shaft wheels, gears and girders, tubes and levers. From top center stares a

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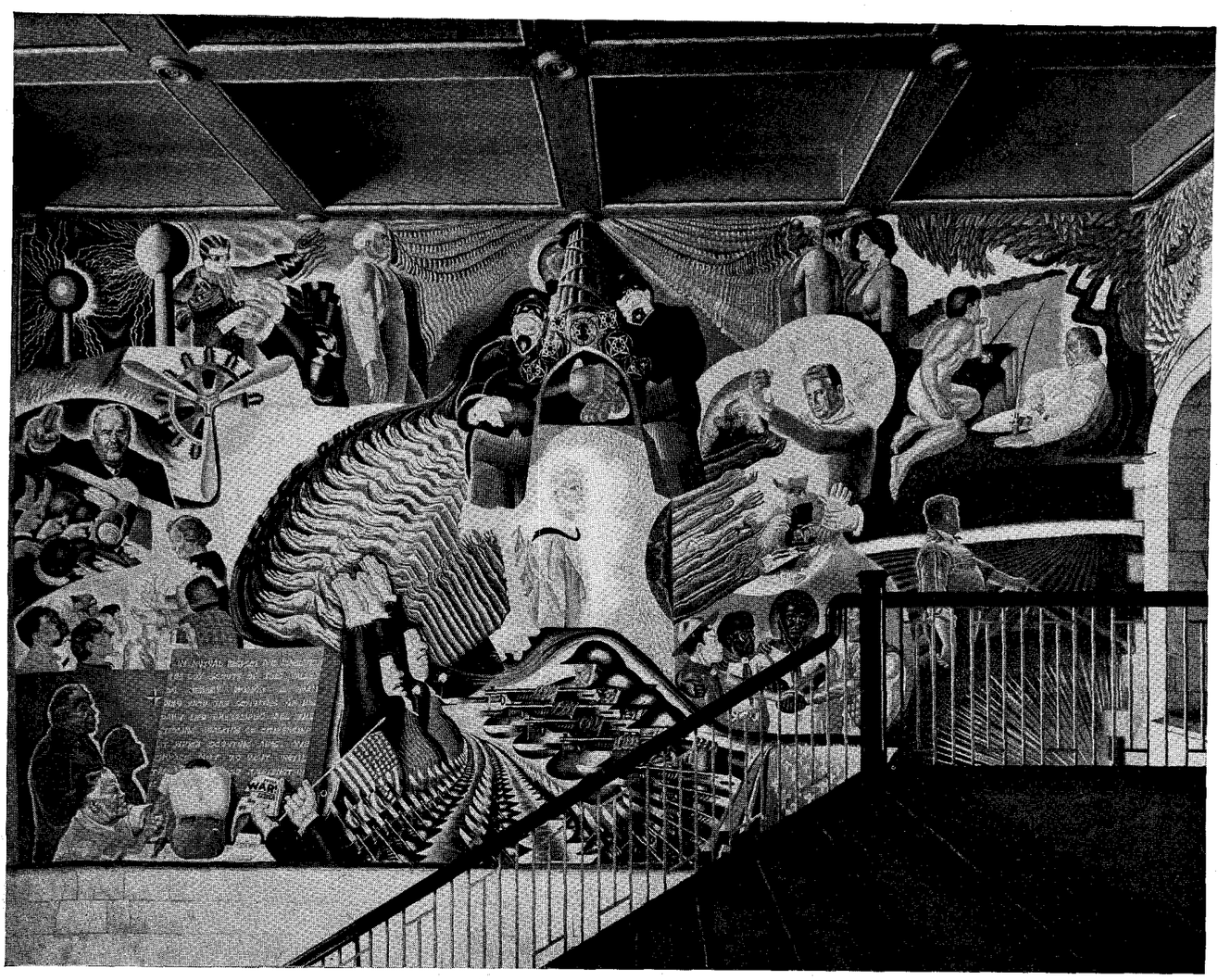

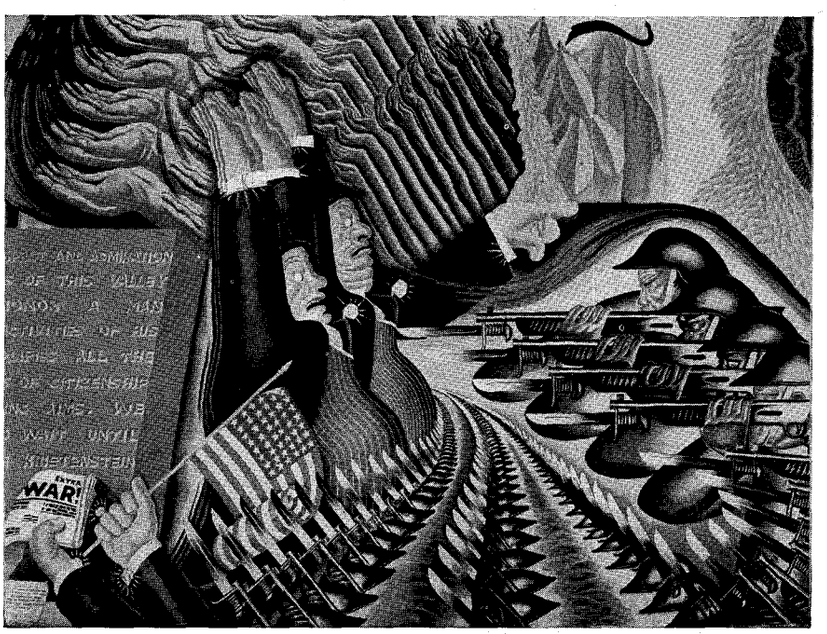

ABOVE: Gilbert Wilson's conception of the social turbulence of the times is depicted symbolically in the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School murals in Terre Haute, Indiana. At the top center, dominating the whole, are two masked figures representing the war-seeking profiteers. Opposing them on either side are rows of workers. In the center, amid the surrounding chaos, stands an old man looking to the future with serene hope. (A further description of this mural appears in the text on page 50.)

LEFT: A segment of the above mural, showing soldiers of four races with their bayonets turned on munition profiteers. In a frenzy of patriotic exhortation, a bejeweled hand clutches a flag which is partially ripped from its staff. A child observing this said, "Somebody must have been waving the flag too hard."

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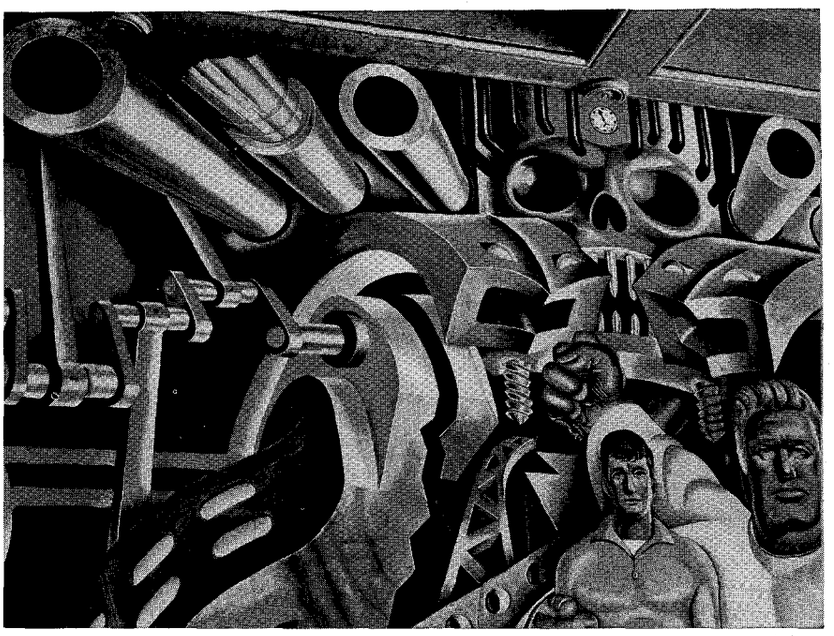
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERENICE ABBOTT

ABOVE: In this mural Mr. Wilson has created a riotous mass of steel chains, girders, gears, wheels, and tubes to epitomize his conception of the domination of society by the juggernaut of modern industrialism. In the center is the massive, six-armed figure of the scientist, Liberation, who symbolizes the final emergence from confusion and the era when the machine shall serve, rather than master, mankind. One arm serves as a base for a microscope, the symbol of organized science. Another holds protectingly a bewildered but determined youth. (A further description of this mural appears in the text on pages 47 and 50.)

RIGHT: The young man in this segment of the above mural is the artist himself. He stands frightened and confused by the clamoring discord about him, yet gazes ahead with courage.



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skull at us, flanked by belching cannons. Two metallic dragons creep up with poisonous green eyes. And to the left, strands of steel turn and twist into huge dollar signs. But the chains are bursting, the monstrous machinery seems ready to collapse. . . . Against this glittering mountain of steel rises the gigantic figure of a scientist as Liberation. Six powerful arms grow out of his shoulders: two shoving back this rampant chaos; one forcing a clenched fist against skull and dragons; another protecting a bewildered but determined youth; one serving as a base for a microscope as the symbol of organized science; and the sixth thrusting out into space, toward the spectator and the chaotic world across the wall.

Now, how does this chaotic pattern of society look to Gilbert Wilson? There, in the center of the mural (page 48), is the face of an old man, which reflects a spiritual hopefulness despite the chaos surrounding him. Toward the left, hands reach out slowly, flattening into the gray-yellowish want and despair of Relief—an ominous, dark mass that shuts out the light of the sun. To the other side more waves of hands reach for medicine and therapy, thwarted by the fat hand of the profiteer. In the lower left corner, a young sculptor is carving two slabs of stone. He is rudely halted by one of those paws with a war extra and a cheap cotton flag, its top torn from the stick. Of this, one of the school children remarked: "I think that somebody must have been waving the flag too hard. . . ."

Sideward and upward, ranks of blue steel helmets recede into a curving distance. Four huge soldiers, representing the four racial colors, defiantly turn their bayonets on munition manufacturers. Four Boy Scouts clasp hands in the spirit of world brotherhood. Beneath this group extends a freshly green burial ground with regimented rows of white crosses. Upon each of them is carved one single word: WHY? The crosses run into a terrific bomb explosion, bursting out into a million little dollar signs. At the top center of the mural, a battery of microphones covers the purple face of a slandering radio priest. He, as well as the rods and hatchet of the Fascio, is supported by masked, war-seeking interests. Yet on both sides endless rows of workers are closing in with unwavering discipline and determination.

But the thematic order and arrangement do not really describe a mural. Nor does the subject matter alone. It is the color and rhythm, the repetitions and variations, the three-dimensional draughtsmanship, the deft use of perspective, the brilliancy of color contrasts, which make a picture come alive. And then, too, there is the pliability and luminosity of "dry color"—a new medium, successfully used for the first time in its full range and adaptiveness. The freedom and rapidity of this medium made it ideally suited for the vast areas to be covered in a mural painting. It was not only because Wilson was desperately broke and the school would not pay for materials and labor that he took to chalk and pastels. It allowed him to draw directly on the wall and rub the color with his fingers into amazing shades and tonal qualities. For Wilson does not work for posterity; he is concerned with the immediate effect of his murals and is satisfied if the fixative spray he worked out with a chemist will outlast our generation.

Yet one can only indicate the terrific struggle which followed the completion of the murals: the multitude of attacks and insinuations of reactionary forces who threatened to destroy his work; the boycott of the school board at the unveiling; requests to change various details; the local press patronizing him with ironic headlines and captions.

He fought the battle singlehanded. The world at large knew nothing of Wilson, knew nothing of his struggle. He had done the work of his own volition. Wilson comforted himself that he had not painted the murals for politicians and businessmen but for the children of the school. And they, together with the teachers, responded in a heartening spirit. They presented him with two volumes containing three hundred letters and a bag of coins amounting to twenty-eight dollars.

But Wilson needed the encouragement and affirmation of the outside world. There were but a few people in Terre Haute to whom he could talk about the world within him. He heard of the Artists' Congress and hitchhiked to New York. It was an impressive gathering, with representatives from all parts of the country, as well as from Mexico. Wilson spoke at the Congress and showed some photos of his murals to various artists, but few understood his needs. He was much too absorbed and excited to formulate his emotions into words. He left the city as he had entered it, and went to Dartmouth College. He was hardly prepared for the other turning point in his career: the shaking experience of Orozco's murals.

Gilbert Wilson returned to Terre Haute just as changed and matured as when he had returned from Mexico. In Orozco's murals he had seen the spiritual power that transcends a materialistic world. He had spent only a short time in New England, but he carried away a new world full of color and vibration. His first murals at the Junior High School seemed many years behind. This new vision made him restless: there was too much power and indignation accumulated in his blood. It cried for wall space.

Thus the second battle started. It was much shorter, and ended with the conquest of the walls at the State Teachers' Laboratory School. The hurts and abuses of his first job he drowned by working twelve and fourteen hours a day without a stop. Here, problems of a more difficult nature confronted him: the corridors were long and dark, and the students too mature for the obvious symbols applied on the other walls. He planned the work on a much larger scale, with symbols more abstract and carried by poetic simplicity.

We see a plow—symbol of man's conquest of nature—standing idle with a rusted share against a barbed-wire fence. Furrows recede into a lonely sky. Over the horizon sweeps a dust storm: the revolt of the soil, the plight of the Midwestern lands, erosion and aridity as the result

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of ruthless exploitation. The dust storm exposes the roots of sprouting seeds and fresh new verdure: the inheritance of the generations to come. Next to it is a swirling abstraction of varied shades of green: the mysterious forces of growth. A youth is bent over a tender seedling, pleading in gesture that it grow great and tall. Light and rain slant down in promise.

But in the next mural, the theme changes from positive to a negative expression. The color drops in key and tone. An old man, portrayed with utmost humility, completely lacking in human beauty, yet neither ugly nor repulsive, is drinking from a waterfall in the midst of desolation. Water descending from the jagged rocks forms itself into a stream that flows into a distant cavern. The design changes abruptly into a snarl of mechanical contraptions vaguely suggesting the shiny gadgets of plumbing instead of spiritual nourishment. Next to this, wheat blows in the wind—strong, sure, unfailing, golden wheat—and a boy gazes at the stream, which has reappeared. The expression becomes positive, all beauty and peace: the sun-flecked trunk of a shady tree, clean, cool, flowing water . . . planted things . . . and soil.

That is one portion of the vast mural. Another shows in contour the collapse of industrial civilization. There is a modern theme of "The Last Supper" called "Table of Brotherhood," with representatives of all races and cultures. A tremendous gun, bayonets, and a gas-masked skull are thrust forth into the gathering. . . . A huge portrait of Lincoln divides the Negro's evolution from feudal to industrial slavery. . . . Another section depicts the emptiness of commercialized entertainment: radio, motion pictures, dance halls. . . .

But this second set of murals, with its magnificent sweep and meaning, does not exist any more. These murals were wiped off the walls in a few desperate moments one night by Wilson himself.

How can we explain the torments of a lonely spirit such as Wilson's? How can we explain the stirring events that led up to that fateful night without brutally tearing off the veil that covers the isolation of the artist in a hostile world? How explain the struggle against the feeling of futility inevitable in an indifferent, resentful world?

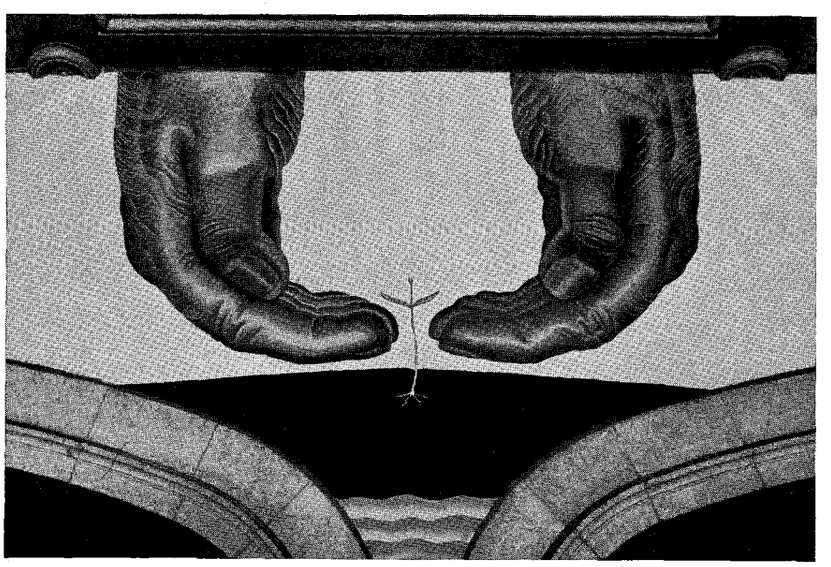
It is heartening to report that this story has a happy ending.

Gilbert Wilson is now back at work on his wiped-off murals in the State Teachers' Laboratory School. The new ones really will be his third set of murals—and he feels certain now that they will have twice the power and beauty of his previous efforts. For they will incorporate the agony of a desperate step and will contain all that has matured within him since that fateful night.

This coming summer new walls await him at the Theater and Convention Hall of the Spink Hotel in Wawasee, Indiana. He wants to paint the re-creation of our world today, shrill and jazzy and mechanical, without soul or memory, perched on top of a mountain of misery and starvation. And then there will be the re-creation of a future society, full of harmony and meaning.

Throughout the time Wilson was eagerly awaiting the return of his walls, however, he went to work planning a future mural "song" of the region. He wants to find expression of what has come out of the Middle West by way of creative work. He thinks of writers like Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Sandburg. He hopes to present a pictorial summary of each man's work and show how each of these writers has dealt realistically with the contemporary scene.

And some day, Wilson will paint the mural of the Boy Scout. The small town will be there and the forests and the streams, all the forces which have made him, the provincial background of his past, and the world which is larger than our vision can grasp.



The theme of this mural is ironically symbolical of the emergence of Wilson's youthful talent into an unsympathetic environment

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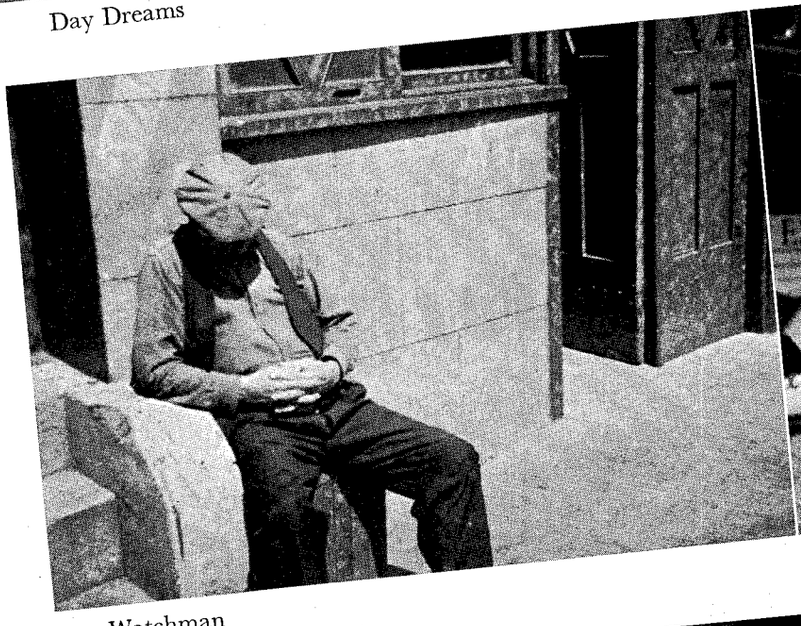
NEW YORK

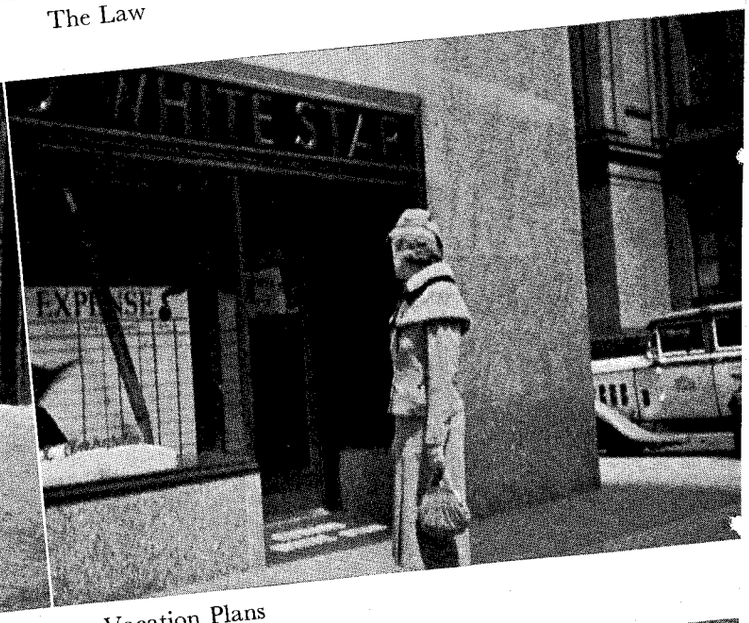
by H. V. SCHIEREN

Day Dreams

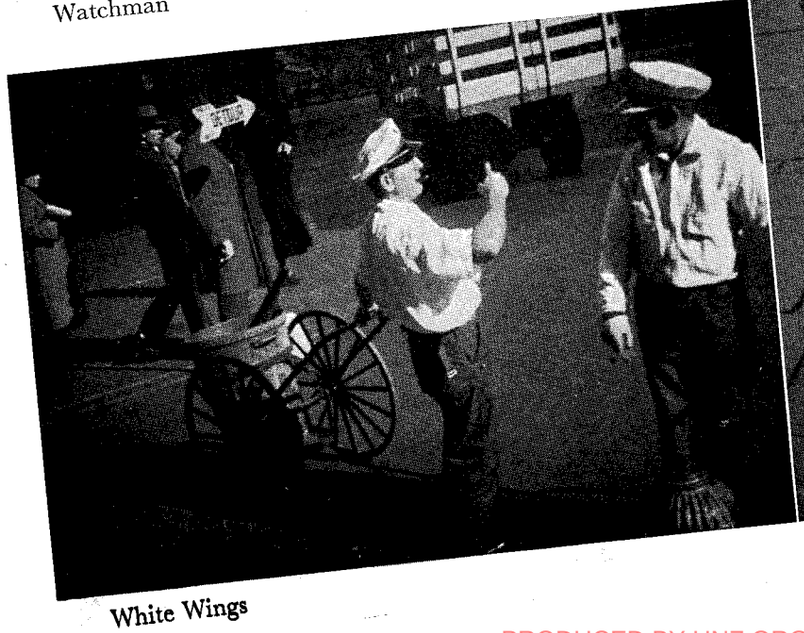
The Law



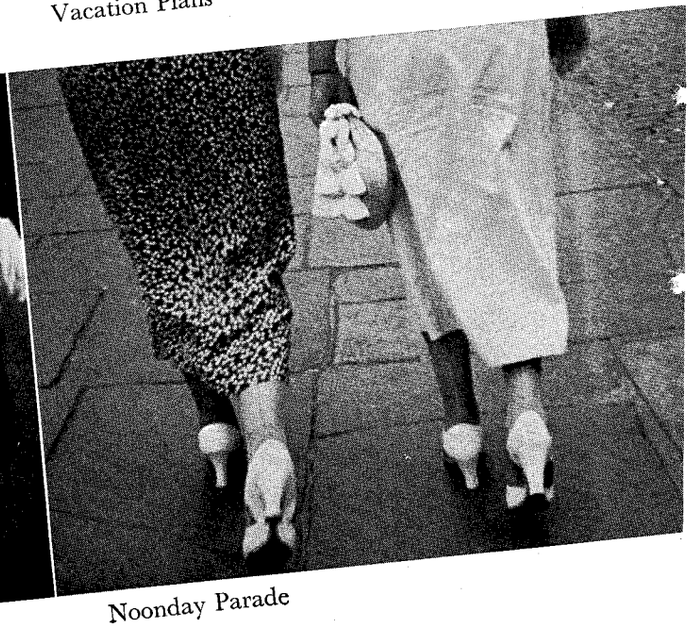
Watchman



Vacation Plans



White Wings



Noonday Parade

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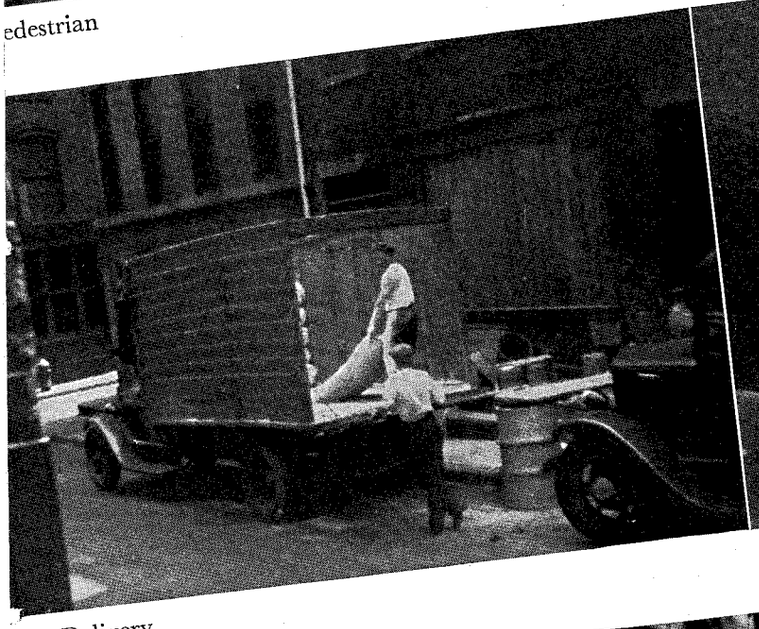
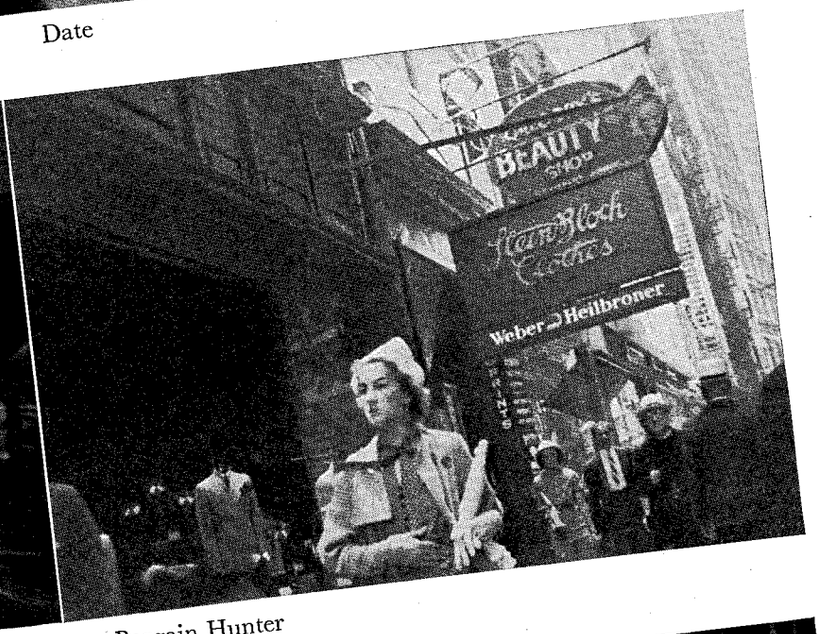
edestrian

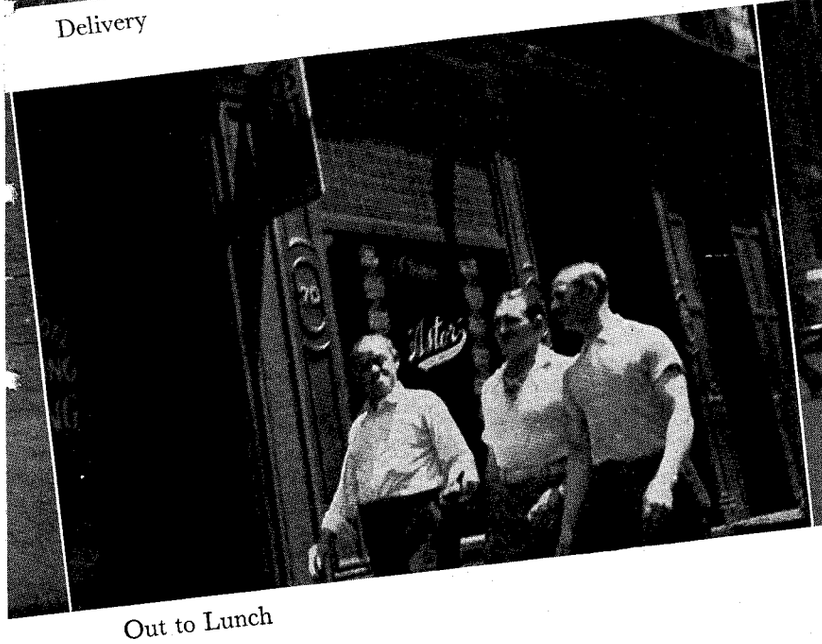
Date



Delivery



Bargain Hunter



Out to Lunch

Dead End

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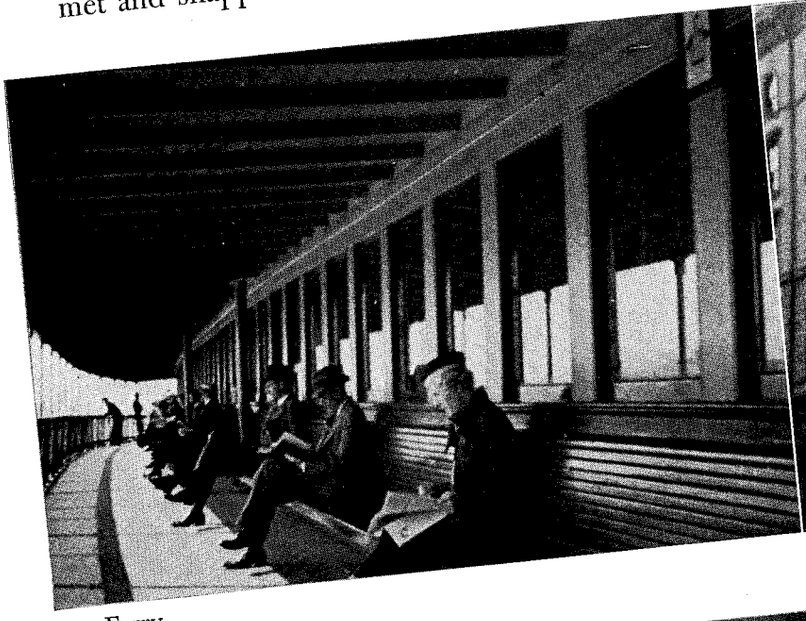
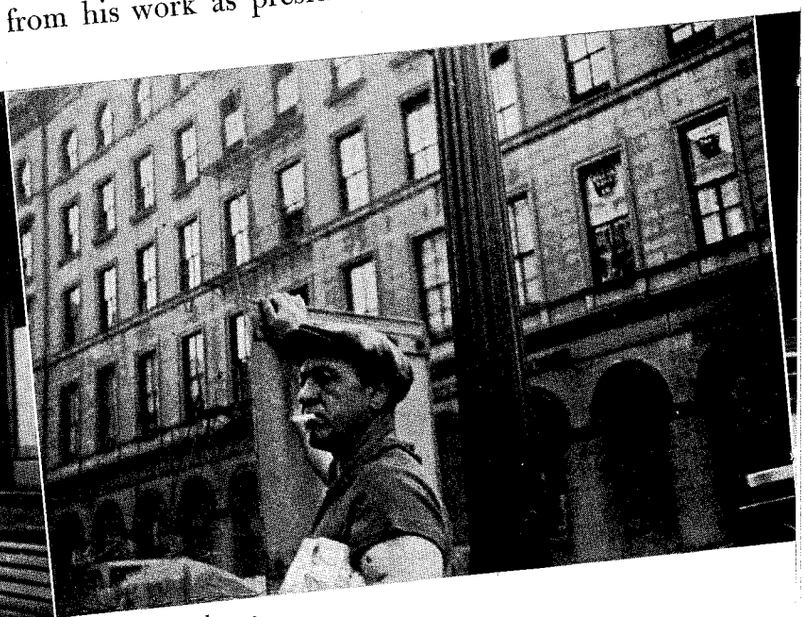
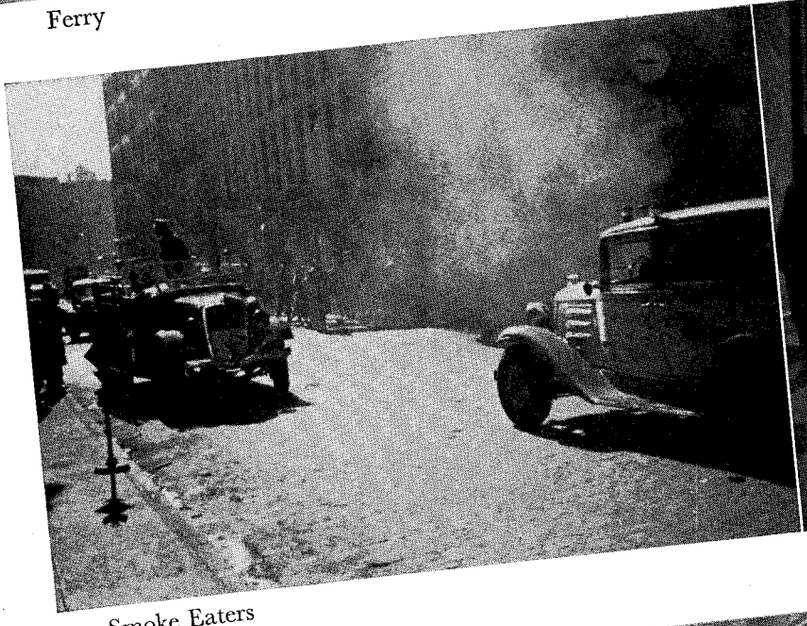
These twenty-four photographs are New York through the four seasons—the New York H. V. Schieren met and snapped, often from the hip, going to and from his work as president of a downtown firm



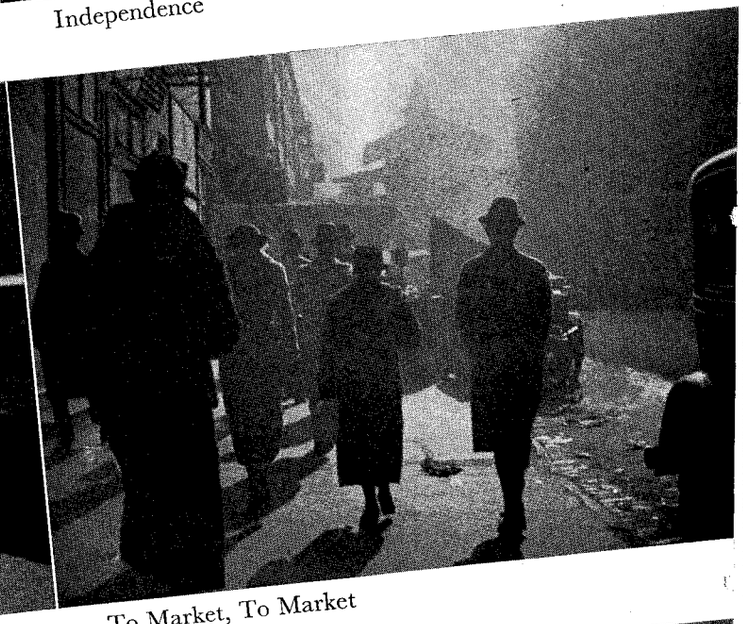
Ferry



Independence

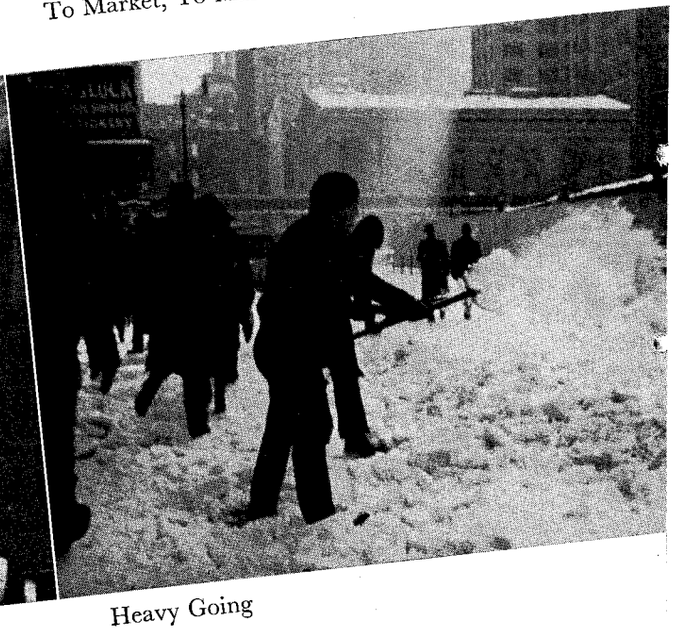


Smoke Eaters



To Market, To Market

Salvation



Heavy Going

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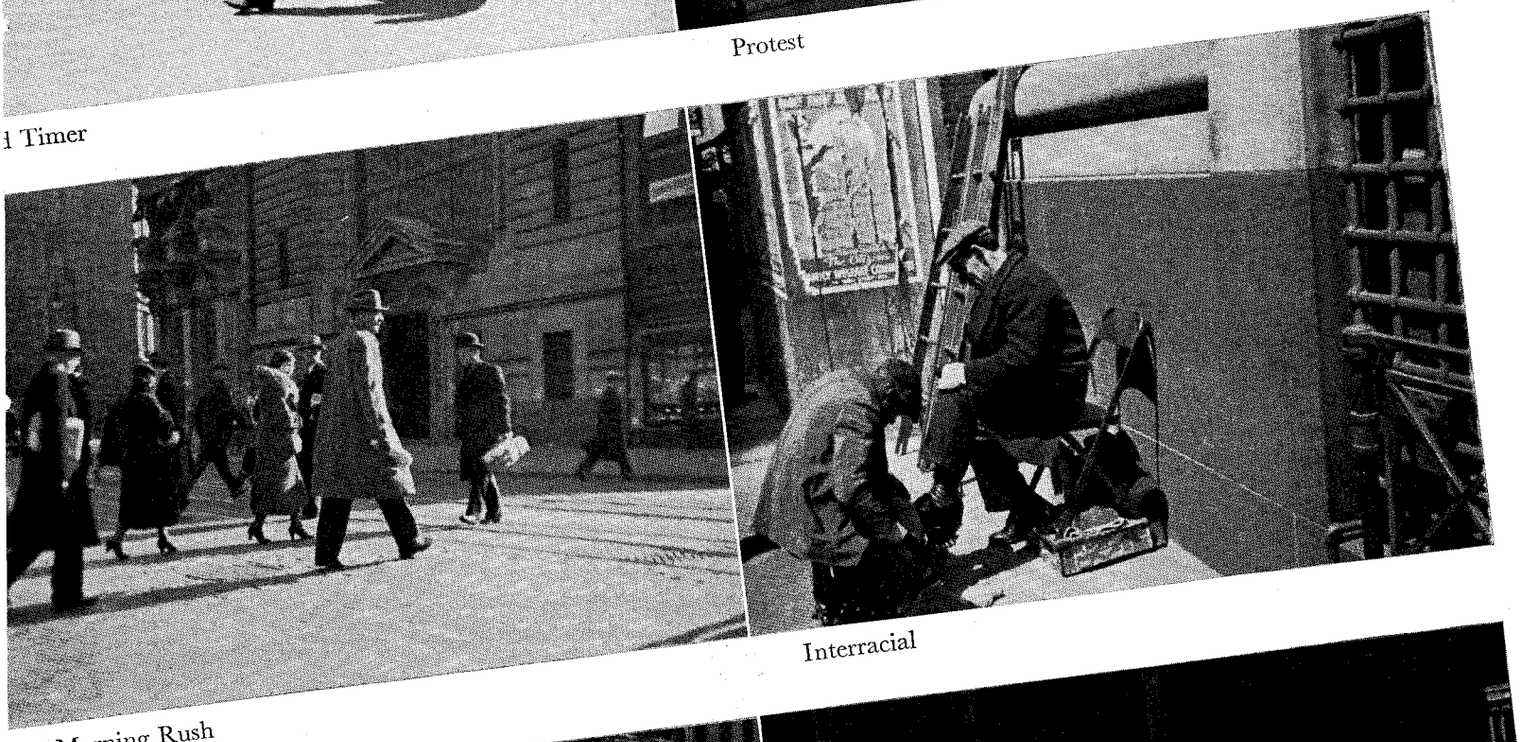
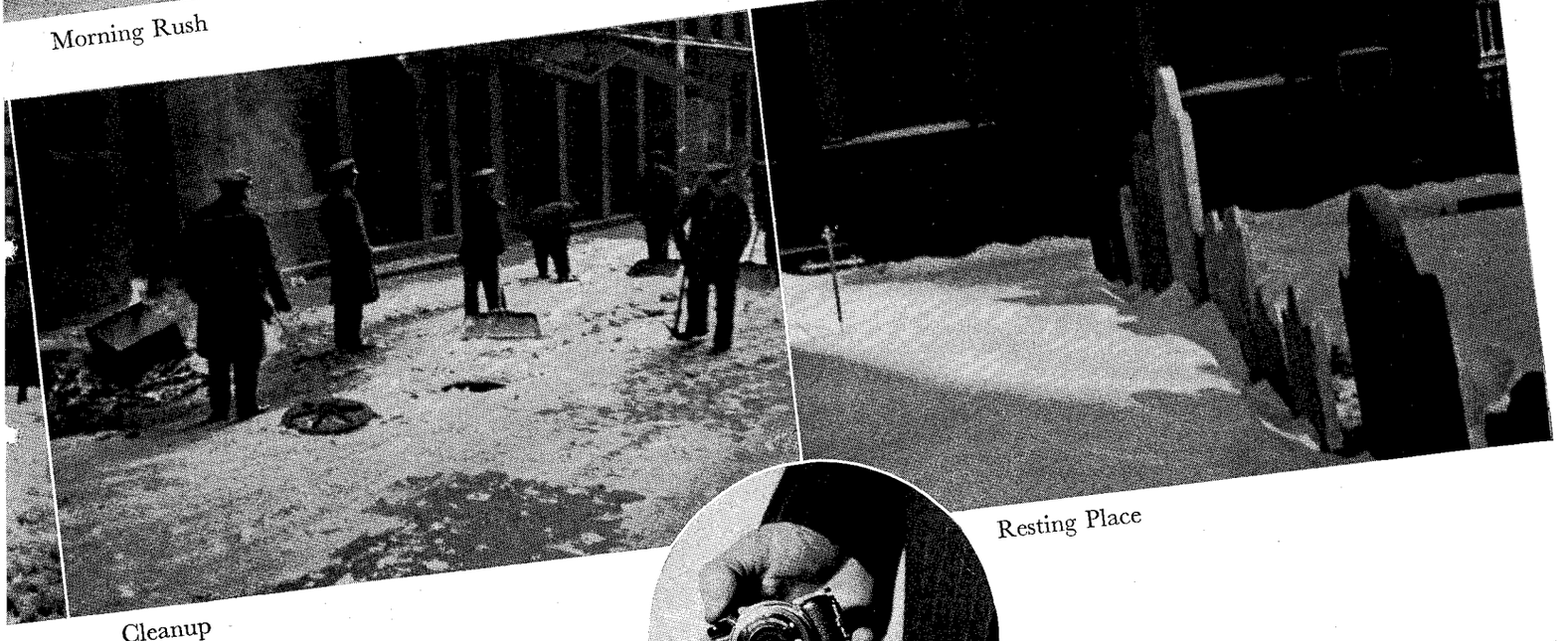
Protest

1 Timer



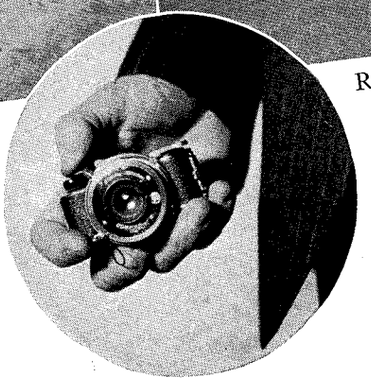
Interracial

Morning Rush



Resting Place

Cleanup



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don herold examines:

Beginning this issue "don herold examines" will be a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine. *Mr. Herold's writings and drawings are well-known in this country. He was born two years after* Scribner's *began what is now its first half-century and in a few months he will himself be rounding out three decades with newspapers and magazines. His humor promises to make "don herold examines" a readable antidote to its more serious fellow department, "Scribner's Examines."*

the sit-down

I am for labor. I labor a little myself. You know, odd jobs around the house: fixing window screens, rewiring the electric iron, planing off the top of a swollen closet door. So don't think I am against labor. I come lots nearer to being a laborer than I do to being a capitalist.

Yet, I am a little of a capitalist too. Once I bought a few shares of U. S. Steel at 250, got no dividends for several years, and sold it at 85. Capitalism isn't all beer and skittles, if my experience means anything.

I still own 10 shares of General Motors.

It made me a little mad to have those General Motors sit-down strikers in my plant, leaving eggshells, banana peelings, and sandwich tissue paper all over the place, and using up all the guest towels.

I tried to get about 30 other G. M. stockholders rounded up to go to the office of Mr. John L. Lewis and sit down on his desk and on his typewriters and all over the place, so he couldn't get anything done. Six of us could have covered Mr. Lewis' desk. I would have sat in his lap, and that would have cut down his efficiency considerably. Mr. Lewis' lap is no more his property than my Buick plant.

Yet, I am for all the wage increases that General Motors workers wanted, or nearly anything else within reason that they want. Or I was—until they sat down in my factory. I'm not particularly interested in dividends. They don't do me much good. The workingmen can have my dividends. But, by golly, they get my dander up, sitting down in my factory like a lot of stubborn children.

Homer Martin, president of the U. A. W. A., recently said that the right to a job is a property right. That remark makes me want to go sit in Mr. Martin's lap and hamper his life work.

Father Coughlin is always talking about giving the workingman a living annual wage. What heats him up is that the motorcar factories don't give all of the automobile workers work every day of the year.

A gadget manufacturer starts a gadget factory in Squint, Michigan, and employs 1000 men every working day of the year. But 5000 other men hear about the gadget factory and move to Squint. That makes 5000 too many families in Squint. Now Mr. Gadget finds that the gadget business is seasonal and that he can profitably employ all of Squint's 6000 workers only two months a year and must practically shut down his plant the remainder of the year.

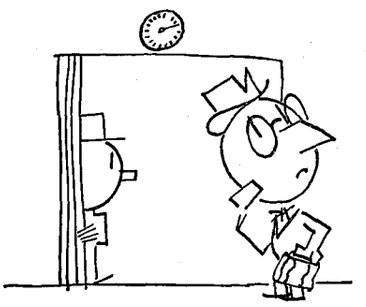
Now Father Coughlin would have Mr. Gadget arrested because he doesn't give all of the 6000 workers in Squint jobs every day in the year, but what would Mr. Gadget do with five or six times as many gadgets on his hands as he can sell?

The only way out of all these troubles that I can see is to pass laws abolishing machinery and babies.

If we abolished machinery, it would put us back in the age of craftsmanship and give us all about fourteen hours a day at our jobs—which ought to knock a lot of nonsense out of our heads and keep us out of such mischief as sit-down strikes.

And a moratorium on babies for ten years would certainly help things, but Father Coughlin would be the last person in the world to agree to that.

I'll be one of a committee of ten to go sit in Father Coughlin's lap and interfere with his broadcasting.



mr. chrysler's elevators

Yesterday I had a little ten-cent errand to do on the sixty-eighth floor of the Chrysler Building in New York City.

It happened I was the only passenger in the elevator, and I felt embarrassed at getting so much special, private, exclusive service.

"How much does it cost the building to make a round trip with one of these elevators?" I asked the operator.

"Forty-seven cents," he replied.

Was my face red?

The next time I take an elevator in a high building, I am going to wait until I can get up a party of six.

And my conscience hurts me so much in regard to my injustice to Mr. Chrysler, that I am sending him thirty-seven cents, which represents the difference between what the trip was worth to me and what it cost Mr. Chrysler to give it to me.

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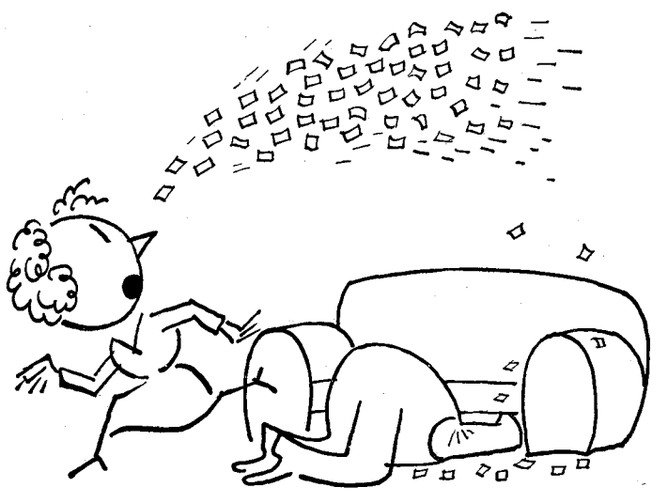


1000 assorted stamps

Last week I bought our eleven-year-old Hildegarde one of those packages of 1000 assorted stamps, and those stamps have assumed the proportions of a pestilence, comparable to the descent upon our household of a swarm of seven-year locusts.

We have stamps in our beds, in our clothes, in our cereal, in our salads, in our hairbrushes, in our bedroom slippers, and in our bath. The neighbors in the apartment below have complained that *our* stamps are coming through *their* ceiling.

I am beginning to suspect strongly that stamps mate and multiply like rabbits and wire coat hangers. I am sure Hildegarde's original 1000 must now be at least 5000.

We took up the cushions of the davenport the other day and found 1200, mostly Abyssinian. I opened my pocketbook this morning and two Lichtenstein air-mail stamps flew out. The only place we can't find stamps at our house is in Hildegarde's album.

What I'm wondering now is if there is any such thing in the world as a stamp-extermination service.

How does one back down on this stamp business after he's got himself into it?

Nobody ever told me that stamps reproduced!

Reproduction! There's the cause of *all* our troubles.

Sex!

Too many people. Too many everything. Too many stamps. It's not the old men in the Supreme Court who cause all our troubles. It's all the young men who ought to be locked up in the Supreme Court where they wouldn't have the chance to reproduce.

And how are we going to keep stamps from pollinating like dandelions?

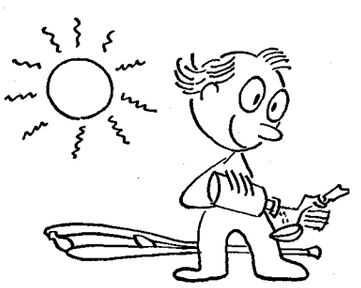
Sex has got me worried.

california balm

Balmy climates seem to produce balmy people. I lived in California several winters, but hope I quit before I got teched in the head.

One thing I learned in California was to tell how long people had been there by finding out what kind of doctoring they were going in for. You don't have to ask. It's about the first thing they tell.

The first year you are in California, you continue using normal M.D.'s, of the same species you used Back East. Then you take, in turn, to (2) osteopaths, (3) chiropractors, (4) high-colonic irrigationists, (5) electric-light doctors, (6) Aimee Semple McPherson, (7) medical spiritualists, (8) medical palmists, (9) assorted voodooists, who are thick in Los Angeles, in big, old residences with huge neon signs in the front yard . . . "institutes" of one sort or another. Then you move to Long Beach, get all your teeth pulled, go in for horseshoes and croquet, settle down for another hundred years, and put your faith in Father Townsend.



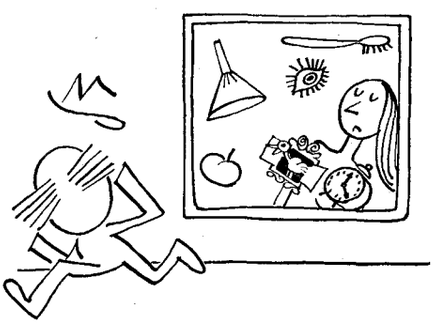
surrealists

After a visit to a surrealist art exhibit, I have a burning desire to go out and pet a hound dog. I want to touch something sane and sensible and wholesome and sound and human, like a hound dog.

In the old days Mrs. Lou Jones, of Bloomfield, Indiana, didn't pay any attention to the soggy side of life, but she probably knew it was there. She just kept her milk crocks clean, and her kitchen spotless, and was kind to her husband. She knew what to do about life.

Then college sophomores and other sophomores awoke to the fact that on the stream of human consciousness floated both flowers and garbage. Some of them were so fascinated by the garbage that they had to poke at it for the rest of their lives.

The surrealists can't get over their surprise at the content of the unsieved stream of human consciousness and they



think they're brilliant for painting a lily, a revolver, a pair of garters, and a doughnut on the same canvas. This isn't something new in art. It's arrested development.

You can't kid surrealist art; it is self-kidding. You can't kid people who paint designs for the insides of drunkards' stomachs, or Mrs. Martin Johnson surrounded by wild dithers, or six safaris which don't know which way to turn, or an alarm clock relaxed on a piece of liver. This is all easy jabberwock . . . on canvas.

It makes me sick.

I want to go out and pet a hound dog.

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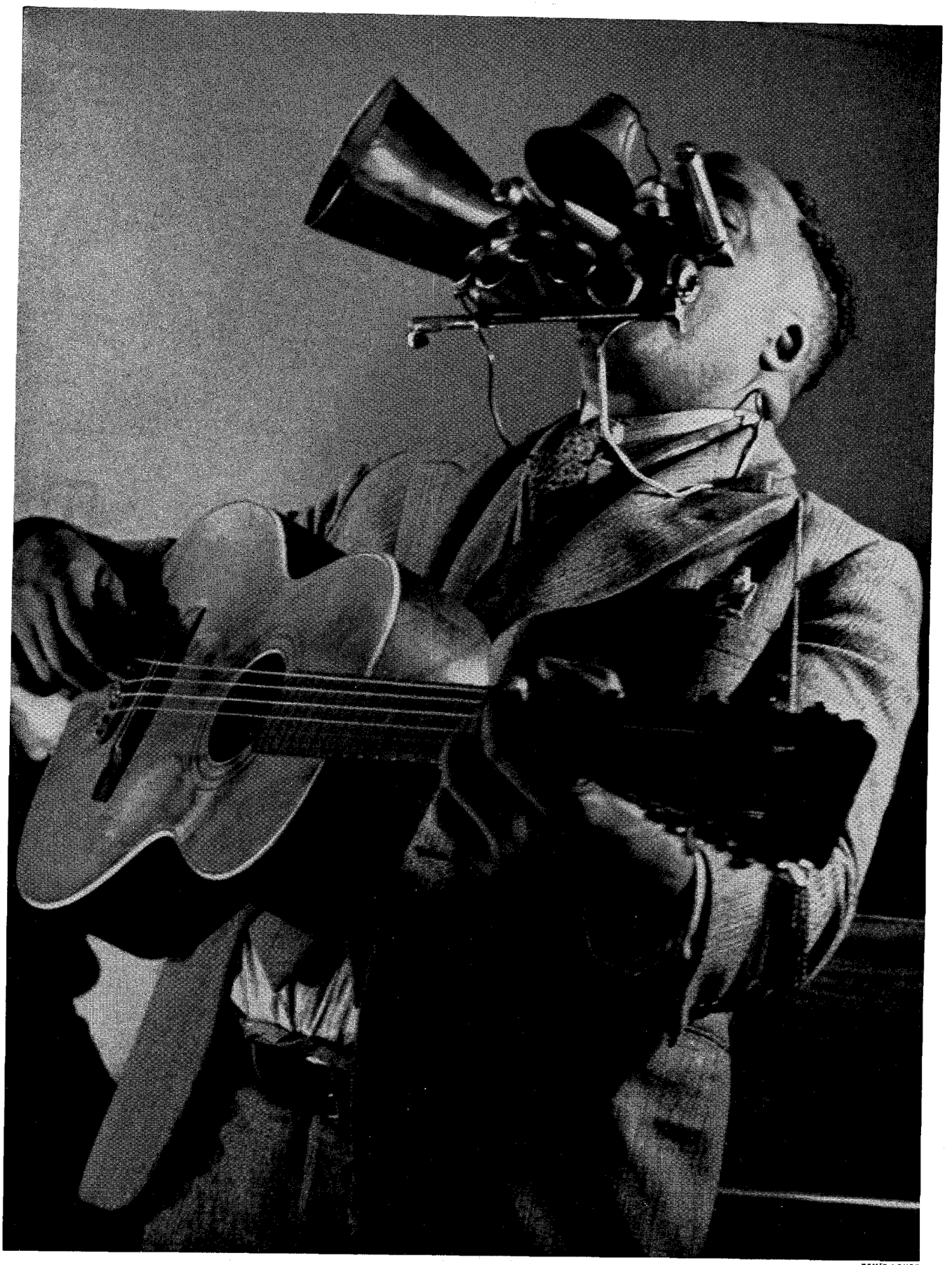

REMIE LOHSE

One-man band

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

Amateur Night on Beale Street

VIRGIL FULLING

It was one of those hot, sultry days, which keep such close affinity with Memphis in summer, when I went home from the office to find the front and back yards of my modest residence swarming with Negro boys.

As I rolled into the driveway, I barely missed running over two of them who were busily engaged in sharpening a lawn mower. In a corner of the front yard a dusky African was hacking away at some weeds with a sickle, while another was doing something with a trowel in the flower beds.

The back yard looked as if it had been struck by the Black Plague, as Negro boys darted hither and yon, pushing lawn mowers, wielding clippers and rakes.

Wearily I shouldered my way through all this activity and got into the house where I approached the little woman.

"What's the idea of all this?" I demanded. "Do you have to call a convention to get your lawn cut? What are all those Negro boys out there for?"

"For shirts," replied the wife, laconically (she can be the most maddening woman at times).

"Shirts?" I yelled.

"Yes, shirts. One of them is going on Amateur Night tonight and he had to have a clean shirt. I promised him two of your old ones if he would fix the lawn. Those other boys are helping him. They're about through."

"I would think so," I snorted. "They've run out of lawn and are starting to mow down the flowers. You'd better give 'em the shirts and get 'em away from here."

The wife went out on the back porch and called to one of the Negro boys. As I started to look through the evening paper, I overheard her questioning him about the coming night's activities.

"Yassum, I'se a box-pickah. Pappy larnt me how 'fo' de police got him. No mam, Ah ain't won no money yit at de Amatuah Night. But dis time gwine be mah lucky night.

"No, mam, dey don' give 'em no gong if dey is rotten. Mistuh Tony he jus' shoots 'em. He shot fouah las' Tuesday night."

Whenever they start shooting Amateurs I begin to get interested, so I strolled out on the back porch.

"Where do they have this Amateur Night?" I asked.

"Down at Mistuh Tony's on Beale Street. All us cullud folks goes."

"Mistuh Tony," I later discovered, was Antonio Barrasso, a round-faced, stocky Italian who has been running a showhouse in the heart of Memphis' Beale Street for more than a quarter-century and has helped guide the first timid steps of Negro fledglings toward the stage and concert halls of the nation. Many a Negro star of the footlights can look back to the days when he trod the boards of the Beale Street Palace ("The South's Finest Colored Showhouse"). And as for Amateur Night—that's a tradition of Beale Street.

This center of darktown gaiety was having its weekly Amateur Night long before radio had emerged from its swaddling clothes.

Every Tuesday night the Amateurs take over the stage, and perspiring pickaninnies, dusky blues singers, and ebony tap dancers vie with one another for fame and fortune (Three dollahs, does you win fust place).

I decided to attend the Amateur performance that night. I had a personal interest in the event. My shirt was making its stage debut, and I wanted to see if it would place in the money.

The approaching darkness found me in my car going in the general direction of Beale Street. My nose, picking up the odor of barbecued ribs, soon informed me that I had arrived. The faint tinkle of pianos in the beer halls and honky-tonks, and the appetizing scent of frying catfish from Peewee's Place and the Little Black Jug confirmed it.

Near the Hi-Brown Beauty Shoppe I stood for a moment outside the window watching a beauty operator in the final phases of a hair dekinking on the ebony locks of a Beale Street belle. I skirted an animated crap game in front of the Civic League for Colored Workers in which remains of the soldier bonus payments were rapidly being put into general circulation. A group of grimy field workers, hi-rollers from the Arkansas flatlands across the river, were matching skill with the Beale Street cube contortionists.

Negro chauffeurs in shiny, expensive limousines, snatching a few hours of leisure away from their employers, drove slowly up and down the street, much to the envy and chagrin of their less fortunate brethren. Chattering groups of Negroes filled the sidewalks and overflowed into the streets, con-

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DRAWINGS BY GLANKOFF

verged with other groups, and the black flood flowed straight to the doors of the Palace Theater.

Not a white man was in sight to break the blackness of this massed humanity. Here was modern Africa on amusement bent, free from the white man's laws or morals. Cotton-field workers from the near-by plantations in Arkansas and Mississippi, their feet bulging in unaccustomed shoes, yard boys, bootblacks, barbers, car washers, and bus boys joined to swell the crowd which jammed and pushed its way into the dark maw of the theater entrance.

White people are not admitted to the theater, but the proprietor finally permitted me to go in. Calling a Negro girl usher he directed her to take me backstage where I could get a better view of the performance. Her undulating hips swept a path for me down the aisle of the theater to the stage. Back of the curtain, final preparations for Amateur Night were going forward. Two scrawny Negro tykes, barefooted and bareheaded, were matching steps in a jigging competition, while in a corner a Negro girl sprinkled her bosom with a good-luck powder. With this preparation on her, she couldn't lose.

But now the curtain was going up and practicing Amateurs scurried to places back of the wings as Professor Nat Williams, major-domo of Amateur Night, stepped briskly to the front of the stage where he spoke into a waiting microphone (Amateur Night is broadcast over radio station WNBR of Memphis).

"All you folks out there roll back your ears and push out your eyes 'cause we're gonna give you something tonight. We've got the fastest tap dancer what ever hit Beale Street. He goes so fast, he's through before he commences. Give him room, folks, here he comes!"

A swirl of dust came out of one of the wings. Preceding it was a little Negro boy about eight years old, who kicked, pivoted, spun, and twisted in a bewildering tangle of arms and legs.

Black toes peeped through worn-out uppers of a pair of tennis shoes as the dance grew faster and faster. The tennis shoes had no taps, but they weren't needed. Black feet flailed the air and sneered at the white oak boards beneath them. Then as suddenly as it began, the dance and music stopped. A roar of applause from the audience, and the first Amateur made his exit, his white teeth flashing a feeble grin as he fought for breath.

Back of the wings stood the Lord High Executioner of Beale Street—the nemesis of every perspiring Amateur—his pearl-handled revolver hung loosely in one hand. An Amateur gets no sympathy on Beale Street. He either pleases or he doesn't. And if he fails to please this critical audience, he is drowned out in a tide of boos, hoots, and catcalls. Sometimes when a player is particularly terrible, the audience will arise en masse and stomp the floor.

But a few boos and hoots are enough for N. Pacini, the official executioner, to swing into action. Out from the wings he stalks, aims his revolver at the unfortunate Amateur, and fires. Usually one shot is sufficient, but sometimes he'll empty his gun. Beale Street Amateurs are tough. They can take it.

"Now we got a boy who says he's the best box-picker in Memphis," said Professor Williams. "Shall we let him play?"

A cheer answered him in the affirmative, and I looked up to observe my castoff shirt bent over a banjo and picking at the strings. It was the Negro boy who had directed his gang in our lawn-cutting operations. Sitting on a soapbox he began to coax music from the instrument. But he couldn't remain still long. He stepped up the tempo of his music, rested the banjo on one knee, then on the other, and finally got down on the floor and wrestled with the instrument. I thought he was playing it with his feet. Then he jumped up suddenly and, still playing the instrument, danced off the stage. The audience yelled for more, and he returned for a brief encore.

The lights of the theater went out, and the audience moved restlessly in the seats. Then a spotlight stabbed the blackness, roved erratically across the stage, and came to rest finally on a dusky damsel garbed in a huge picture hat and a long, flowing, blue-sequin dress, which clung to her slender figure with the tenacity of a Negro pastor hanging on to lost souls.

As the spotlight steadied, and framed the Negro girl in a circle of white, she began to sing. Blues songs—*that lovin' man—he done her wrong—took a no-good gal—and was long gone.*

The theater was quiet as the singer poured out her plaintive tale. Back and forth in the spotlight she weaved her body, "You ain't a comin' back to me no mo'—'cause Ah got anothah man an' he done close yo' doah!"

Her hips began to sway, and the abdominal muscles rippled and played under the folds of the dress. Keeping time to the beat of the music, she went through the muscular contortions of a dance that sprung from the voodoo rites of the jungle. As she writhed and twisted you could almost hear the beat

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of tom-toms and the religious chant of the tribesmen.

As the blues singer bowed to leave she received an ovation that was heard the length of Beale Street.

A chunky Negro youth built like a football player and as black as the inside of a Pittsburgh chimney came on and started a song. The song was terrible, and the singer was worse.

Shouts of "Give it to him!" arose from the indignant customers. A huge paper ball came sailing over the heads of the audience like a white gull skimming an ebony sea and caught the luckless singer smack in the face. Boos and hoots welled up and grew in intensity. Pacini stepped forward with his gun, leveled it at his victim, and fired four times. The thwarted Amateur, his career thus rudely ended, hurried from the stage as the acrid odor from blank cartridges drifted across the footlights.

Another boy, about sixteen, dashed out on the stage before Professor Williams could prepare the audience for the shock of his arrival. His feet beat an erratic tattoo on the floor, his arms and legs circled and twisted, he did whirls, spread eagles, dips, sideslips, and tail spins in a furious flutter of arms and legs. The boards creaked, the wings shivered, and the audience started keeping time with its collective feet.

All the backstage was in motion as other performers caught the rhythm of the dance. The master of ceremonies and the orchestra leader joined in, and the ushers started dancing up and down the aisles. Even the walls of the theater seemed to weave back and forth in the dim light. Standing next to Pacini, I caught myself attempting an involuntary jig and grinned sheepishly when he looked at me. I had never before seen such massed dancing. It ended only when the Amateur on the stage staggered weakly to the wings. Twice he was called back, but he was too weary to dance another step.

"Now we've got a big surprise for you," announced Professor Williams. "We're going to have a tire-pumping contest."

Four Negro men, each armed with an assortment of tire pumps and an inner tube, stepped on the stage.

I watched a skinny little Negro, bearing a close resemblance to Mahatma Gandhi without the loin cloth, as he prepared to enter the contest. His three opponents were huskies and looked as if they had spent a lifetime pumping up tires.

Each Negro took his place behind his deflated inner tube, his array of pumps conveniently within reach. A whistle shrilled, and the race was on. Frantically each Negro worked to attach his pump, then began pumping lustily.

"Lookit dat li'l smidgin go!" shouted a fat Negro woman down front.

The tubes had now reached enormous size. Suddenly it came—an explosion that rocked the building, blew the dirt off the stage, and made the theater resemble the center of a Kansas dust storm. When the dust died down, the little Negro was grinning through a mask of white powder and grime and holding on to his deflated inner tube. He got a five-dollar bill for being the fastest tire pumper-upper on Beale Street.

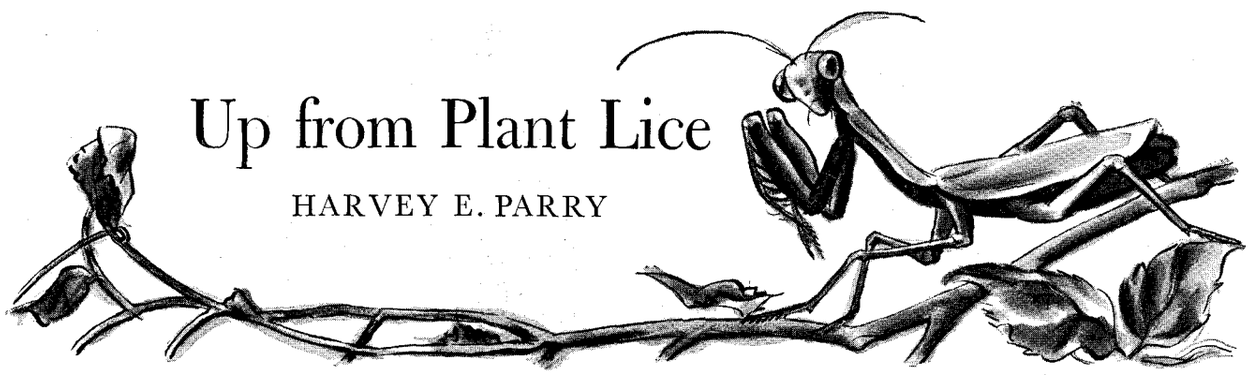
"Bring 'em up!" shouted Professor Williams to an assistant, and the Amateurs came forward to determine by audience applause the winner of first place. It wasn't even close. The blues singer got the three-dollar first prize, while a two-dollar second prize went to the final dancer on the program.

Then down went the curtain on another of Beale Street's Amateur Nights.

The audience slowly filed out, and the lights of the theater were darkened. Alone in the shadows of that glorified evening I reminisced that it was here on the boards of the Palace Theater that the "Father of the Blues," W. C. Handy, had caught the glimmer of inspiration for the type of music which made him famous. I softly closed the door and stepped out on Beale Street.

On a near-by corner a group of Negro urchins was gathered. One of them was dancing to the accompaniment of hand clapping by the others.

Did I say Amateur Night was over on Beale Street? I was mistaken. There will always be Amateur Night on Beale Street as long as there is one Negro to dance and another to beat out the music.



Up from Plant Lice

HARVEY E. PARRY

"Do you have plant lice?"

"Plant lice?" The look Mr. O'Toole, superintendent of the Shakespeare Garden, turned on me can only be described as sour. "Plant lice . . . !" His tone was such a mixture of disgust and incredulity that I began to wonder, somewhat belatedly, whether he had read personal implications into my question. "Well, there's the garden," with an inclusive sweep of the hand, "ye kin look for 'em. That's what *we* have to do!" And he turned upon me a highly offended back.

But when I made the round of the garden, poking under suspicious-looking leaves and investigating the stems of rosebushes, I knew I had come down hard on Mr. O'Toole's professional toe. There were no plant lice in the Shakespeare Garden. Hence the indignation.

But what was I doing, that lovely May morning, in Central Park in the middle of New York City, questing for plant lice? Prior to my interview with Mr. O'Toole, I had visited the Botanical Garden, but unfortunately the rather good-looking lavender and white lice to be found there were infesting *Coleus* plants too small to be deloused by anything but spraying. And I needed live plant lice—multitudes of fine fat ones. For on the day previous our family had

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been augmented, rather unexpectedly, by some two hundred half-inch praying mantids. Small Daughter had found the egg mass on Staten Island some months before, had placed it in a jar (without a cover!), and had promptly forgotten it. . . . Breakfast was late that Sunday morning.

When order was finally restored, we found ourselves with the problem of providing live food for the newcomers. I knew a little about the items on a mantis menu, but where to find them in the asphalt-paved jungles of New York?

Monday morning found me at the telephone—if Central listened in, she must certainly have dismissed me with one word: *NUT*.

I called the Bronx Zoo. The gentleman with whom I was finally connected was emphatically pessimistic. No, they had no plant lice at the Zoo; no, he couldn't suggest anything besides plant lice; no, he didn't know where I might find some; anyhow, they had tried to raise mantids but all had died. . . .

I called the New York Aquarium. The gentleman at the other end of the wire wanted to know, to my consternation, whether I had a permit to keep mantids. Did I know that they are protected? No? Well, I had better look up my legal status in the matter. No, he had no plant lice; no, he hadn't the faintest idea where to get them. Did he think the live food given to tropical fish would do? He didn't know, but I could try it. . . .

I called the Museum of Natural History. The gentleman in the Entomology Department took a jaundiced view of the case. Had I raised a culture of fish flies? No? Well, then there was just no hope. By the time I raised some, the mantids would all be dead. Only about five out of any egg mass survived anyhow. Perhaps I could find another egg case next year and then be prepared with a culture of fruit flies. No, he had no plant lice; no, he didn't know where to find plant lice. . . .

And that was why I was standing, mutely discouraged, in Central Park on the aforesaid May morning. After the acidulous Mr. O'Toole, another lead had taken me to Mr. McCann, nursery superintendent, who was supposed to be directing a group of men near the Bolivar Statue. But, Mr. McCann, it turned out, was attending a meeting of directors. The man in charge of the workers had listened sympathetically, but with an air of great puzzlement, to my tale. There was nothing he could do, however, without Mr. McCann, and he had no idea when the absent gentleman would return.

I walked slowly to the park gate. It was not in the cards, apparently, for me to raise praying mantids. And then I stopped in my tracks. There, beside the path, stood an ornamental tree whose leaves were rolled and curled as no normal leaves should be rolled and curled. Plant lice! I knew, even before I carefully untwisted a telltale leaf, that I had found food for the mantids. But the situation gave me pause. Here I was, a sober, sane-appearing person, about to pluck leaves from a park tree without a permit of any kind and for no credible reason. People have gone to jail for less, and others have been committed discreetly to the Observation Ward in Bellevue. I walked furtively around the tree, although there was neither policeman nor park employee in sight. I lack the flair for nonchalant lawbreaking. Plant lice I must have, but how? And then along came the pinch hitter for Mr. McCann, he of the sympathetic but dubious nature, on his way to lunch.

"Here's just what I want!" I greeted him triumphantly, pointing to my tree.

"And just what is it you *do* want?" he asked. I groaned inwardly. My earlier explanation, it was only too apparent, had gone completely over his head. But this time I showed him the fat, green lice on the heavily infected leaves.

"O—oh," was all he said. I suspected his opinion of me suffered a sharp decline.

"Do you suppose I could take some of the leaves?" I asked.

Mantids for Pets?

AL GRAHAM

In a somewhat roundabout way, I have heard that a movement is being organized to make the praying mantis America's next household pet. The accompanying test case, "Up from Plant Lice," is just an example of what may be going on in hundreds of American homes.

Of course, it may take some time for the mantis to become an official member of every household; it may take another two to ten years. In the meanwhile, you can expect to hear of the formation of The National Association of Pals of the Praying Mantis—Pals who will stage, if they can, an Annual Praying Mantis Show in Madison Square Garden and petition Congress to set aside the first seven days in April as National Praying Mantis Week.

Now I have nothing personal against the praying mantis. From what I have seen of him, I should say that he is a not unlikeable insect, a perfectly harmless chap, and a distant relative of my old friend, the katydid. I might also say that, in a pinch, the mantis would make a fairly interesting pet. But as one who has lived under the same roof with a number of quaint pets, I should like to object to this mantis movement before it is all too late.

Americans, it seems to me, are altogether too prone to taking up with strange pets. Almost daily one reads newspaper accounts of society ladies who suddenly go in for white mice, baby cheetahs, chameleons, monkeys, snakes, turtles, and countless other creatures. We have all lived through the ant-palace fad and the guppy-bowl craze—though many of us have found our pantry closets alive with ants and our living-room rugs littered with guppies as a result of unexpected crashes in these two pet ideas. And it is not so long ago that a pet duck (other than Donald) made his opinions known over a national hookup.

Certainly, we can't go on forever giving public and semipublic expression to our pet-loving practices. So, while there is still time, and without any intent to be sacrilegious, we should like to say, fervently, *Mantis Religiosa, ora pro nobis!*

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"And why not?"

"But the policeman——" I began doubtfully.

"Aw, tell him ye're helpin' the tree by takin' off the bugs. . . ."

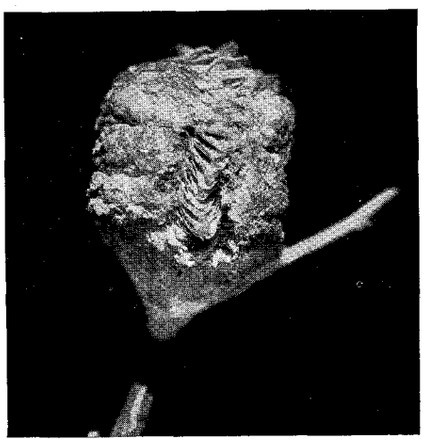
Well, I gathered the leaves into my cardboard container unmolested, but I didn't draw a quiet breath until I was sitting in a homeward-bound trolley. I had no wish to try out my plant lice and mantis story on the credulity of any policeman, Irish or otherwise.

The mantids liked the plant lice—indeed, yes. They liked them so well that the hordes of little fellows simply melted away before the concentrated and well-managed attack of our hungry infants. Into what parts of their slender anatomy the mantids managed to stuff so much food will always remain a mystery. A week's supply of lice disappeared in a day and a half, and I found myself trotting back to the tree near the Bolivar Statue for reinforcements. Each time, I went with fear and trembling, expecting momentarily to be challenged by some bluecoated upholder of the law, but the protector of fools and little children and amateur naturalists was with me. . . . The mantids waxed, if not fat, at least less transparent on their diet of plant lice.

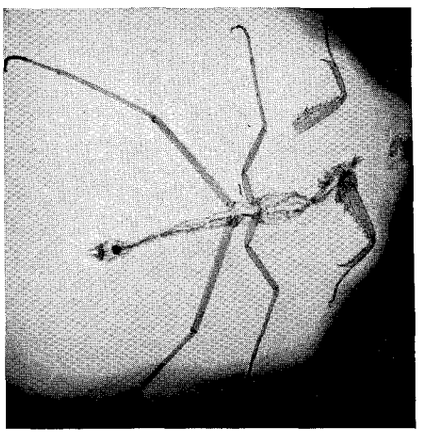
In about two weeks the insects began to shed their skins for the first time, with some attendant mortality in their numbers, but with a noticeable increase in the size of their bodies—and appetites. On our hikes we combed the woods for infested trees and bushes, bringing back a really choice assortment of plant lice—fuzzy white ones, lavender ones, green ones, and chubby little black fellows. On one occasion a colored helper in Riverside Park, who had been watching us gather lice-infested weeds, approached to ask wonderingly, "Does you-all eat dem things?"

Contrary to all predictions, the mantids throve like the green bay tree, but it was becoming necessary to reduce the population. The insects were beginning to display cannibalistic tendencies, to Small Daughter's horror, and besides, it was difficult to satisfy their prodigious appetites. Accordingly, some went to the school nature room, some to garden-keeping friends who welcomed their services as pest destroyers, and others to Central Park to hunt their own lice. The eight we kept were given individual glass houses.

Now that we had the food problem somewhat under control, the mantids promptly played hob with it—as they grew larger with successive sheddings, they refused plant lice. Apparently they considered anything so tiny as beneath their adolescent notice. Ants they never would eat, at any stage of their growth, and house flies were still too large and terrifying. Small flies were what they wanted. Now, it is manifestly impossible to ensnare the agile fruit fly in any sort of net, even in Central Park. I knew better than to try. So I set out melon-rind lures instead.



A mantis egg mass



The shed skin of a praying mantis

The ruse worked. Fruit flies arrived as planned, mosquito netting was dropped on them, rind and all, and a dexterous bit of manipulation deposited the whole business in a mantis jar. Then the fun began. The frantic flies batted back and forth hysterically, almost causing the mantids to twist their heads off in a vain endeavor to keep track of this food on the wing. The praying mantis, you know, is unique among the insects in being able thus to rotate his head on his neck.

For several weeks the fruit flies were welcome *pièces de résistance;* then they also became too small to notice. The arrival of warm weather brought house flies to the melon lures, but until the mantids were large and strong enough to tackle a house fly successfully, they gave every evidence of fear whenever one was put in the jar. Later, few flies, however large, were powerful enough to withstand the expert attack and impaling grip of a mantis. I discovered, among other things, that the mantids liked to drink water, getting down upon their elbows and knees, so to speak, for the job. On the glass of their homes they lapped up drops of water in the manner of a window cleaner's squeegee.

In the meantime, our insect population had suffered some casualties. Skin shedding was apparently fraught with considerable hazard. Occasionally a mantis would be unable to free itself from its old coat, with resultant disaster; occasionally, too, a skin that was overlong in splitting would cause serious muscular injury to its owner. Sometimes we would use tweezers to help a struggling insect discard its skin. By the middle of June we had only three mantids left, but they were splendid specimens, lively, handsome, and, of course, hungry. They walked unconcernedly over our hands and arms and looked at us comically with every appearance of recognition. At least we liked to think it was recognition.

"One had an accident and then there were two." It was skin-changing time again, and disaster overtook the middle-sized mantis. He emerged finally, but what a sorry specimen! His head was crooked forward at an unnatural angle, one middle leg was missing, and the two rear ones were so permanently waved that the mantis could not control them. In his disabled state he could not catch food, so Small Daughter and I, feeling responsible for our insect charge, fed him by hand. The mantis soon learned to take a not-too-lively fly or a drop of water from the end of the tweezers. There was nothing wrong with his eating apparatus, even if his legs were crippled. We kept the invalid in an uncovered jar, relying on his helplessness to keep him there. It was a mistake. Small Daughter arrived home one day to find the mantis missing. She began a careful search only to discover that she had stepped on the poor insect before ever realizing that he was not in his jar. Tears and much gloom. But perhaps it was just as well—the invalid could never have matured even with

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our care. He received honorable burial in the window box.

Which brings us to Napoleon. He (or she) was a mantis to delight an entomologist. It is somewhat risky to assert that any insect has personality, but Napoleon certainly had something that might pass for it. He was aggressive, fearless, and quite tame; he would take a fly from the tweezers, or raw beef, or liver, or chicken lung. He touched nothing inanimate unless it were held under his nose, as it were; apparently the movement of his living prey was the only thing capable of attracting his attention. Caterpillars he had no use for (too furry, perhaps!), but worms and grubs were acceptable fare. Napoleon was large, handsome, and greedy beyond calculation. Beside him the other and smaller mantis was colorless and insignificant.

One day, just prior to a thunderstorm when the melon rinds were alive with flies—fruit, house, and horse—I suggested putting as many as we could catch into Napoleon's bowl, which was a very large street-lamp globe, just to see what would happen. What did happen will always stay with me as one of the most hilarious things it has ever been my privilege to witness. The moment the flies found themselves confined, they went crazy, and Napoleon went crazy with them. The flies buzzed and bumbled and swooped and hit the jar with resounding whacks, and Napoleon, hanging upside down in his favorite position on the mosquito-netting cover, was the center of a maelstrom. He made frantic passes as the flies hurtled past him, he shook them off his back and his legs, he twisted his head until I really feared for his neck—finally he caught a big one. He began immediately to eat it, but excitement had intoxicated him. Tucking his prize under one arm, he grabbed another fly, took a bite of it, then a bite of the first one, then, with both arms full, he tried futilely to capture a third.

The family sat back on its haunches and howled with glee. Had any one suggested, a few months before, that I'd ever reach a point where the antics of an insect would convulse me, I'd have scouted the idea as preposterous. It was ribtickling. . . . We figured that Napoleon ate about sixteen flies at one sitting, and there wasn't even a bulge in his tummy to prove it! As I said before, he was a superior insect.

By the end of July Napoleon was beginning to sprout wings. He had shed his skin nine times, on an average of about once a week. He was rich brown in color, with touches of green, and his underbody was beautifully patterned in orange and cream. We wanted to keep him, but vacation plans included no accommodations for a praying mantis. Small Daughter insisted that since he and his companion had served us well—they had indeed relieved the tedium of life!—both should be given their freedom rather than further captivity in museum or schoolroom. Accordingly, she and I turned them loose on a boxwood bush in the protected precincts of the Botanical Garden in Central Park, where I first started my hunt for plant lice. But before the liberation, I took Napoleon to the Museum of Natural History to have his picture taken. The pessimistic gentleman from the Entomology Department didn't see him, which is too bad. I feel sure that he would have appreciated Napoleon as an Alger hero—*Up from Plant Lice,* or something like that.

"Life in the United States" Contest

For the best articles submitted to this department between May 1 and August 1, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE offers the following prizes:

First Prize, $1,000 Fourth Prize, $500
Second Prize, $700 Fifth Prize, $400
Third Prize, $600 Sixth Prize, $300

Six Regional Prizes of $200 each. Not more than 25 additional prizes of $100 each for manuscripts which, in the opinion of the judges, have unusual merit.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

(1) All entries must be postmarked before noon, August 1, 1937.
(2) Manuscripts must be between 500 and 3000 words in length.
(3) Entries should be mailed to "Life in the United States," Contest Editor, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(4) In the case of ties each contestant will be awarded the full value of the prize for which he is tied.
(5) Employees of Charles Scribner's Sons and their families are not eligible for the contest.
(6) The judges will be the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and their decisions shall be conclusive and binding on all contest entries.

"Life in the United States" is a regular department of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in which are published brief, personal articles which reflect some aspect or segment of contemporary American life. These articles are not essentially descriptive or expository. They narrate rather than describe or explain. They are the raw stuff from which the best fiction is often made, but they must be authentic experiences; they must not be intensified or distorted.

I. SUBJECT MATTER

In brief: Articles of personal experience which throw light on social conditions, customs, manners in this country today.

Aspects of life in certain sections of the country, which, through tradition, racial heritage, geography, climate, or economics, differ from other sections, are desirable if they are of general interest and avoid the pitfall of becoming an essay on quaint customs, odd sects, cults, or the activities of people who are interesting because they are survivals of the America of generations ago. They must have a vital, contemporary spark.

They must be authentic experiences.

II. TREATMENT

These experiences should not be observations on how the other half lives. It is when a member of a group perceives the significance of his or her own group, way of living, environment, or specific experience, and can treat it with insight, philosophy, or humor, that weight seems to attach to it.

Examples of the type of article which is desired will be found in the May, June, and July issues of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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The People and the Arts

GILBERT SELDES

This Year's Crop of Song Hits *Two Great Pleasures of Radio* *Lonely Artist or Collective Enterprise*

THIS year's crop of song hits—if I may paraphrase Mr. Irving Berlin—is not so hot. It is impossible for Mr. Berlin himself to write the half-dozen songs required for a musical moving picture without adding some charm, some tenderness, and some humor to the music in the air, but the most often repeated, the hit songs from *On The Avenue,* do not seem to me half so attractive as his enchanting period piece about the girl on the *Police Gazette*. I do not imagine that this will be as popular as *The Girl on the Magazine Cover,* which he wrote more than twenty years ago, but those who are interested in American music ought to compare the two songs and notice how Mr. Berlin moves from absolute simplicity to an intricate musical line and yet never becomes unsingable or sophisticated. Certainly it is not sophisticated to write a song about a crop of kisses, words which strike me as being singable enough but of such a dubious imagery that they are howlingly funny at the very beginning of a sentimental song. However, both in this song and in several others Mr. Berlin has written a musical cadence for the closing phrases with such a candor and such a magic as none of his rivals can always count on. They achieve it at times; with him it is the unfailing thing.

As I write, the great novelty in song is one about social security which Mr. Rudy Vallée makes rather amusing—the song is, in fact, a musical arrangement of numerals with a touch of economics (something about keeping the wolf away—as I recall it—when you are old and gray in the U. S. A.). I am unable to predict absolute popularity for this because apparently among the favorites now current are a mooning melody about a dream boat coming home, the usual melancholy of *Goodnight My Love,* and the even more usual salute in *The Night Is Young and You Are So Beautiful.* The dreadful business of *When Did You Leave Heaven?* is now receding into the past, but it remains a pretty awful warning. By early summer all of these flat and tasteless bits will be forgotten, as I believe both Gershwin and Kern will have music on the screen.

I wonder whether popular songs are still being sung—or are they only being heard? Perhaps I do not go to the right places; perhaps songs never were sung except in fraternity houses. It seems to me that the tendency I first marked in 1924—to write virtually unsingable songs for the benefit of dancers and jazz orchestras—has gone steadily on, and of course the constant singing (which ranges from crooning to screaming) on the air gives us a vicarious pleasure in song and leaves us nothing to do. Even the bands which are not playing swing make such complicated arrangements of popular music that the average man cannot follow the melody. I heard *Old Man River* as a fugue, a few days ago, which did little credit to Bach and downright violence to Kern. Radio vocalists do their own "conceptions," as they modestly put it, of popular music which in many cases means deliberately departing from the tune and the time written down by the composer. In the movies, music is pretty steadily sacrificed to magnificence. Mr. Berlin, for instance, is launched from the screen by Fred Astaire, who is an admirable fellow and a very great dancer; or his songs are subjected to the charms, such as they are, of Dick Powell, and to whatever luxuries of production are necessary for musical film. (The *Police Gazette* song, incidentally, is exceptionally well rendered; both Mr. Powell and the supporting scenes are appropriate.) In general, a song starts on the screen so tricked out, interrupted, and badly arranged that you have to hear it elsewhere before you really know what it is; and the moment it becomes popular it is torn to pieces by the arrangers and "conceivers" of the radio.

I have no moral judgments on the present plight of the popular song. In the last year of his life Ring Lardner led a crusade, on which he alone went, against the innuendo, the sly little dirt of the songs of that time. The queer thing about those songs was that they were comparatively simple and popular—there was nothing sophisticated about *Let's Put Out the Lights and Go To Sleep* (which was "to bed," I believe originally). The smartly sexual songs of Cole Porter, for instance, always ran far below his synthetically sentimental songs which struck me as far more offensive.

After the torch song, which Constant Lambert correctly diagnosed as the "first popularization of that well-known modern vice, the inferiority complex," we had a rather pleasant reaction, a good-humored treatment of the same feeling in such things as *You're the Top* or, a deviation, in *I Get A Kick Out of You*. The present lot of songs strikes me as being definitely on the maudlin side in both words and music. I think I have heard most of the popular music of the past six months and during a large part of the time I felt that I was hearing the same song over and over again. *The Organ Grinder Swing* was, of course, a novelty and at least you could isolate it from the fifty other songs on the radio's parade of hits. Musically, I have heard nothing individual, nothing highly inventive, nothing which was setting a style, and everything which was merely following the fashion. I do not think

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that the Republic is in danger, even if followers of Plato will assure me that music has a social function of the highest order. I merely assume that it is good for human beings to have pleasures of many sorts, and if the pleasures they are getting from popular songs are monotonous as music and maudlin in their report on manners, it is rather a pity.

*

I want to report two great pleasures of radio. For one of them I have to thank Mr. Rudy Vallée or the sponsors and arrangers of his program. Last month Mr. Hilaire Belloc was interviewed by Mr. Vallée. I assume that the conversation had been written out in advance, but it had freshness because it had character. I have no way of telling how many people were interested in Mr. Belloc's sour commentary on his own profession, nor how many rejoiced to hear him say that Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is the top man in that profession, nor how many could guess what Mr. Belloc's casual allusion to the service of God really meant. The important thing was that for about five minutes an intelligent conversation was heard; a temperament transmitted itself; and the episode was absorbingly interesting, just as it was remarkably witty in form. Many programs are now breaking into fragments and bringing interesting people to the microphone, but for some reason the results are usually tedious. For myself I would far rather have three times as much of Joe Cook than most of the material collected for him to introduce as master of ceremonies. The program makers naturally invite prominent people or unusual ones, and I think what they try to do is to get something characteristic from their guests. They are not particularly successful because they generally allow people to talk about what they have done (which ought to be the announcer's job) and they have found no way to let character transpire.

The second item which interests me is the broadcast for the magazine *Coronet* in which Deems Taylor as commentator and general director of activities seems to me much more colorful and interesting than he is in his broadcasts with orchestras. I do not know whether Mr. Taylor invented the excellent radio stunt of isolating the triangle or the bull fiddle and showing how the *Anvil Chorus* sounds to the players of these instruments, but the way he runs the act is an excellent combination of energy and tact which is knowing without being condescending. The program (over the Mutual Broadcasting System) dramatizes, illustrates, and discusses the contents of *Coronet*—which is in effect an intelligently made selection of a little bit of everything; yet the radio act is not scrappy and has more kinds of interest than most of the higher-priced programs available. Perhaps the most notable thing is that the material of the usual educational program is fundamentally the material which the *Coronet* broadcast uses. I predicted about a year ago that some day a sponsor would find a way of making the educational program pay dividends. If *Coronet* has not actually done this, it has certainly started in the right direction.

By omitting any discussion of radio last month, I gained a little perspective on the great broadcasting novelty of 1937. This perspective makes it possible for me to say calmly that the radio feuds, as between Jack Benny and Fred Allen, with repercussions on many other programs, were very close to driveling idiocy. Benny and Allen happen to be expert comedians, but they and their script writers, if any, made the usual radio error of believing that a gag is the formula for humor.

I don't think this would be at all important if it were the only indication of the bankruptcy of the comic programs. I don't suppose it is necessary to put down the grim, dreary witticisms which pass as jokes, gags, and puns; at their best they suffer in print, and they have not been at their best lately. The script writers or the sponsors or the comedians themselves decided almost two years ago that straight gag comedy was dead and that they must have situations and characters. It is no use saying that comedian X is the editor of a paper or comedian Y a corner grocer if, fundamentally, X and Y are creating situations only for the purpose of exploding their puns. This is not the comedy of character.

Perhaps this is only a seasonal lull. Many radio contracts run for thirteen weeks; during the first five a comedian is constantly being harried by sponsors and advertising agencies to improve his program and during the last five weeks he is living in terror that his option will not be taken up. The devious shifts by which the comedians have tried to give a little life to their programs may be only the option jitters. I should say that I am not a great purist about radio programs, and a bad pun delivered with grace, assurance, and good humor does not offend me. It is the staleness, the sense of routine, and the lack of conviction which make a program so tedious.

*

It is a pleasure to report that the Federal Theater Project has again invigorated the New York theater with another issue of *The Living Newspaper,* called *Power.* I do not know which to praise more, the shrewdness of the method, the significance of the subject, or the passion which, in the end, communicates a positive excitement to the audience. *Power* is dramatized history from Faraday and Edison through Insull to the Tennessee Valley and the Supreme Court; in some twenty episodes, some as witty as good blackouts in a revue and some as exciting as the best of the Grand Guignol, it not only tells what electric power is and can do, but how it has been manipulated to the detriment of the general welfare, and although it ends on the question of what the courts will do, the last emotion it gives is one of exaltation. At half a dozen moments in the play you experience a positive patriotic thrill because so much that is honorable has been accomplished against the venality and the downright crimes of the stock manipulators and the monopolists. And I ought to say that the question of public utilities is not one which habitually excites me. As a subject, *Power* lacks the scope and the range of reference of the Federal Theater's other patriotic production, *It Can't Happen Here,* but like that, it has passion; and it is superior in the resourceful, varied, and startling method of production.

Power is by Arthur Arent and is the first of *The Living Newspaper* issues to be dramatized by one individual; the earlier ones, *Triple A Plowed Under, 1935,* and *Injunction Granted,* were the work of several hands. Yet *Power* is in many ways a collective enterprise. Morris Watson, who is managing producer of *The Living Newspaper,* and his associates were responsible for the choice of subject; a preliminary research was made by a group of men and women, and from the data thus provided, Mr. Arent outlined the production; after that, further research followed. About twenty-five people worked at intervals for eight months in providing material out of which *Power* was built. Mr. Arent's deftness in the use of it is admirable; he can explain the nature of a kilowatt and, far more complicated, the nature of a holding company, yet keep his action moving. There is credit enough for individuals and for the collective spirit which animated them.

Since the days of the one-reel horse opera, the movies have always been a collective job and have only suffered when the material provided by one section was not appropriate for the work of another, when scenario (and later, dialogue) did not at all fit in with the

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style of the director, or when a cutter rearranged and made ineffective the work of the director and camera man. The best of the movies have, of course, borne the fairly definite imprint of the person who combined the various elements in their proper proportions, the producer perhaps, or the director. Just at present the tendency in Hollywood is to assign half a dozen writers to a picture and hope that another batch will not have to be sent in to clear up the mess which they have made. Sometimes two teams provide separate treatments, one in comic vein and one in the straight dramatic, and these teams are under orders not to communicate with one another so that a third group may combine the best features of both.

This is annoying to writers. Even that eminent collectivist, Theodore Dreiser, does not seem enthusiastic over the prospect, which he clearly foresees, that the novel or short story, both in book and play forms, may cease completely to exist because "the movies are no longer concerned with the individual writer. Anyone can have an idea, but he no longer need be a writer to give it to the world. The movies or the radio will do that for him." Mr. Dreiser notes that "if you are not so hot on love, the movies have love experts who can raise the roof." And somehow I feel that he is not pleased. He traces the history of *Mutiny on the Bounty:* originally an official report, then a series of magazine articles, then a novel finally made over by the director for the movie. "It was no longer," says Dreiser, "the product of the mind of one man." I might add that the moving picture was far more interesting than any of the products of the mind of one man on which it was based.

On this point there are some interesting pages in Mortimer J. Adler's extremely important book *Art and Prudence:* "Unity in a work of art," he says, "is possible whether it is the product of one or many artists." And he notes that the work of any single man (Dreiser's "product of the mind of one man") may lack unity if he be a poor workman. The great obstacle to making moving pictures, says Adler, "is the failure properly to subordinate the work of the literary artist . . . the trouble with most of the writers for the screen is that they hold the false view of the motion picture as a branch of literature." Neither literary artists nor highly exploited stars lend themselves gracefully to any collective job. It will not be too surprising to discover presently that they will have no jobs at all.

Concerning *Art and Prudence,* I should like to say that in 1924 I hinted that the moving picture needed an Aristotle to write its poetics. I am inclined to think that Adler may have supplied what I wanted.

"Ready, gentlemen? One, Two, Button My Shoe—*and swing it!"*

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

We should like to have you meet our new type of quiz. It covers the same wide variety of subject matter and it will give you just as stiff a test on everything from history to the day's news. *But* . . . each question is accompanied by a number of choices, and only one of them is the correct answer. You'll probably be laughing over the absurdity of some of the choices just as much as you'll be puzzling over the likely ones. These questions have been prepared by the man who did the famous "Are You Sure?" questions in the old *Life*. He is the only person we know of with the necessary sense of humor, thirsty curiosity, and unique ability. While there may be an occasional variation—such as the recent sophistication test—the present form will be followed in future. So test your S. Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) on this new quiz.

There are 50 questions, and the perfect score is 100. For each question you miss, subtract 2. For example, if you miss 12 questions, you subtract 24 points from 100, and your score is 76 . . . a very good score. Fifteen members of the SCRIBNER staff averaged 70 on this quiz. How good are you? (The correct answers will be found on page 95.)

1. You probably have the same illy controlled passion for dill pickles that any normal person has, but have never paused to realize that a dill is:
a ratlike European carnivore
a pungent European herb
a mild pickling acid obtained from cider
the tub in which the pickles are soaked

2. If you were painfully making your way across a Sicilian plain and suddenly came face to face with a sirocco, you might say to your companion:
"Phew! What a hot wind that is!"
"Bill! It's a native chief!"
"Ugh! One jab of those horns would end us!"
"Good-bye, money—these banditti take everything!"

3. By this time most everyone knows that Mrs. Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson have signed up to write for:
Cosmopolitan *Good Housekeeping*
Ladies' Home Journal *Red Book*
Police Gazette *McCall's* *Collier's*

4. Only one of these South American cities is listed with its correct country:
Rio de Janeiro, Argentina *Bogota, Peru*
Montevideo, Bolivia *Lima, Chile*
Buenos Aires, Brazil *Valparaiso, Chile*

5. When a mama duck has a nest of eggs it is correctly called:
a litter *a spawn* *a crop* *a clutch*
a bantling *a clan* *a farrow* *a spatula*

6. Quite frequently you have seen the name of the Rev. ZëBarney Phillips, who is:
the good Dr. Townsend's associate
the Papal delegate to Washington
the official chaplain of the Senate
the spiritual adviser of the Brooklyn Navy Yard

7. There's a new color for women's clothes and dress materials this spring; it's called:
Pinkerton yellow *London tan*
Dandelion *Thistle* *Cactus*
Roosevelt pink *Nazi red* *Coffee*
Traffic green *Airliner silver*

8. The editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* is:
George Horace Lorimer *Homer Martin*
Wesley Stout *James Truslow Adams*
Oswald Garrison Villard

9. There was quite a revival of good old-fashioned Southern indignation this year when the U. S. Government:
purchased its army turpentine from Japan
refused new C.C.C. camps to Georgia
issued a stamp with a likeness of General Sherman
banned notorious Florida speed traps
printed Treasury posters with Atlanta in small type

10. If your best friend is a major-domo then he is:
a band leader *a steward* *a chef*
a political boss *an army officer*

11. Any farmer knows that the frame mounted on the running gear of a wagon for hauling hay and straw is called:
a hayrick *a hayrack* *a haymow*

12. If Emil Ludwig were in the midst of having an inlay installed, the dentist might distract him for a minute by inquiring about his latest book, titled:
Hitler—Man or Saviour? *Josef Stalin*
The Sisters *The Golden Fleece*
The Amazing Frederic *The Nile*
The Dreyfus Case *Edward VIII, Man*

13. Only recently have we included the word *embonpoint* in our vocabulary; it means:
a fine, hand-made lace *stoutness*
a small neck of land *to crochet*
a leg of lamb *the right to protest*
a well-known position in fencing

14. Switzerland is mountainous, beautiful, and neutral, as everyone knows, but what language do the majority of its people speak?
Swiss *Italian* *French* *Latin* *Polish*
English *Arabic* *Spanish* *German*

15. You've ridden on lots of trains in your life, but it's an even bet that you don't know that the width of a standard gauge track, between the rails, is:
4 feet, 8½ inches *3 feet, 6 inches*
5 feet *5 feet, 6 inches* *4 feet*

16. One of these leads a nongregarious life:
a fish *an evangelist* *a locust* *a soldier*
a wild duck *a cow* *a hermit* *a daisy*

17. There have doubtless been times in your life when you have had a demoniacal look in your eye, but it's a question whether you knew that the word was pronounced:
dee-MOAN-i-ack-kal
dee-mow-NYE-ah-kal
day-MONN-i-ack-kal *devilish*

18. By digging not too deeply into your school-day memories you should be able to drag forth the one false statement skulking here among the true ones:
John Adams was the son of John Quincy Adams
The Sherman Act was passed before 1900
The White House was built before the Capitol
John Marshall was not the first U. S. Supreme Court Chief Justice

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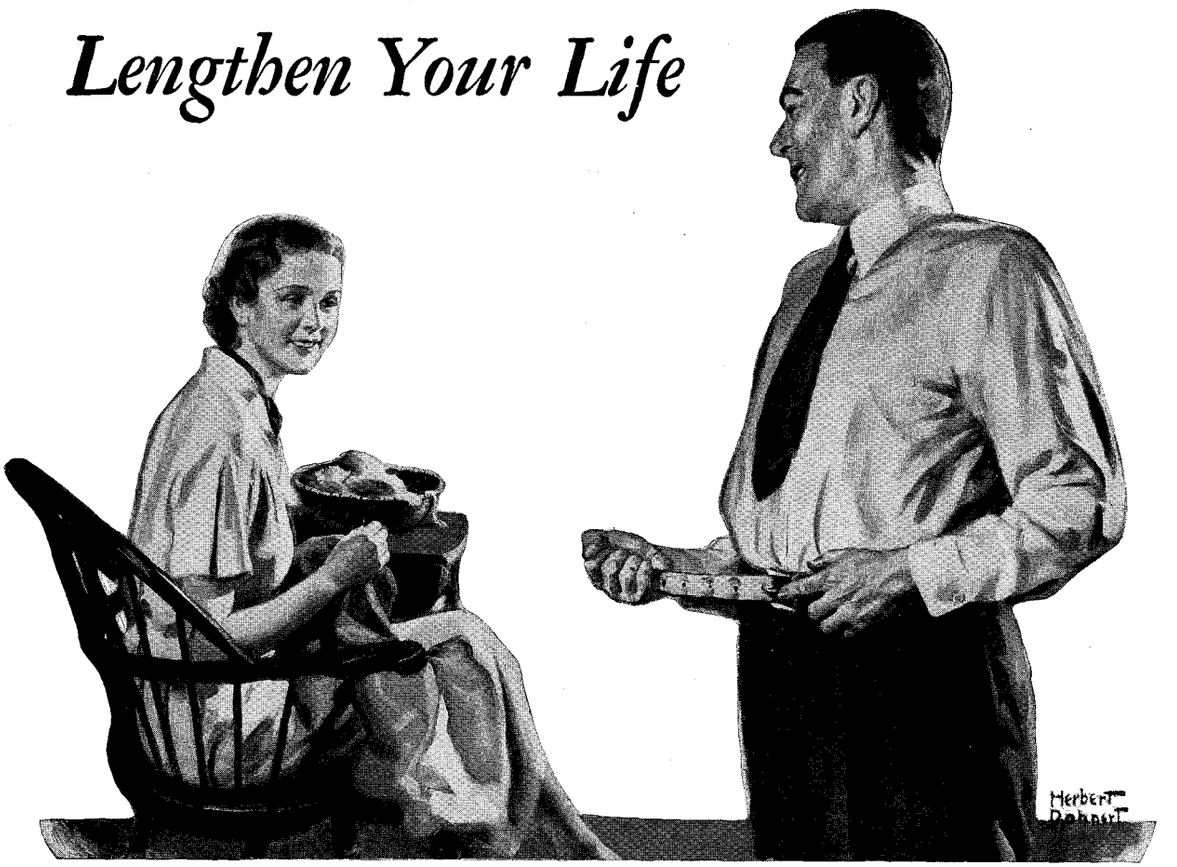
Shorten Your Belt
Lengthen Your Life



"Twenty pounds—in four months—twenty pounds gone! How's that?"

UP to age 30, a moderate degree of overweight helps to protect against diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia. But after age 30—consult the scales and watch your belt line. In older people excess fat adds to the work which the heart, liver, kidneys and pancreas are called upon to do.

Men and women over 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death rate that is 50% higher than the average for their age. Long continued overweight may lead to early heart disease or apoplexy. Nearly half the people who develop diabetes are very fat before the disease appears.

Too much fat usually comes from overeating, lack of exercise, or both. It is easier to avoid excess weight than to take it off. In most instances overweight can be controlled.

Even when present for many years overweight often may be reduced with safety, but each case requires individual treatment. No effort to bring about a marked weight reduction should be attempted except on the advice and under the supervision of a physician.

People who adopt an unbalanced "fad" diet, or treat themselves with reducing medicines, often suffer serious consequences. Some of these medicines contain dangerous drugs; others are practically useless for weight reduction. It may also be dangerous to begin suddenly a strenuous system of exercises in an effort to reduce. Such extreme measures may throw too great a strain on vital organs already impaired by the excess fat and cause a sudden breakdown.

Aside from overeating, lack of exercise and hereditary factors, overweight may be caused by disease or improper secretion of certain glands. Even if it is caused by an abnormal glandular condition, medical treatment can often effect a complete cure or relief.

Do you know what you should weigh? Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which tells the proper weight for your age and height. In it you will find a complete program of diet and exercise which may help you to keep your weight down, or—under your physician's guidance—to reduce safely. Address Booklet Department 537-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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19. We've never been to Hannibal, Missouri, but we do know that it was the boyhood home of:
Al Capone *Theodore Dreiser*
Edward Bok *Carl Sandburg*
Stark Young *Mark Twain*
Vice-President Garner *Andrew Mellon*

20. The professional word for a black eye is:
"socket daisy" *"mouse"* *"turkey"*
"African gardenia" *"knuckle killer"*

21. One of the chief materials used by cloisonné workers is:
old telephone books *wood* *thread*
wire *paint* *clay* *cloth*

22. If you wanted to bet on a possible winner of the next U. S. Open Golf Championship, the best prospect in this list of names would be:
G. H. Bostwick *Frank Parker*
Lou Meyer *Lou Ambers* *Don Lash*
Tony Manero *Paul Robeson*
Kelly Petillo *Tony Lazzeri*

23. If you were suing your husband for a divorce, on the grounds that he spent all his time studying nests and nest building, the newspapers would probably headline the story:
"Claims Nidology Stronger Than Love"
"Wife Wanted Affection Not Limnology"
"Loved Mate But Mate Loved Orology More"
"Spouse Says Mate-Herpetologist Neglected Her"

24. We have a perfectly honest desire to know whether you know that bilge water is:
a viscid fluid secreted by the liver
a toilet water obtained from apple blossoms
the water that collects in ship bottoms
a liquid used in electroplating

25. The shortest term in the White House served by any President was that of:
Millard Fillmore *Zachary Taylor*
Andrew Johnson *Martin Van Buren*
William Henry Harrison *John Tyler*
Rutherford B. Hayes *Franklin Pierce*

26. If a U. S. patent grant is good for 17 years, then an original term of copyright in the U. S. lasts..... years:
10 *17* *21* *28* *50* *36*

27. The Mason and Dixon Line was originally:
An imaginary line separating slave and free states
a surveyed boundary dividing the Baltimore and Penn family properties
the southwestern boundary of the U. S. fixed by the Continental Congress
a Colonial type of chatter originated by the dandies, Mason and Dixon

28. The famous annual grain race, now the longest and most hazardous sailing-ship contest, is run from:
Fargo, North Dakota, to Minneapolis, Minnesota
Australia to England
Seattle to New York
New Zealand to Finland

29. The well-known line, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," is from:
Jim Farley's Intimate Recollections
Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanack
Byron's Don Juan *A speech by Disraeli*
Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night

30. If you were hired as a full-time tutor for a rich man's son, you would be expected to exert a ..... influence upon him:
salutary *deleterious* *nescient*
libidinous *motile* *partitive*

31. It's spring, and the birds are singing, but a lot of good that will do you in your attempt to pick the one true statement in this lot:
The Grand Coulee Dam is in Oregon
Thimbles are made in one size only
A sister zeppelin to the Hindenburg *is being built*
There are more adult females than males in the U. S.

32. There was a celebration in Italy last February because:
Mussolini had lost another 10 pounds
a male heir to Italy's throne was born
the first Italian-sown Ethiopian crop was harvested
the keels for two new aircraft carriers were laid

33. If you have followed the advertising slogans in magazines and really believe them, then "The Safe Way To Go —And The Sure Way To Get There" is to use:
ball-bearing roller skates *U. S. Lines*
a Chrysler car *United Air Lines*
Greyhound Lines *Pullman*

34. This past winter was a good one for news stories; among them was the one concerning the election of a new university president at:
Harvard *Minnesota* *Wisconsin*
Princeton *Chicago* *Columbia*

35. A famous painting of the Dempsey-Firpo fight was done by:
George Luks *John Sloan*
George Bellows *Guy Pene DuBois*
Ernest Lawson *Thomas Eakins*

36. It is fortunate that deaf-mutes are able to communicate with each other through the manual alphabet, a process known as:
phraseology *cosmology* *menology*
horology *cryptology* *dactylology*
polyology *myology* *teratology*

37. There'll be another census in 1940, but meanwhile the center of population in the U. S. is officially in:
Ohio *Kentucky* *West Virginia*
Illinois *New York* *Michigan*
Iowa *Indiana* *Pennsylvania*

38. Lots of women have used a sewing machine all their lives without knowing that its inventor was:
Benjamin Franklin *John Sargent Singer*
Robert Hoe *Wilcox & Wheeler*
Elias Howe *Sholes & Glidden*

39. According to the Bible, which you may have read, Jonah spent ..... in the whale's stomach:
seven days and seven nights
one day *one day and one night*
three days and three nights
just long enough to upset the whale

40. John L. Lewis' C.I.O. has received a good deal of publicity for its efforts this year, but just what does C.I.O. stand for?
Committee for Industrial Outrages
Committee for Inundating the Overwealthy
Committee for Internal Organization
Committee for Industrial Organization
Committee for Integrating the Open Shop

41. Mrs. Harrison Williams, "the best-dressed woman," is able to keep her title partly because her husband made so much money in:
wastepaper *hair curlers* *aspirin*
utility stocks *publishing* *shipping*
contracting *candy bars* *textiles*

42. Most Southern California grocers don't subscribe to window-display services because:
they sell the space to the fruitgrowers
their store fronts are open to the street
the displays prevent the sunshine from entering
the store cats knock them over chasing mice

43. If you were a lawyer defending a gentleman in a breach-of-promise suit, and you referred to a truffle, you would mean:
a woman of low repute *a fluted skirt*
a trollop *the opposite of a trifle*
an unwritten marriage proposal not legally binding
a species of underground fungi

44. Edward J. Reilly, chief defense lawyer for Bruno Richard Hauptmann, flashed briefly into the news a few months ago when he:

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won a $50,000 libel case in New Jersey
departed on a cruise around the world
was committed to a hospital for the insane
filed suit against Mrs. Hauptmann for non-payment of fee

45. If you were seated next to Pearl Buck on a transcontinental plane flight, you might very well start a polite conversation by asking:
"Have you finished your new novel on Ireland?"
"Did you like the movie version of The Good Earth?"
"Do you think you'll ever marry?"
"Is it true that you always carry an avocado for luck?"

46. Of the words fatuous, raffia, sodality, and flatulent, only the word ..... is used correctly in these sentences:
Corsets are made to restrain fatuous midriffs
The church will stage a benefit raffia tonight
Rotarianism is about as big a sodality as we have
With compass and flatulent he trisected the curve

47. Unless the contract is broken, Joe Louis is going to meet Jim Braddock in June at:
Soldier's Field, Chicago
Polo Grounds, N. Y. C.
Comiskey Park, Chicago
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.
First Baptist Church, Omaha

48. Not so very many years ago *The Mauve Decade* was written by:

Louis Adamic	*Hilaire Belloc*
Thomas Beer	*Erskine Caldwell*
J. B. Priestley	*Jules Romains*
James Joyce	*Lytton Strachey*

49. Because of the Walsh-Healy Act, last February the Navy found itself unable to:
get bids from steel companies on contracts
practice target shooting within the 12-mile limit
send a warship to any port of a war-involved country
purchase uniforms not made of U. S. cotton

50. Next time you attend a party and someone mentions Paul McNutt, you may accurately keep the conversation going by saying:
"Wasn't he a National Commander of the I. O. O. F.?"
"Oh, he's the new Minister to the Philippines!"
"He's got the strangest middle name—it's Vories!"
"He's over 60, but he looks 40!"

Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:

1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up...and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also...it's swell after the shower.)

NOW A COLLECTOR'S PIECE

Scribner's 50th Anniversary Issue

Already Doubled in Value

Only three short months since the Anniversary Issue of Scribner's went on sale and already it has doubled in value. Critics have praised it roundly. Lovers of Americana have sought it out avidly as a memorable work that will grow in value with the years. In the face of such acclaim, you can well understand how the supply has dwindled. Therefore, we urge you to waste no time in placing your order—as we can give no assurance that the value and price of this issue will not mount higher and higher.

You will treasure the works of this brilliant portfolio rich with the works of American masters.

It boasts such writers—past and contemporary—as Bret Harte, Richard Harding Davis, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Stephen Crane, Jim Tully, Ernest Hemingway, John Ames Mitchell.

It draws its caricatures from such masters as Thomas Nast, Joseph Keppler, Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Frost and F. Opper.

Illustrators who enrich its pages number Howard Chandler Christy, Frederic Remington, Will James, Rockwell Kent, Arthur Rackham.

High Praise

Rochester Democrat-Chronicle: "Here is all the fun of running across an old magazine in the attic—Antiquarians of the future will pay well for it!"

Washington Star: "—writers and illustrators pledged to the noblest ideals."

Krauss, in the Bergen Evening Record: "—the best magazine buy I think I've ever seen."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send_____copies of Scribner's 50th Anniversary Issue at 50¢ per copy. I am enclosing_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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"Fifty Years Ago" — Fifth Avenue Buses in New York City

"Special Sale"

advertisements used in newspapers by department stores and their "Private Sale" notices mailed to charge customers, draw thousands of women to the Fifth Avenue retail shopping district daily. Many of the women attracted by these sales use the Fifth Avenue buses to reach the various stores along the bus routes. Your advertisement in the Fifth Avenue buses would be seen by these shoppers at a most logical time.

A showing of 21 by 11 inch cards, in as many colors as you need to properly picture your merchandise, costs from $3.85 to $30.40 per day, according to the number of buses used. Compare this with the cost of any other advertising medium reaching a similar audience. It is a very small cost for the service rendered.

Let us tell you how to make the advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses bring profitable returns to you. A post card will bring a rate circular or a representative.

John H. Livingston, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City Tel. Caledonia 5-2151

Times Wide World Photo

This is the first of a fleet of new streamline buses, put into service on routes of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which will gradually replace the familiar old buses

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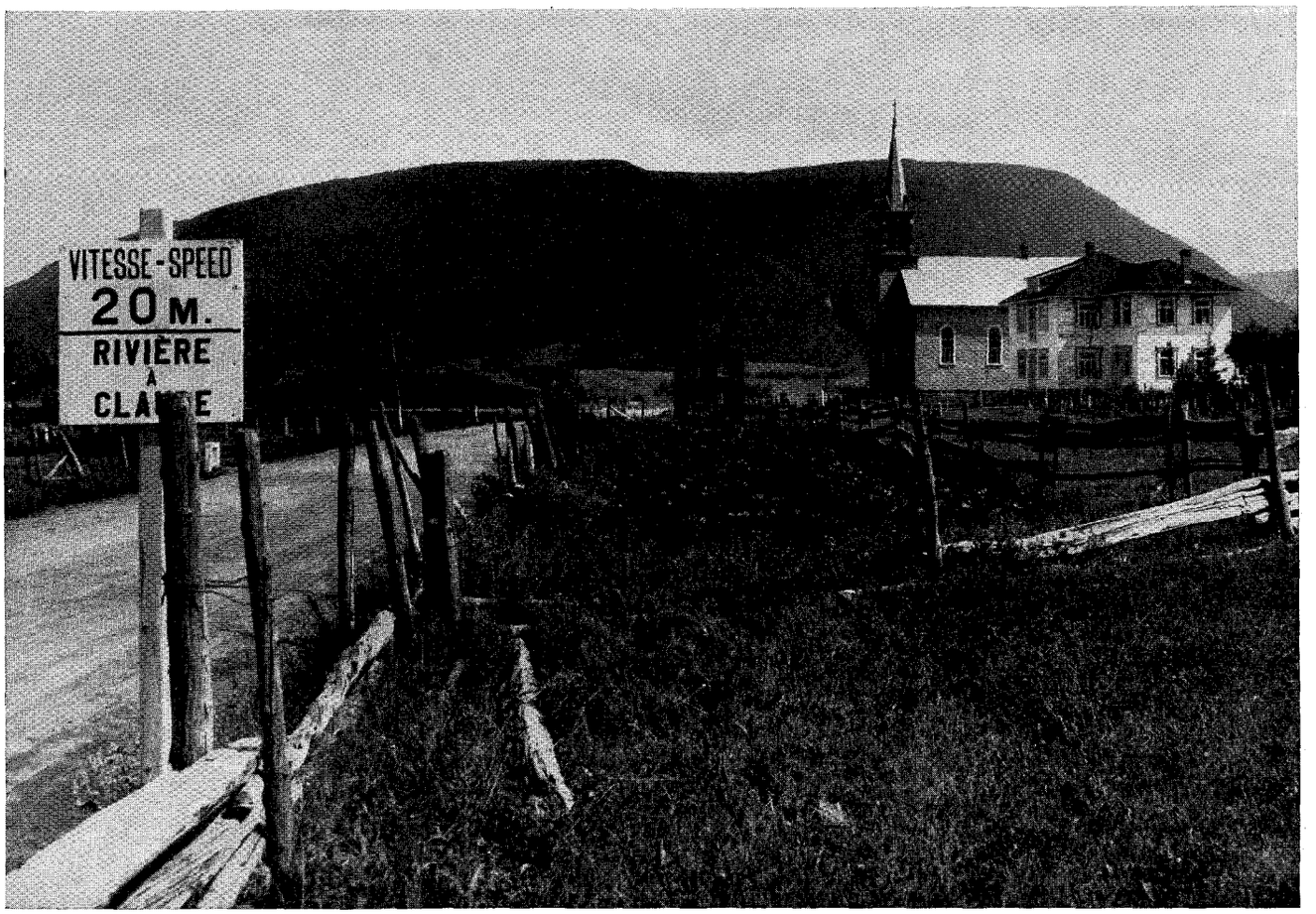

THURMAN ROTAN

Gaspé—Through a Trailer Window

WESLEY WALKER

We went to Gaspé by trailer—Kathren, Bill, and I, living the life of Riley as vagabond, tin-can tourists.

Gaspé is a Micmac Indian word meaning "land's end," but many people are a little vague as to what it is and where. Gaspé is a long peninsula, shaped like a hitch-hiker's thumb, in the Province of Quebec at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. The word Gaspé is loosely used, like many Canadian names, and may refer to the entire Peninsula or just to the tiny village up at the northern tip. But for most people Gaspé stands for the Gaspé Peninsula.

Kathren, who happens to be an artist, christened our trailer "Tin Can Alley"—for no particular reason. After several days in the City of Quebec, we pulled the trailer onto the ferry for Levis and crossed the broad St. Lawrence to the south shore. Behind us rose the drab and frowning walls of the ancient Citadel, and the towering Château Frontenac.

Right and left to the horizon hung verdant fields and hills, and the flashing waters of a mighty river surged to the impulse of the sea. Tin Can Alley trundled after us on a road as smooth as a bald head, while anonymous villages flashed behind us in kaleidoscopic fashion. Enormous churches reached to heaven right in the center of tiny towns, and all about were buttercups and smiling patches of purple vetch. Along the road were strolling priests with huge black hats turned up like skis. Some beamed benedictions as we passed, while others frowned indignantly and lifted an eyebrow in ecclesiastical wrath. Tremendous crosses marked the wayside shrines, and often we roared around a bend to find a crucifix somberly silhouetted against the sky. Along this river road are a flock of sophisticated summer colonies, where you'll encounter innumerable beaches and snappy boats in horsy colors.

BY THE AUTHOR

We stopped at Pointe au Père, where, in 1914, the *Empress of Ireland* rammed a Danish freighter and sank with a thousand men

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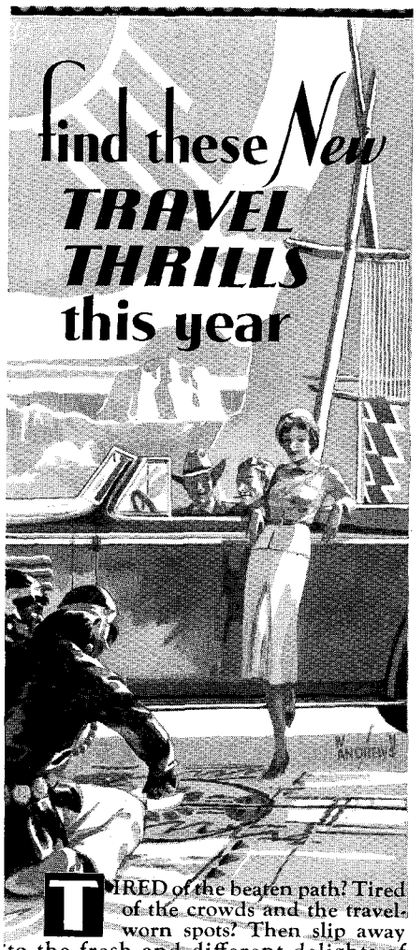

TIRED of the beaten path? Tired of the crowds and the travel-worn spots? Then slip away to the fresh and different delights of New Mexico this summer and you'll go back as lithe as an Indian, as tanned as a cowpuncher, as renewed as only the great open spaces can make you... Choose your own particular delights from a list as long as a continental time table—and infinitely more thrilling. Would you like to mount a sure-footed western horse and ride green forest trails to lakes set like jewels against rocky crags two miles above the sea? Would you like to explore prehistoric cliff ruins with ceilings blackened by the smoke of fires cold a thousand years? Would you like to see weird ceremonial dances performed by Indians in quaint *pueblos* just as Coronado saw them in long-past 1540?

Perhaps you'd like the awe-inspiring Carlsbad Caverns, or if history intrigues you, the *eight* historic National Monuments in New Mexico—or maybe you'd just like to loaf and be lazy in the land of Mañana, in the grandest summer climate you've ever found.

May we send you booklets to help you decide? It's easy to use the coupon!

new mexico

STATE TOURIST BUREAU

Room 398, State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send your road map and free booklet "Two Weeks in New Mexico" to:

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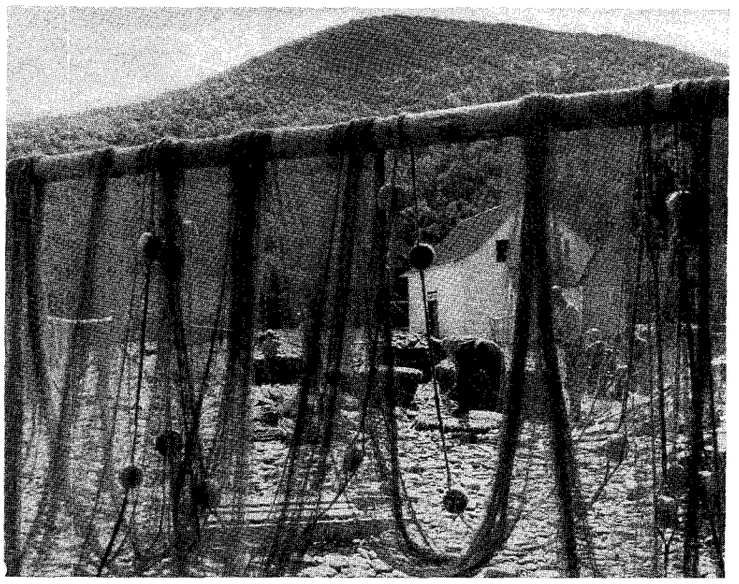

THURMAN ROTAN

On every hand—nets drying in the sun

aboard. The bodies of those who were washed ashore are buried like unknown soldiers beside the roadway.

Gaspé is a land of handicraft and primitive, rampant colors. Giant poppies cluster near the crude, unpainted houses and V-shaped troughs of log flumes set high on wooden stilts cut through hills of silver birch, sycamore, and spruce. Sometimes you'll see a whitewashed home set in pastures of languorous green, looking very much like stranded winter snow in bright green fields of spring. This brilliant tapestry of hills and valleys is fascinating, and when you see the fisherfolk dolled up in bright-red socks with pants of gay cerulean blue, patched here and there with green or white, you'll sing to the melody of the primeval waters that ripple hereabouts.

All the way up the Peninsula we'd seen things shaped like the Taj Mahal in front of people's houses. These igloos of brick and concrete proved to be outdoor ovens. It seems they build a nice brisk fire inside this mass of masonry until the walls are piping hot; then they rake the fire all out and stick the dough inside the oven. The bread is baked by fireless heat.

Lumbering oxcarts were painfully evident on many narrow roads, and if you've never mooched a trailer around moody oxen, try it sometime, just for fun, and give their tails a twist as we did. Dogcarts are another sight that will make you laugh your head off. The kids up there know that Americans like a farce and pay to be amused, so they've taken to dressing their woolly Newfoundland work dogs in silly hats and overcoats and horn-rimmed spectacles. These ludicrous contraptions stand on many a curve with a bunch of grubby children waving ragged hats and yelling for tourists to take a picture (for which you pay—of course!). Stripped of frivolity, these dogs *work,* and often I've seen them straining away on a homemade wagon full of firewood, loaded down with children.

We parked that night in the wilderness halfway to Gaspé Village—drawn up beside the St. Lawrence where it's forty miles across. It was cozy that night in Tin Can Alley. Outside, the wind from Labrador shrieked like the sirens of hell. Inside the trailer, Bill smoked his pipe with both feet plastered against the radiant fire. Somewhere up at the other end, buried beneath a cloud of steam, Kathren tried out the collapsible bathtub, with considerable hurly-burly, while the radio played sweet music to drown the whine of the wind.

A snappy breakfast in the frosty dawn, and again we were off toward Cap Chat. Covered bridges kept popping up—the way they do in New Hampshire—as provincially quaint as the ox-drawn carts and outdoor ovens. The Cap Chat bridge is the granddaddy of all, as nearly as I remember. This weather-beaten old covered structure is well over a thousand feet in length, and we took it easy with Tin Can Alley, listening apprehensively to the cloppy-clop-clop of the loose floor boards beneath us. As we left Cap Chat the sun had vanished behind a murky sky, and for hours that day we drove in the wind, hardly venturing outside Tin Can Alley except to take on Imperial—the Canadian national gas.

From Cap Chat to Gaspé Village the

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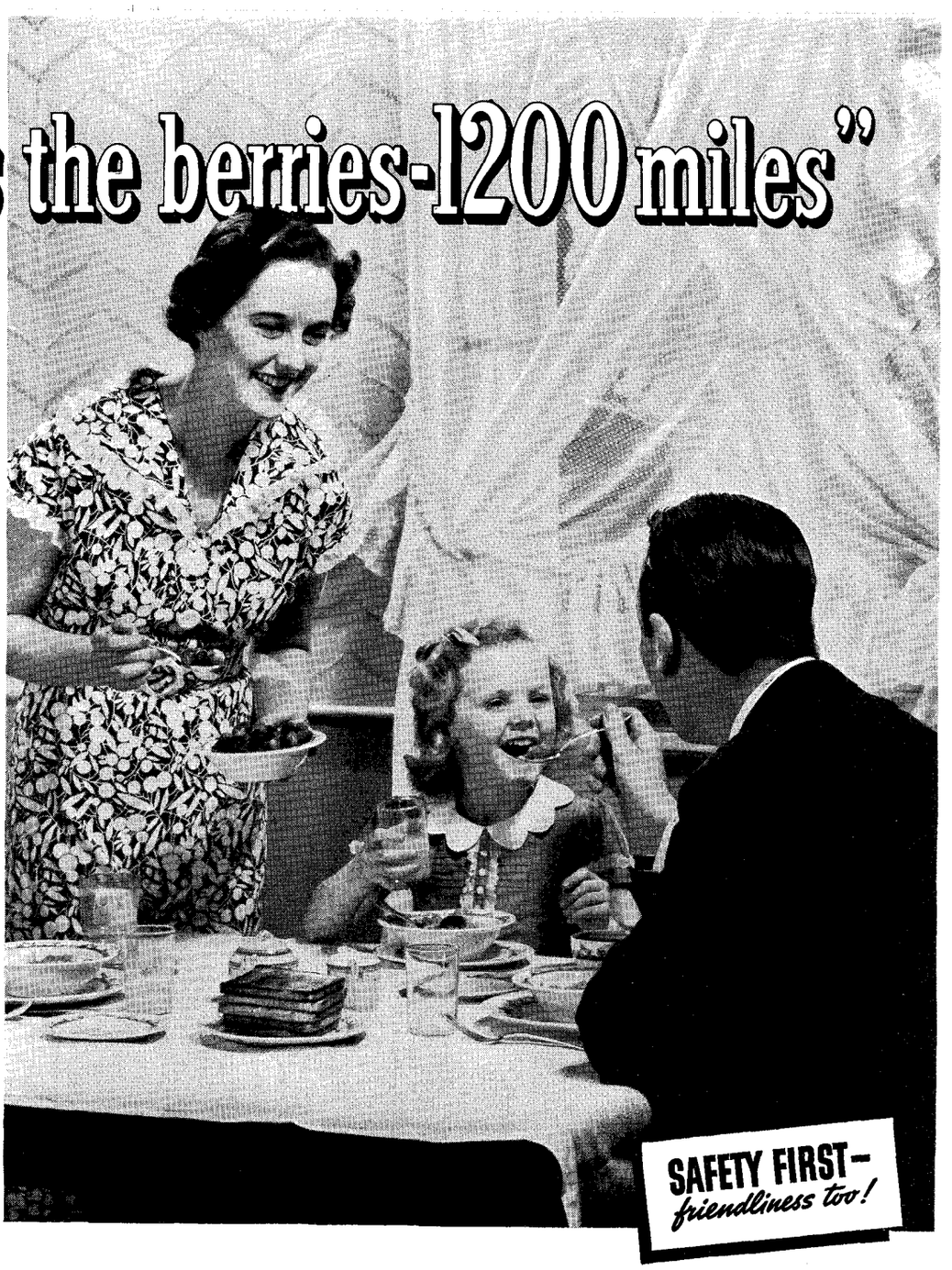
"Please pass the berries-1200 miles"



WHAT does it mean to you and yours when you read that "the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years"?

—or that "the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile at rates averaging less than a penny"?

Right on your breakfast table you'll find a part of the answer—in things you take for granted in this day of modern miracles.

Fresh berries, for example, travel by rail an average of 1,200 miles before they're served.

The butter for your toast averages 927 miles by rail.

The rail mileage of cereals is 627 on the way to the breakfast table —and of eggs it's 1,353.

Or if you want some really big figures, you can take oranges or grapefruit — they average 2,125 miles by rail.

And the amazing fact is that many of the advancements in railroading which make these comforts possible were developed during hard times.

Steadily, in tough years as well as good, the railroads have pushed forward — laying heavier rails, developing better brakes and more powerful engines, speeding up the sorting of cars and doing many other things that the public seldom sees, in order to give better service.

No wonder a railroad man is proud of his job—and proud of the enterprise which keeps American railroads in the forefront as *the finest transportation system in the world.*

RAILWAY EXPRESS

—serves America's shippers: big industries, growers of berries and other perishable products, and individuals through 23,000 offices located along 213,000 miles of railroads from coast to coast... 57,000 Railway Express employes pick up, forward and deliver America's perishable goods and general merchandise...Every day 10,009 trains carry these goods to great centers and remote villages in all parts of America...A fleet of over 10,000 Railway Express motor vehicles delivers shipments to and from these trains in all cities and principal towns, without extra charge... Shipments of perishables and merchandise by Railway Express travel with the same safety, directness and economy that have made American Railroads the envy of the world.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

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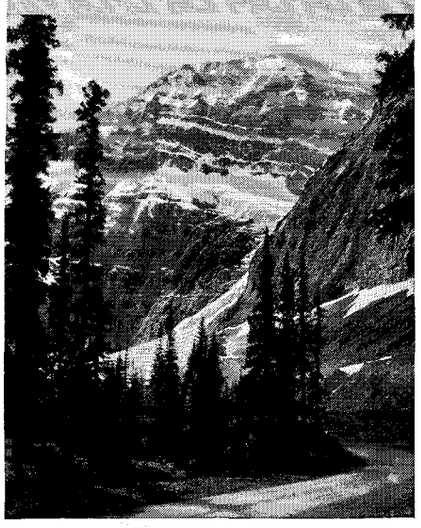
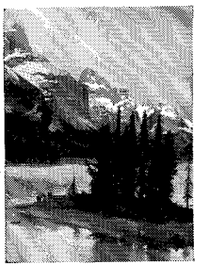
Vacation at JASPER

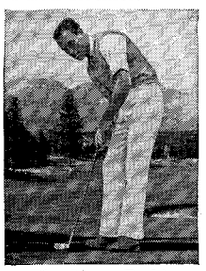
NATIONAL PARK in the CANADIAN ROCKIES



If you like outdoor sports—golf, tennis, fishing, riding, hiking, swimming in heated outdoor pool—you'll enjoy them more than ever amidst the glorious Alpine scenery of Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies.



Ride Jasper's Trails of Endless Beauty



Play Jasper Park's Championship Course

In this largest of America's mountain playgrounds, you'll make your headquarters at Jasper Park Lodge, Canadian National's beautiful resort with every comfort and a delightful social life. Rates with meals are from $7.00 a day.

THEN ON TO ALASKA!

As the grandest possible ending for your vacation—go on to Alaska from Vancouver! Canadian National's famed hospitality extends all the way—ashore as well as aboard its palatial steamships that sail the thousand-mile wonder route of the sheltered Inside Passage!

Low rail fares. Air-conditioned equipment from Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, to Jasper and Vancouver.

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For new Alaska and Jasper National Park booklets, call or write any Canadian National Office.

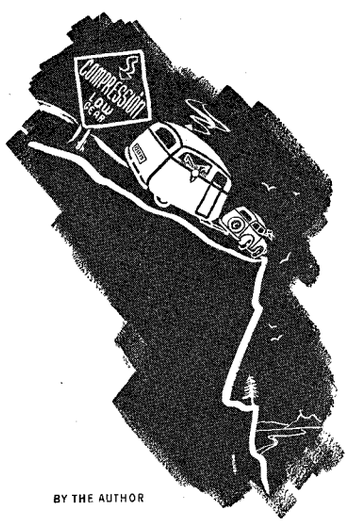
Boston.....186 Tremont Street
Buffalo.....420 Main Street
Chicago.....4 S. Michigan Avenue
Cincinnati.....206 Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Detroit.....1239 Washington Boulevard
Duluth.....428 W. Superior Street
Kansas City.....414 Fairfax Bldg.
Los Angeles.....607 S. Grand Avenue
Minneapolis.....634 Marquette Avenue
New York.....673 Fifth Avenue
Montreal.....360 McGill Street
Philadelphia.....1500 Chestnut Street
Pittsburgh.....355 Fifth Avenue
Portland, Me.....Grand Trunk Ry. Station
San Francisco.....648 Market Street
Seattle.....1329 Fourth Avenue
St. Louis.....314 No. Broadway
St. Paul.....First National Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C...922 15th St., N. W.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

miles are endless. Here you really learn how to pull a trailer as you enter the Shickashock Mountains and start to chute the chutes. We climbed and dropped and climbed again, often in low gear, braking and steering, coasting and shifting, to groan over summits beyond the sky—only to drop with dizzy abruptness and find great warnings glaring at us—COMPRESSION! (low gear). Among that switchback range of the Shickashocks, we corkscrewed halfway up to heaven and came out suddenly on top of it all as the sun burst out like a giant blowtorch and showered the world in blinding sparks. A vermilion lighthouse flamed in the poplars, and all about us lush green foliage formed bright harmonies against the sky, while the timeless river seemed so wide it might have been the ocean, with its distant shore a continent four thousand miles away. That night we saw a sunset that burned the image of Gaspé in our memories forever. We crossed the inevitable covered bridges and approached the Village of Gaspé under a sky of rare magenta—while all the water in the lowlands became translucent turquoise. Slowly, a mist arose that quickly turned to northern night.

Rain fell that night in Gaspé Village, and in the morning gardens bloomed beside snug cottages. Here in this onetime whaling town grow plums and apples and Indian corn above the peaceful waters. Weird craft from many foreign ports drift into Gaspé harbor, and weirder still are the tales told of ships and men buried in Gaspé Bay. Sometimes, during a fishing year when fifty million codfish are caught in near-by waters, the fishermen will bring up sunken anchors of ancient sailing ships and toss them back in fine disgust.

English Protestants and Catholic French inhabit the Peninsula, but Gaspé Village is mostly English, in striking



BY THE AUTHOR

It seems there was

A TRAVELING SALESMAN

. . . who thought all hotels were about alike. Then he came to Hotel Cleveland.

His red-cap took him from train to hotel in one minute. Convenient; time saved; taxi fare saved.

Everyone, from the very first person he met, seemed *glad to see him.*

He was whisked up to a really comfortable room—easy chairs, plenty of lamps, an inviting bed, a spacious desk, a gleaming bathroom with a heap of soft towels.

He went out and found himself in the very heart of Cleveland, next door to all the calls he wanted to make.

He came back to Hotel Cleveland... listened to a grand dance band . . . enjoyed the best dinner he'd had in years—and wound up a thoroughly pleasant day. He went to bed and sank down, down, down into rest.

And the moral of this story is—you might as well be comfortable and conveniently located, as you will be at

HOTEL CLEVELAND *Cleveland*

Rooms from $2.50 for one, $4 for two.

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contrast to all the towns along the cold St. Lawrence through which you drive to get there. Board sidewalks echo musically in the peaceful, piny air, and whitewashed houses set on hillsides overlook the fishing smacks at anchor in the Bay. Codfish can be seen and smelled at almost any time—split wide open, stiff as boards, drying in the sun.

From Gaspé Village the road cuts south to the gem of the whole Peninsula—the hamlet of Percé. Through the silvery twilight on Mont Ste. Anne we heard the Angelus toll, and below us lay Percé like a village in Fairyland.

We parked our trailer near the curving beach, under a yellow moon, and after supper, studied the stars and dreamed of the Percé of years gone by. Believe it or not, Captain Kidd buried his treasures here. Of course, this isn't the only place where the old cutthroat hid his doubloons, but it is one place where treasure hunters dig incessantly.

When morning came, we hired a motorboat to take us out to Bonaventure Island, which is about four miles at sea. It's an ancient pirate stamping ground guarded by descendants of the privateers who once prowled about the place. Going back still further, according to Indian legend, it was the island kingdom of a fearful monster worse than the Horrible Goon. This interesting creature could step to the mainland in one tremendous stride, and used to fill his deep coat pockets with children, which he loved to eat. The stains today on the high north cliffs are supposedly the black and red that dripped from his coat when he washed it out and hung it there to dry.

Today it's a government bird sanctuary for nineteen million screaming auks and kittiwakes and palpitating murres. Bonaventure Island is one of the biggest bird hatcheries you're ever going to see. The gulls are protected by the laws of Quebec—and don't the rascals know it! As you round the cliffs of the island, you encounter a sudden snowstorm of shrieking, diving birds. The cliffs are the color of whitewashed houses wherever these birds sit—and they simply sit all over the place—chattering incessantly. We stopped the engine to hear them howl—and what a show it was.

From Percé south, you follow the Atlantic to the Valley of Matapedia, where Acadians driven from Nova Scotia settled and lived with the Indians. This is the end of the Gaspé country, at the southern base of the Peninsula. From here on south it's entirely too civilized—and we won't go into that!

CANADA CALLING YOU..

Choose from 1,001 DIFFERENT VACATIONS!

PACK your bags and head north this summer . . . for a *different,* thrilling, inexpensive vacation as "Guest of Canada", your friendly neighbor.

Do you long for quiet woodland peace? . . . Take a family cottage on the sun-bathed shore of one of Canada's Maritime provinces.

If you love the "colony" life . . . Plan to join the gay, congenial crowd at one of our many smart, world-famed resorts.

If a motor tour appeals . . . Set your course along Canada's miles and miles of scenic highways. Stop over at wayside inns, camp in beautiful National Parks, or put up at great, modern hotels.

Are you a fisherman? . . . Discover the sportsman's paradise, in Canada's forested lakelands and along her myriad rivers. You'll find them richly stocked with fighting beauties.

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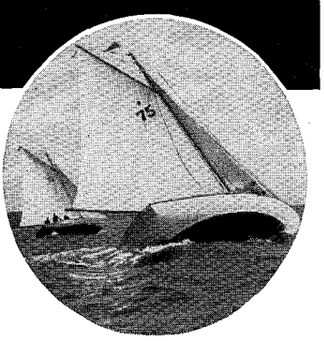

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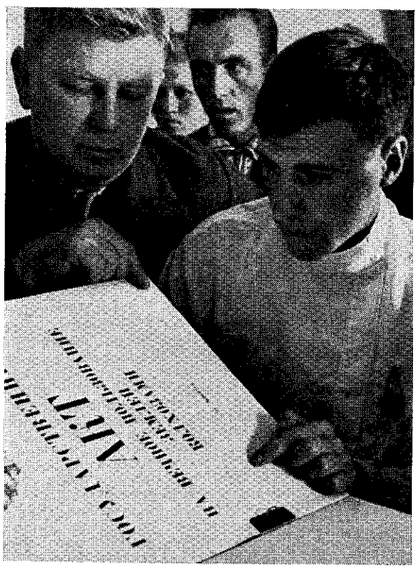

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East-to-West — 2. China

GEORGE BRANDT

[This is the second of six travel articles Mr. Brandt is writing for SCRIBNER'S *as he circles the globe. The next will be written from Siam.—*THE EDITOR.]

At Tangku we tied up close to an American destroyer and faced the multitude of custom officials and baggage coolies. Immediately it became apparent that the Chinese hold efficiency in low repute. Despite the fact that the population is estimated at about four hundred millions, the Chinese always have been individualists. When six coolies grab your bags and start shoving, you almost immediately sense that this is no totalitarian state, like Japan, where the *race* is all important.

To the Chinese the best order is the least order; the best government, the least government; the welfare of one's own family, the one thing to consider. Life is too serious a business nowadays to worry over making the surface artistic, as do the Japanese. These coolies, sketchily garbed and unprepossessing as they appear, are the culmination of centuries of struggle. Tough in their strength as one of the earth's oldest races, their faces show immunity to poverty, to disease, to pain.

En route to Peiping, I stopped at Tientsin, the northern industrial capital, a modern city of great banks, factories, neon signs, and foreign concessions—each with buildings and police uniforms in the style of the homeland. This is New China. Like New York, it gets its movies from Hollywood, its gowns from Paris, its male attire from London. There are, in fact, two Chinas today: (1) ancient, traditional China, so ruggedly individual, so set in the old mold that even Peiping (seemingly sleeping for two hundred years) is new-fangled; and (2) the New China, of Tientsin, Shanghai, Nanking, and the New Life movement, with a present and future like that of the West. Visitors must be prepared to meet them both.

B. TAGAWA

Peiping is still one of the world's great spectacles. At the station, my companions and I bargained for a pair of Model-T Fords. Engulfed with baggage, we jangled and wheezed our way through deserted streets, past rickshas with their boys asleep beside them, to *Ch' ien Men* and *Hatamen,* colossal gateways in the great wall enclosing the Tartar City. Then on, close to the yellow roofs and deep-pink walls of the Forbidden City, past American and British, French and Italian sentries, to the tree-bordered boulevards of the Legation Quarter. Here each legation is self-contained, with huge radio aerials guaranteeing direct communication with the outside world in time of siege. The Boxer uprising isn't forgotten.

Peiping is really four cities, each distinct and enclosed by walls some forty feet high, with massive gateways and steel doors that can quickly be swung into position in an emergency. It is like an armed camp in many respects. The heart is still the Forbidden City, once the seat of the Imperial Household, but now infested with tourists. Next is the Imperial City of court officials. Around these extends the Tartar City, largest of them all, and to the south is the Chinese City.

Nowhere else in all China can be found such a largess of ancient splendors. Peiping is old China, where camel caravans file silently in from the Gobi Desert, dusty and heavy-laden, as for long centuries. Here are the strange, clattering Peking carts, the ramshackle carriages complete with ragged footmen, the creaking wheelbarrows stacked high and pushed by weary coolies. Here, too, are armies of bicycles and rickshas.

Peddlers walk the teeming streets, each with a distinguishing cry, offering hot sweet potatoes, chestnuts, candied apples, vegetables in all stages of decay. Here are venerable eggs, treated

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with clay, rice-chaff and lime, aged like cheese for a year or so, but never for a hundred!

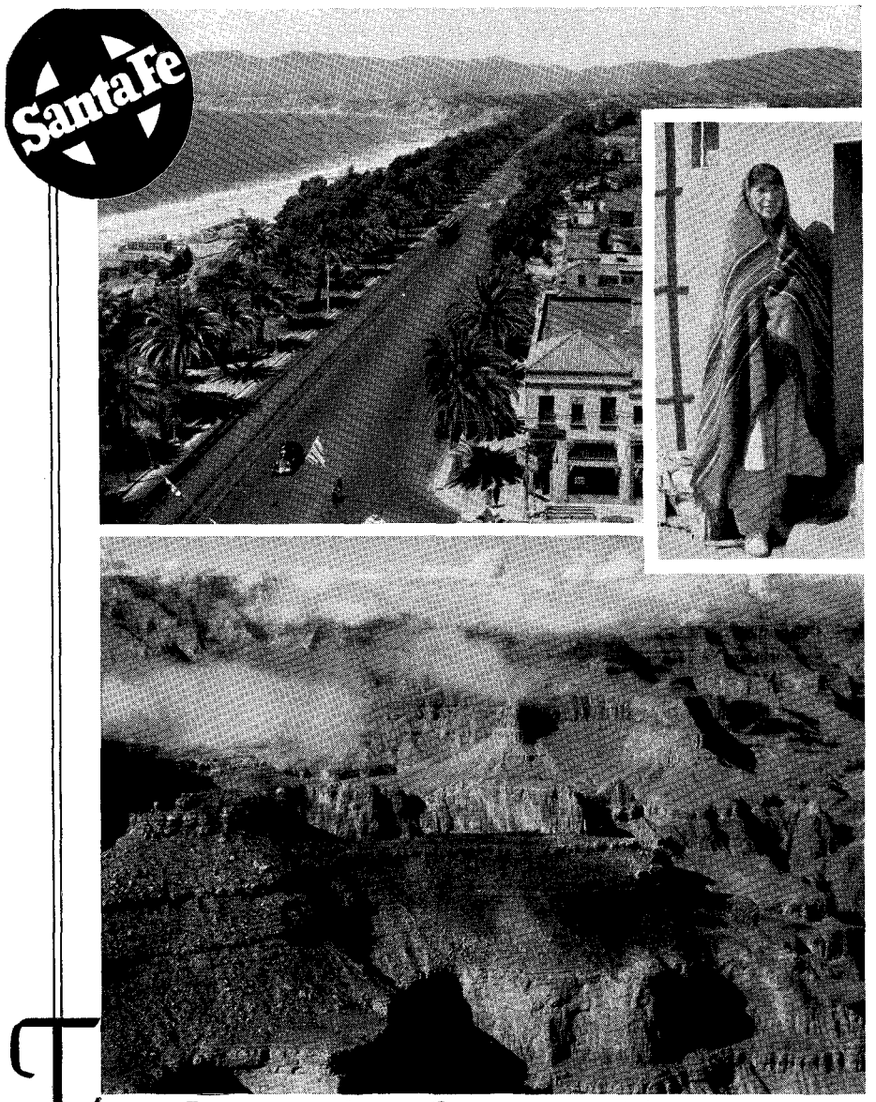
Peiping isn't an outspoken town like Paris. As befits her dignity, only after seemly acquaintance does she reveal her subtle charms. Like a wealthy Chinese merchant, she conceals her treasures, often in narrow, dusty *hutongs* or alleyways, where fine old palaces, glimpsed through crimson gateways, stand democratically among the hovels of the poor. Not until you have stood above the city, on Coal Hill (where the last Ming Emperor, Ch' ung Cheng hanged himself before the rebels reached him), or at the white *dagoba* crowning the artificial mount at Pei Hai, would you suspect that behind her decaying walls Peiping hides a veritable forest of trees and innumerable flowering plants. Again one thinks of Mexico and of Spain before the civil war.

Looking down over the lotus ponds, the porcelain pagodas of the Northern Sea, the rock gardens, moongates, timeless marble gateways, and mellow shrines, you can see proof of the infinite care with which the city was planned. Below you stretches the intricate maze of the Forbidden City's palaces, with their soft, flaring tile roofs, in harmony (as Lin Yutang explains) with the soil.

Peiping, itself, is a symbol of the traditional Chinese mind. Every structure of importance was designed and situated in strict conformance with rules thought to regulate nature, the spirits of air and hill, of direction, of wind and water. Ancient, indeed, are the Bell and Drum Towers, built in the Thirteenth century when the city was the capital of Kublai Khan. The Drum Tower rises ninety-nine feet: thus evil spirits flying low, as they do, are stopped; good ones, flying at a hundred feet, are not hindered.

Peiping has her cabarets: the White Palace, International, Alcazar—all with decent drinks and Chinese, Korean, Japanese, and Russian taxi dancers. The Chinese costume, with its split skirt, is a constant delight to the Westerner: to reveal the neck here is immodest, but to show the thigh is quite correct. The Russian exiles, naturally, talk of wheels within wheels, as they follow you to the latest American jazz. Many are drug addicts. I saw several being led to police headquarters one afternoon after a raid. They were quite indifferent.

Anna May Wong was in China recently. She found it very trying to talk broken Chinese to her race, then have shopkeepers answer in perfect English.



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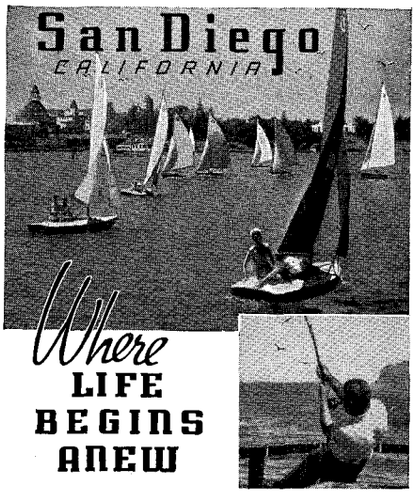

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Likewise, she found the Shanghai Express somewhat less exciting than Hollywood's version.

Nanking is typical of the incongruous struggle between the old and new. Within its ponderous walls (where, during the ages, a thousand plagues and the barbarian hordes have left a tragic record), rise the spick-and-span buildings of today's nationalist government. Raw, new real-estate subdivisions recall the heyday of the Los Angeles boom, with little flags posted over the desert reading: "Water in? Yes! Gas in? Yes! Yes! Sewers in? Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Shanghai is a snug little hamlet of some four millions. Situated on the Whangpo, a branch of China's great river, with its Bund resembling nothing so much as London's Victoria Embankment along the Thames, Shanghai is far more than a net to catch the riches of the Yangtze, with a fringe of notorious cabarets—as rumor has it. Stretching out her tentacles with amazing speed after the concessions to foreign powers following the Opium War of 1848, Shanghai is H. G. Wells' Cosmopolis previewed in 1937. Towering above the chanting coolies that transfer cargoes from the ships of all nations, are skyscrapers worthy of Manhattan. Out busy Nanking Road, past the spectacular race track, you find great stores, such as those of the Sun Company and Wing On, now completing a twenty-two story annex. I stayed at a Chinese hotel, immaculate and resplendent in all the trappings of the West. Otis elevators, operated by smiling young girls in uniform, whisked me up to the roof garden. The Chinese-style dining room featured Cantonese cooking, and the combinations that can be made with shrimp, chicken, beef, pork, bamboo shoots, seaweed, and other strange components are marvelous. Taken with hot Chinese wine you forget time, and the Western world seems but a snare and delusion.

Shanghai has some 60,000 foreigners in her International and French concessions. They patronize the many cabarets running from the sublime to the ridiculous. Those at the Cathay and Park Hotels equal New York's first-line institutions. From experience I can say that Shanghai's St. George, Metropole, Lido, Vienna, and Casanova are fair enough, though conventional. Happy Land, scene of a Japanese "incident," and the lesser caravansaries of the water front, are somewhat more in line with rumors. But in the choice establishments of Hongkong's Blood Alley, Mae West would be sniffed at as high-hat.

FRAGMENTS: At Macao, the old Portuguese gambling town, you can spend the money you've saved through exchange. It's only a short run from Hongkong. . . . Americans with a mania for tracing family trees will find a genealogical paradise in the village of Chofou, birthplace of Confucius. Here, covering hundreds of acres, no less than seventy-eight generations rest in peace. . . . No less significant than the airplanes given General Chiang Kai-shek as a birthday present from the Chinese people was the field meet I saw between China's leading universities. Young Chinese girls in shorts seemed ages removed from the bound feet still to be seen in the interior. The Japanese women of Shanghai's Hongkew quarter ("Little Tokyo") would certainly not have approved.

Europe by Land and Sea

Cruises within cruises, tours within tours complete the wheels-within-wheels pace with which Europe prepares to meet the American traveler this summer. For those who are planning their own itineraries or wish to supplement tours already decided upon, there are excellent short cruises that set out from European ports.

For instance, a twenty-day cruise through the Baltic leaves Southampton on July 10 with the S.S. *Empress of Australia* (Canadian Pacific Line). The schedule calls for stops at Bergen, Elvik, Eidfjord, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsingfors, Travemunde, and Denmark. Minimum fare, $189 round trip. The French Line also plans a number of Baltic cruises. Leaving Havre, the trip includes calls at Dover, Copenhagen, Gdynia, and Leningrad—a six-day voyage one way. First-class fare to Leningrad is $32.50; tourist, $25.

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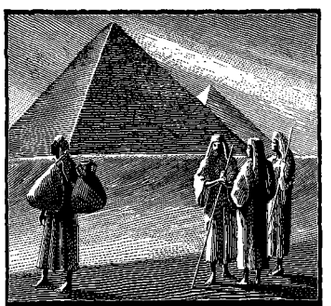

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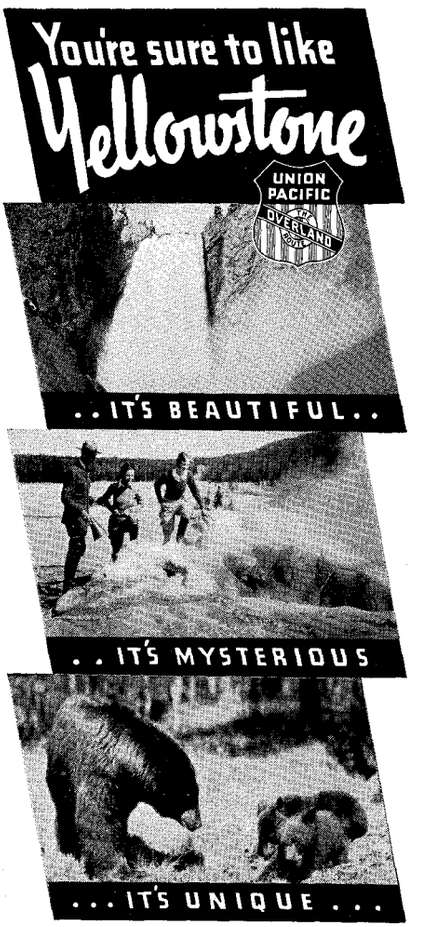
you can connect with in Europe between land tours. The trips vary from fifteen to twenty-five days. There are cruises to the Mediterranean; to the Atlantic Islands; to the Orient and the Black Sea; to the Azores, Madeira, and the Canary Islands. Then there are the trips north—the Scotland-Iceland-Spitsbergen-Norway Cruise; the North Cape Cruise; and the Fjord Cruise. It is advisable to make arrangements for these trips on this side of the Atlantic, for the tariff is calculated in registered marks. At the present very favorable rate of exchange you can figure these cruises at about five to seven dollars a day, minimum rate.

It is possible, also, to make connections in Europe with cruises that start out from New York. The American Export Line, for example, sends out a Mediterranean Cruise on alternate Tuesdays with stops at the Azores, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Alexandria, Cairo, the Holy Land, Naples, Greece. The full trip from New York and return takes forty-three days, and the minimum fare is $375, but arrangements can be made to board ship in France or Italy for the Mediterranean and Near East part of the cruise.

Land travel through Europe promises to be amazingly advantageous this summer, for country is vying with country in concessions to travelers. Drastically reduced rail fares with liberal stopover privileges are only part of the lure granted by England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. In connection with the Paris Exposition, France is issuing Cards of Legitimation (twenty francs each) which *must* be purchased before arrival in France. They entitle the bearer to substantial reductions in plane and rail fare, and concession in entrance fee to the Exposition.



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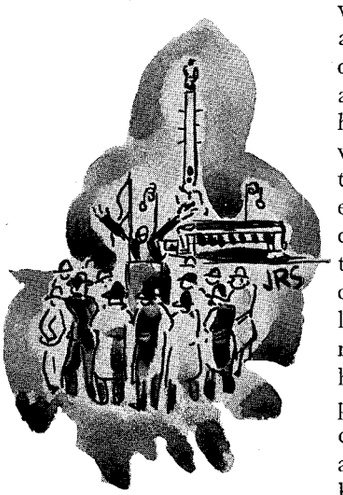
BOOKS

Nightmares, Imaginary and Real

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In *The Croquet Player* (Viking, $1.25) H. G. Wells returns to a genre which he made peculiarly his own at the beginning of his career: the social allegory—a sort of ghost story of the mind that is intended to evoke the same feeling of nameless horror which follows a reading of Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw* and yet leave a lesson with the reader, as well. But its effect is curiously the opposite of what it should be—and the opposite, of course, of all that Mr. Wells hoped to convey.

To understand how this can be so we must go back to Mr. Wells' early career. Recall *The Time Machine,* that allegorical fantasy in which Mr. Wells projected a contemporary human being into the far future of our world. That far future was given over to an organization of society that split mankind into two hopelessly diverse classes. On the bottom was a class of subhuman brutes, almost a new species of animal, who did the work of society. But unlike the slaves of antiquity, they did this work underground, out of sight. Since they never directly rebelled against their status, they did not frighten the superclass people who were their nominal masters but who had almost forgotten their existence. The superclass people, existing apart from all contact with the realities connected with making a living, were delicate, almost diaphanous souls who could cultivate their sensibilities. With their intellects they should have appreciated the lot of the slave class. But they never questioned their right to rule, for the acceptance of that right had become deeply imbedded in the subconscious.



In writing *The Time Machine* Mr. Wells very probably intended a reflection on Great Britain at the end of the nineteenth century. Furtively he was portraying a Britain that could show both Sussex garden and black country, the free institution of Parliament and the suppression of India. But the important thing about the allegory, as literature, was that it was *more* frightening than reality. Mr. Wells could put zest into writing *The Time Machine* because he knew he was creating a shiver for his readers. And he knew that the shiver would have its effect as a warning on people of sensibility.

Today, at the age of 70, Mr. Wells' master hand has not lost its cunning. As we have said, *The Croquet Player* has plenty of finesse. For his narrative-listener, Mr. Wells has picked an intellectually limited sort of person who has, however, one aptitude: that of making a croquet ball perform with wizard precision. Most human beings are like this croquet player: they are good at whatever they have to do day in and day out, but they are not very intelligent when it comes to great affairs. Since the croquet player is like other average people in that his aptitudes have no very palpable connection with decisions of empire, he is bored by discussions of the way the world is going. Nor does he like to be troubled by people whose mood is tragic: hence his distaste for the importunate Doctor Finchatton who, like the ancient mariner, stops him and insists that he hear a weird tale.

The weird tale is of a region called Cainsmarsh—which the croquet player naturally assumes is English fen country, a place of watery expanses, lowering skies, moored old barges, dank thatches, and a steady hum of insects in summer. The people who live in Cainsmarsh are, on first acquaintance, stolid. Doctor Finchatton, who goes there to practice medicine, is put off for a while by this stolidity. But he feels uneasy; there is something about the people which he can't fathom and doesn't like. Before long he is having nightly bouts of insomnia; he begins to notice gruesome things. A harmless minister of the neighborhood attacks his poor old wife; a dog is found beaten and mangled to death on the road. Trying to discover the malevolent secret of the marsh, Doctor Finchatton visits a local museum and gazes upon the old Neanderthaloid skulls that have been unearthed thereabouts. He concludes that the marsh is poisoned by the past—that, in brief, the brute in man still lives on. And he goes to a psychoanalyst to get himself untangled. The case seems simple. But the psychoanalyst himself is suffering from the jitters, which does not augur well for the healing of the patient.

If Mr. Wells had written *The Croquet Player* in 1900, it would have been accepted as a worthy companion piece to *The Time Machine*. But the sobering thing about it today is that a perfectly constructed horror story doesn't frighten. Nor does it have its effect as warning. Is this because we have lost in sensibility since the beginning of the century? I hardly think so. The point is that Mr. Wells' fantasy has been outstripped by events; the novelist cannot be as horrifying as the daily newspaper which sticks to commonplace reality. Art is powerless to magnify the madness of the headlines. In trying to scare you with his allegorical Cainsmarsh, Mr. Wells actually makes you prefer the damned place to some thousands of square miles of the living earth. What do a few Neanderthaloid skulls, a few parochial quarrels, a dead dog matter in a world whose spate of present prosperity depends on the creation of great national war machines? They do not matter at all. Hence Mr. Wells' little

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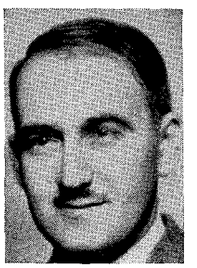

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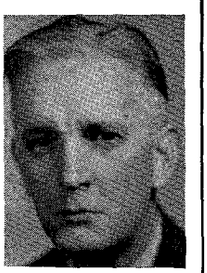

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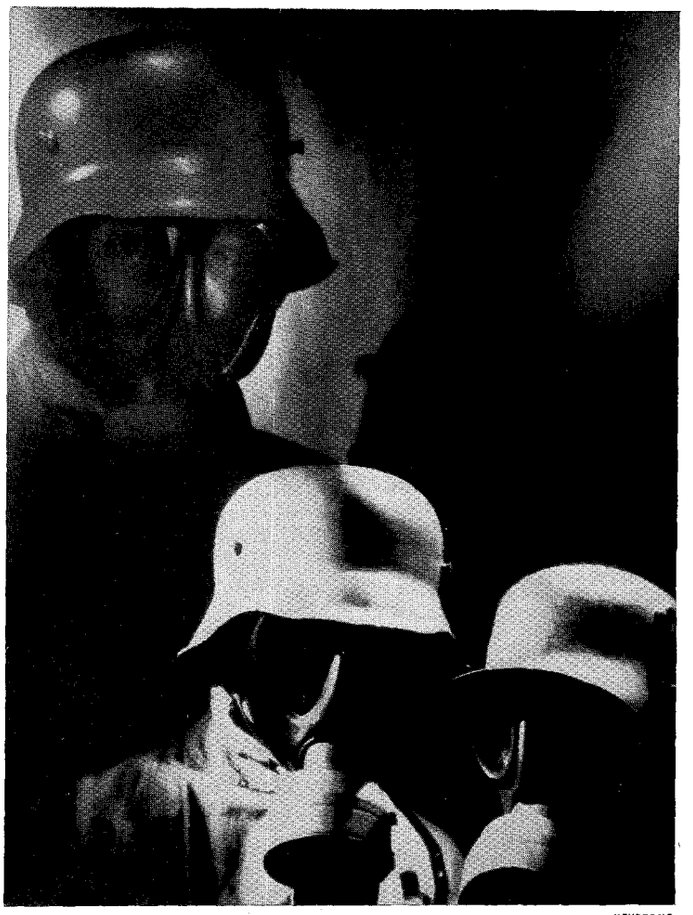
book falls rather flat; it diminishes rather than heightens actuality. One can only conclude that the time for writing social allegory of this sort has passed; it cannot compete with a world whose reality is completely fantastic in itself. *The Croquet Player* would have been more effective if Mr. Wells had stopped with the mangled dog and had drawn no parallels between small-scale and large-scale cruelty.

*

If you want a real scare, turn to Ernst Henri's *Hitler Over Russia?* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). This is forged out of statistics and suspicions arising from a contemplation of statistics, but it is the living counterpart of the sort of thing Mr. Wells wrote in *The Time Machine.*

Henri sees things in terms of gigantic conspiratorial antagonisms expressed by men in the grip of irrevocable circumstances: German steel trust versus the German working class; the same steel trust with an internal market to exploit versus the chemical trust, which must depend for its living on exports; Germany versus Italy over the question of who is to own and control the Styrian iron-ore deposits in Austria; Germany versus Italy in the Danube basin and southeastern Europe; and, eventually, German Fascism versus Russian Communism, with Hitler-Goering-Goebbels exploding violently toward Moscow with eyes on the fat Ukraine soil.

Does all this make sense? Or is it merely the nightmare of a statistician who has been feeding on the pages of *Das Kapital?* Well, all one can positively say is that Henri, in his previous *Hitler Over Europe,* accurately forecast the Nazi purge of June, 1934. And certainly the headlines bear him out so far: when Germany tried to pull off a Nazi coup in Austria, Mussolini blocked it by massing troops in the Italian Alps. The dictators can't agree to share their imperialistic push towards the East. As for "the coming fight between the Fascist and the Socialist armies," which Henri forecasts, the news from Germany is that an anti-Comintern is being organized to fight the Comintern and the "Bolshevist menace." The Henri picture hangs together.



KEYSTONE

. . . more fantastic than the products of human imagination

But it is a question whether Henri's reading of motives is correct. True, the purge in the Nazi ranks happened as Henri predicted it would happen. But did it happen for the precise reasons which Henri elaborates in *Hitler Over Russia?* Were Roehm and Heines and the other rebellious Brownshirts actively representing the German lower middle classes, as Henri insists? Or were they merely representing themselves, and fearing that their own livelihoods—as gangster street fighters—would be taken away from them as Fascism compelled order in the new Germany?

If the latter supposition is true, we do not have to look as Henri does for evidences of deep conspiracies. Henri supposes that the chemical trust, which was not getting what it wanted from Hitler, hoped to exploit the disappointment of the lower middle class in the new Germany by subsidizing Roehm and the rest to kick out Hitler or take him prisoner. Then, with Hitler gone, the chemical trust could compel the new government to subsidize the export trade in dyestuffs, instead of putting all its credit behind the promotion of a vast internal expansion of the armament industries. The only trouble with this picture is that it makes men too conscious of the forces that move them. The lower middle class was doubtless disappointed when Hitler failed to make Germany a paradise. The Roehm Storm Troopers did feel apprehensive about the future. And the chemical trust could not have liked the curtailment of its market. But the first two things being true, the abortive rebellion could have happened spontaneously, with no conspiratorial passing of money and advice from the chemical trust to Roehm's men. In emphasizing the conspiratorial element, Henri does violence to his own picture. Men are moved by their interests, obviously. But they do not react necessarily in a conscious fashion. That is the one thing that professional Marxists can never seem to understand.

As for the Henri prediction of the coming fight between Russia and Germany, any number of things can happen to put it off—and if it is put off today it may never happen tomorrow. Johannes Steel predicted a general war in Europe by June of 1935. What happened was—a small war in Abyssinia. Other prophets predicted such things as the imminent fall of Vienna, the gulping by Germany of Czechoslovakia, and the seizure of the Danzig corridor. What happened was—a civil war in Spain. Now Henri is predicting the fight between the Fascist and Communist armies. What may happen? Well, Blum may fall in France, with who knows what continental repercussions. For all anyone knows a rebellion now brewing in Tanganyika or the Malay archipelago may change the history of the world.

*

Coming back to the subject of Wellsian nightmares, the Moscow trials beat anything ever invented by the author of *The Time Machine.* Ten years ago, if anyone had predicted that Trotsky, the man who forged the victorious red sword for Lenin, would someday stand accused of conspiring with German and Japanese war lords to restore capitalism

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Edited by IRVING STONE

Author of "Lust for Life"

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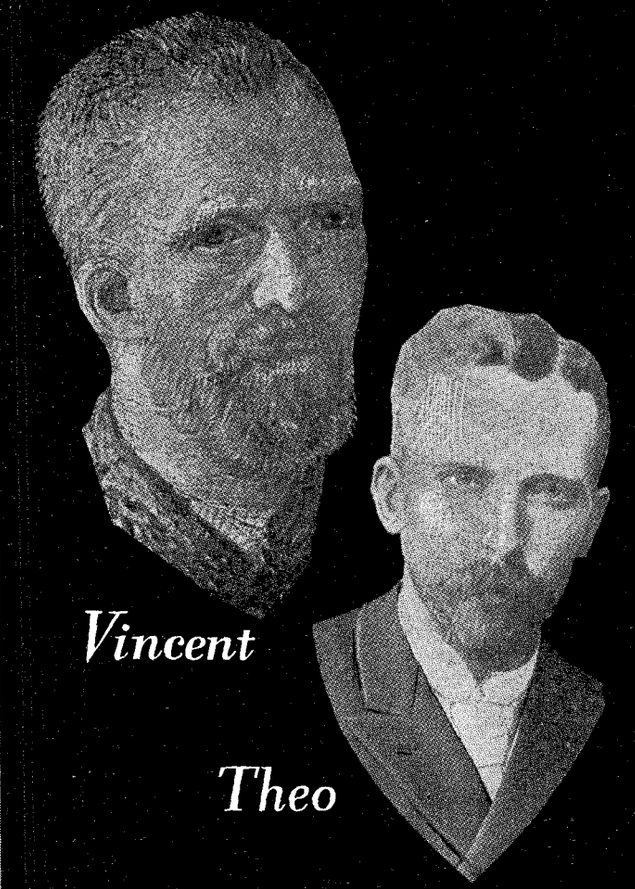
"I know scarcely a single figure since Saint Francis whose life lays such a hold on the imagination. If he lived tragically, he also lived to a purpose. The moral is incommunicable perhaps; but it lies open on every page of his letters. . . . And almost every page has some pregnant observation, some wise assimilation of experience, and the revelation of a deep and powerful feeling. The legend is irresistible, for it rests on these marvelous documents, and every time one returns to them the interest in them deepens."



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in Russia and hand over the Ukraine for partitioning, the world would have roared at the comedy. But, as usual, reality is more fantastic than the products of the human imagination, for Trotsky does stand accused of taking the German Gestapo to his bosom.

What has Trotsky himself to say about the fantastic nightmare of the trials? His *The Revolution Betrayed* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which was completed last summer, has nothing direct to say, but inferentially there is a lot in it to establish the moral purity of Leon Trotsky. He does not, he could not, criticize the social basis of Russian society; after all, Russia does not permit private profit to be taken from the operation of the basic means of production. He does, however, go hammer and tongs after the rule of the bureaucracy.

Does this make him an "enemy of the Soviet Union"? If it does, then Stalin is also a Trotskyist. For Stalin himself has lately taken to criticizing his own bureaucracy. On March 15 of this year Walter Duranty cabled the following, culled from Stalin's own *Isvestia:*

". . . 41 % of the Deputies made no reports whatever to their constituents—which are demanded not merely by the new Constitution but by Soviet laws since the beginning of the revolution. If this is the case in the Soviet capital so shortly after the new Constitution was enacted it is easily imagined how the 'presidiums' and other ruling bodies throughout the country are . . . ignoring democratic principles."

In other words, Trotsky has been right all along about his criticism of the undemocratic bureaucracy in Moscow. He must have been right, for Stalin himself says so. Or, rather, Stalin's controlled Moscow press says so, which amounts to the same thing.

Well, what are we to make of this! Only that criticism has its effect, its necessary function to perform, even if a man must go into exile in Norway and Mexico to preserve the right to criticize. What impresses my perhaps hopelessly libertarian self in this Trotsky-Stalin business is the base ingratitude of the ruling Soviet clique. For in trying to make Trotsky out a traitor, Stalin is striking at the man who gave him his chance to establish communism in Russia. "Who can doubt," so Walter Duranty once wrote, "that Trotsky forged the red sword?" Without it there would have been no Stalinist Russia today. If Jefferson had hanged Samuel Adams and banished John Adams, you would have had a case of ingratitude to compare with Stalin's.

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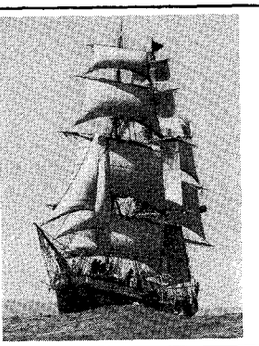

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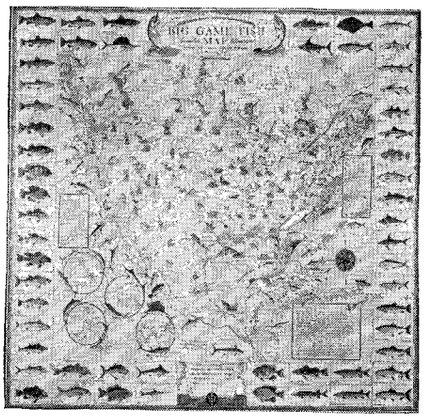

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Book Notes

To the Macmillan Company, which is just bringing out a revised edition of *The Business of the Supreme Court,* by Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis; to Stackpole Sons, who published Alfred Lief's *Brandeis;* and especially to Doubleday, Doran, publishers of both Drew Pearson's and Robert S. Allen's *The Nine Old Men* and Morris Ernst's *The Ultimate Power,* the President's recent announcement must have come like a direct government subsidy. All four books are blooming.

Morris Ernst, just back from the Pennsylvania bootleg coal mines which he is studying as a recently appointed member of Governor Earle's Anthracite Coal Industry Commission said when we asked him if he were working on anything new: "Every book is always my last. I'd been working on this one for two years." Although Mr. Ernst (who has never held any government job for pay) is obviously very interested in the present Washington discussion, at the moment he has the problem of bootleg mines uppermost in his mind. "Every banker," he says, "who underwrites mining stock ought to be forced first to go down in the mines and then be asked what wages and hours should hold. Imaginations aren't big enough to go into the ground."

*

Phil Stong, whose new Iowa novel *Buckskin Breeches* is called *The Way West* in England, writes from Washington, Connecticut, that there's nothing important about what "I'm doing just now, which is to sit and watch our man throw a ball for the dogs. By and by I shall number page 11 and go on with a short story. . . . Everyone seems to think my new book is an historical novel because it is about Iowa settlers in 1837, but I hope that the space of a century is merely a detail of locale.

"There are two new juveniles with the printers, *High Water,* about a boy and his burro in the Iowa floods of 1903, and *Emil: the 7:58,* a mild fantasy about an articulate train. They won't be out for months. . . . About Monday, after this story is off my hands, I'll start work on *Ekaterine* or *The Rainbow* —the novel for next year. I haven't decided which to write first."

Frances Winwar, whose *Poor Splendid Wings* was the Atlantic Nonfiction Prize winner for 1933 and whose new novel *Gallows Hill* deals with the colonists of Salem, Massachusetts, during the witchcraft persecutions, writes:

"Usually after I've finished a biography, writing a novel seems like a holiday. *Gallows Hill,* however, required a tremendous amount of research. I worked in Salem, from the court documents, and even handled the long witch pins with which the afflicted claimed they were pricked by the unseen witches.

"At present I am busy on the third of my group biographies. Like Wagner with his Ring cycle, I have been working backwards, so that while the present book will be the third to be written, it is really the first in point of time. *Poor Splendid Wings,* as you recall, overlapped to the first years of the twentieth century, and *The Romantic Rebels* left off where the other began. This first book, which is the last, will round off a century of literature and literary movements.

"I do my writing in the morning and early afternoon hours. I'm ashamed to admit that whenever I'm invited to a recital or to an opera matinee, I leave my work in the middle of a syllable and run off. During the last month or so I've had to transport my typewriter, notes, books, and other impedimenta to the back of the apartment to get away from the noise of the steam shovel across the street. I am told the riveters will follow, to erect the foundation of a twelve-story high school. In the evening unless I go to a concert or a play, I work at my desk in my room. Most of my research has been done in the course of the past four or five years; but there are always new books coming up, and almost daily I receive hitherto unavailable material. Such work of literary harvesting I do in the company of Joseph, or Youssouf, my eleven-year-old Persian cat, who feels that it will not be done right unless he is curled up in a semicircle round my book. Little by little he makes himself more and more comfortable so that by the time he is softly snoring I find myself with my book on my lap and the cards on which I take notes, on a corner of the sliding leaves which

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obviously were put into my desk for just such a contingency."

*

To those who are familiar with William Orton's *America in Search of Culture* any new book by him is something to be sought after at once. *The Last Romantic,* as different as possible from the former book, is all that Mr. Orton's admirers could ask. From a hideout (we are forbidden to divulge the locality) in Maine where he is beginning a sabbatical half year from Smith College, where he teaches, he sends notes about himself and his book: "I don't know much about how my book is faring—it was nearly all written up here last summer. It is a record, as faithful as I could make it, of a period that now seems infinitely remote. I think, as far as American youth is concerned, the English 1840's are much nearer to the present mood than those prewar years. I must tell you an incident on my publisher. Even after John Farrar had accepted the book he was not sure whether the diaries, etc. were authentic: they are, not a word is altered (my pen itched to alter some of that adolescent writing, but that would have spoiled the document). 'Well,' said John Farrar, 'if they're genuine I still say you're a good writer; but if you had invented them I should have said you were a great writer.'"

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *The Years,* by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A novel of the last fifty years by the distinguished author of *Orlando, Flush, A Room of One's Own.* Her first since 1931.

2. *Return from the U.S.S.R.,* by André Gide. Knopf. $1.

A little book of disillusionment which sold over 100,000 copies within a few weeks after its recent publication in France.

3. *Three Comrades,* by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown. $2.75.

The meaning of friendship when the world is upside down becomes the strength of this author's new novel of Germany in 1928, as it was a vital part of his *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back.*

4. *Bread and Wine,* by Ignazio Silone. Harper. $2.50.

The Book-of-the-Month Club chooses for April this profound and stirring novel by the author of *Fontamara.*

5. *Bread and a Sword,* by Evelyn Scott. Scribners. $2.75.

What happened when an author with an intelligent and leftist wife was forced to turn jobhunter during the depression. By the author of *The Wave.*

6. *Present Indicative,* by Noel Coward. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

The brilliant autobiography of the man whom every one knows, either as author, playwright, musician, actor, or producer.

7. *The Laurels Are Cut Down,* by Archie Binns. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

The author of *Lightship* writes the story of two brothers who grew up in the Puget Sound country when it was the frontier, and carries it through the War. A Literary Guild selection.

8. *Invertebrate Spain,* by José Ortega y Gasset. Norton. $2.75.

In the first book since his *Revolt of the Masses,* the author writes, not of what is happening in Spain, but of all that lies behind it.

9. *A Book of Hours,* by Donald Culross Peattie. Putnam. $2.50.

A companion volume to *An Almanac for Moderns* illustrated with twenty-four full-page drawings by Lynd Ward.

10. *The Ring Is Closed,* by Knut Hamsun. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

A fishing village on the west coast of Norway is the setting for this new novel by the author of *Growth of the Soil* and *The Road Leads On.*

It is interesting to note:

. . . that two books tying for eleventh place on this advance vote by the publishers on forthcoming books were Edgar Lee Masters' *The Tide of Time* and *Together and Apart,* by Margaret Kennedy. We venture to predict that this latter book, already a best-seller and choice of the Book Society in England, will be among those present on the best-seller lists in this country. By no means as distinguished as *The Constant Nymph,* it still has the author's unusual sensitiveness and insight, and will be read with pleasure by many.

. . . that *King Edward VIII,* by Hector Bolitho, received few votes, but is bound to be popular during the coming months as a revealing story of a man who is headline news on six continents.

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A Room of Their Own

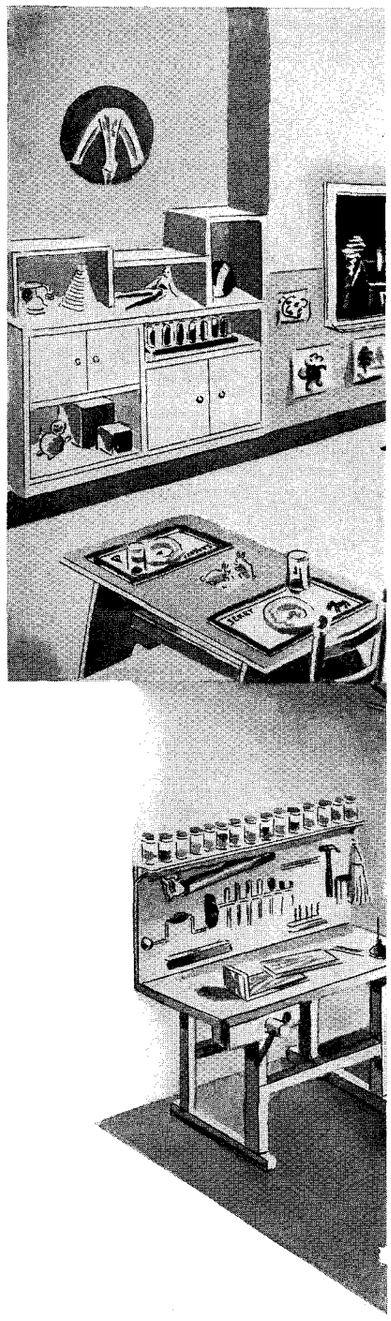
KATHERINE KENT

School's almost out, and ahead lie the long days of summer. Maybe you're planning to ship the little dears off to camp, but if you've come to a home-is-best-after-all decision, it's high time to plan for the sundown hours and those days when heavy weather keeps the youngsters indoors. Without benefit of psychologisms, the solution lies in a carefully worked-out room of their own.

For the youngest generation Childhood Inc. (32 East Sixty-fifth Street) has, as always, thoughtful and ingenious suggestions. Let's begin with the floor. Games like checkers and hopscotch are inlaid in colors that contrast or complement the linoleum, forming both decoration and eminently practical play space. Then note the lower wall section. Bulletin-board cork is used as a permanent wainscoting, giving the room not only a distinctive modern note but saving the walls from injury when youngsters pin up their drawings, their poetry, stories, or scrapbook items. Down at the left is a cabinet designed for a multitude of uses and sturdy enough to take much abuse. The open shelves are grand for hobby collections, and the spaces mercifully shielded by doors are perfect for papers, paints and the thousand and one things that are tidiest out of sight. The couch upholstered in chintz is made to stand the strain of youthful bounces and hops and it can be matched in chairs of the comfy, fireside type. For the summer home Childhood has also excellent suggestions in wicker furniture, if you'd rather.

The basement room—that adult holy of holies—is full of possibilities for the leggy, experimental age. Since it is seldom that both generations use it at the same hours, why not share it between you? By way of suggestion, we've worked out an arrangement along two wall spaces—an arrangement that obtrudes little upon the main floor space and in which almost every item has an adult appeal as well. Way over to the right is the milk-shake bar, a natural for afternoon refreshments and party entertainment. It's done in the shape of a Noah's Ark, with animal seats to perch upon before the counter. If a miniature bar seems not to have enough use in your particular family, have a look at the circus bar in Sloane's House of Years. The caged lion in the bar, the delightfully absurd giraffe chairs, and the circus mural behind it—all are a sure delight to any generation and there's no reason why (with a padlock arrangement on the stronger-than-milk section) it shouldn't do service for both. . . . The marionette theater stands above a cabinet into which a radio is built. Abercrombie & Fitch (Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue) have not only the theater but an excellent range of marionettes. There are handmade characters done in a glorified, rag-doll fashion. Then there is a build-your-own marionette set, certain to intrigue the ingenious child. The parts are all there for the castes of *Hansel and Gretel, Blue Beard,* and *Rumpelstilskin,* with the scripts and direction for each play. Nothing solves the piano problem so successfully as the Minipiano, for it offers an excellent instrument in a minimum of space. The seven-octave model is only eighteen inches deep, fifty-four wide, and thirty-six high; the six-octave model is even smaller. It can be had in the usual woods and in maple, white mahogany, and in lacquered colors.

For the boy at the study-of-his-own stage Wanamaker's (New York) has worked out a compact little room in its new Cape Cod House. The floor is covered in linoleum into which a center design with compass motif is inlaid. Instead of a bed, there is a studio couch flanked by book ends. The treatment of the walls is interesting as well as suggestive for rooms that are broken with a setback. Paper in full design tends to crowd a small room, while utterly plain walls become monotonous and demand extra decoration. Wanamaker's has solved the problem by using a designed paper from their own decorating shop in the setback only. Ships, cars, trains, telegraph poles, and radio towers—all streamlined—form the individual motifs, and are worked on a background that matches exactly the plain wall sections.



ABOVE

From novel milk-shake bar to tenpins this basement playroom and workshop has, not only space for adult equipment, but share-it-with-the-whole-family features. The workbench is from Hammacher Schlemmer; the marionette theater set above the built-in radio cabinet and the Minipiano are from Abercrombie & Fitch. No alley is necessary for these sponge-rubber tenpins and balls which Spalding's carry along with more serious sport equipment and games like shuffleboard adaptable to indoor play quarters.

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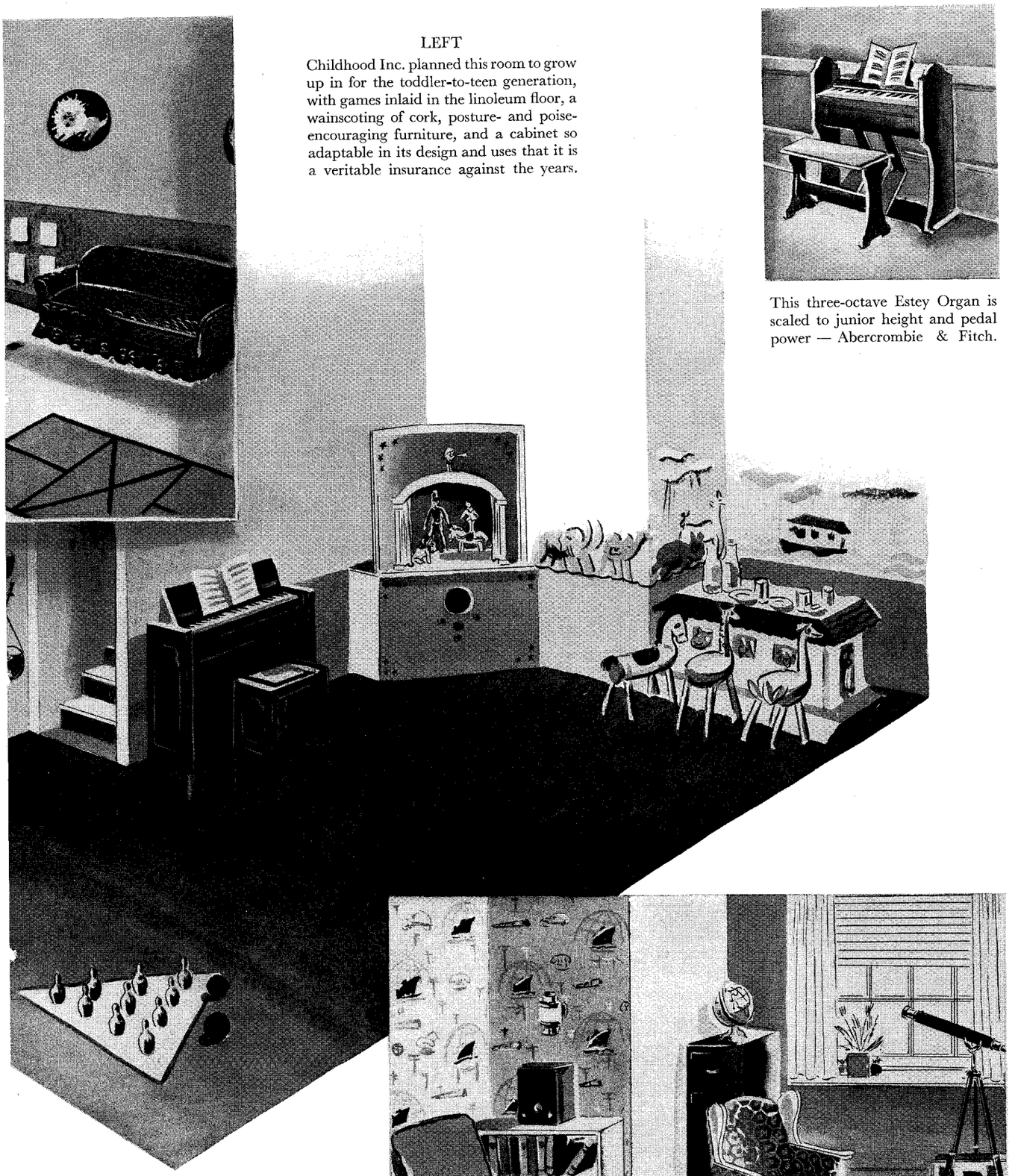
LEFT

Childhood Inc. planned this room to grow up in for the toddler-to-teen generation, with games inlaid in the linoleum floor, a wainscoting of cork, posture- and poise-encouraging furniture, and a cabinet so adaptable in its design and uses that it is a veritable insurance against the years.

This three-octave Estey Organ is scaled to junior height and pedal power — Abercrombie & Fitch.



RIGHT

A room of his own, with a thought toward the future, from Wanamaker's (New York), new Cape Cod House uses simple maple furniture, darkish tan studio couch, gay chintz armchair, neutral blue walls.

The Astronomo Set with a real telescope and imposing box of equipment for charting the stars, from Abercrombie & Fitch.

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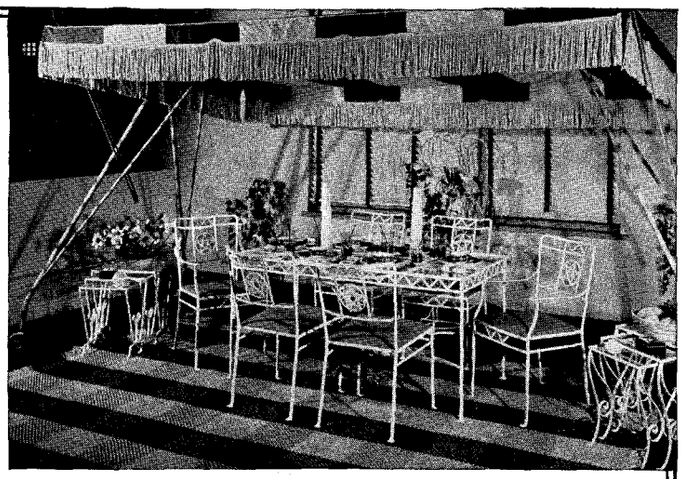

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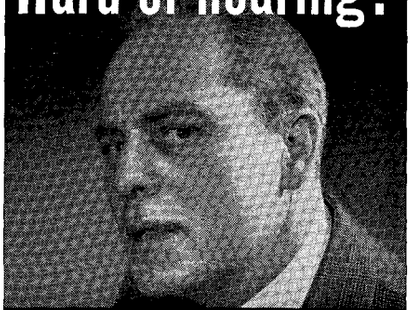

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The art of framing is almost lost in this day of humdrum mass output. Yet it is one to which the artist has always been sensitive, not to say a little touchy. Degas, it is told, was invited to the home of an old friend. In the foyer he spied one of his canvases in a glittering, ornate frame. Without a word to his host, he pulled the painting from its frame and stomped out of the house.

But even the artist cannot once and for all of us solve the problem of a profile for his picture. Though the frame exists essentially to complement his work, it must also harmonize with the tone and structure of the room. But this does not mean that frames should "match" walls, rugs, or fabrics, nor that they should be characterless. The tendency in decoration today is away from such literal-mindedness. The idea that a modern room ought to contain only work done in the latest conceit or that a period room must limit itself to art products of that era is an exploded one. There is no reason why an Early American room cannot make use of the art works of our day. The frame properly designed and toned can easily bridge the transition.

It was with some of these problems in mind that we set out to find craftsmen to whom frames were not an end-all but who approached the problem with a knowledge of the painting's content and decorative function. The Associated American Artists (New York) have an excellent range of frames. The finishes fall into three main types: natural hard woods; gold or silver leaf; and baked enamel for white and color tones. Work for one of the SCRIBNER series begins at three dollars with shipping costs, mat, frame, and glass included.

The F.A.R. Gallery (19 East Sixty-first Street) is the habitat of the connoisseur. Here you'll find not only familiar mouldings but profiles that are highly individual without for an instant forgetting that their function is wholly secondary to the painting. For frames in the whites and color tones F.A.R. uses a gesso finish on hard wood, applying the color over it by hand. The result is a lovely soft matte finish. A three-quarter-inch cove molding in gesso (mat and frame included) costs four dollars, while a half-inch natural wood frame is a dollar less. Shipping twenty-five cents extra.

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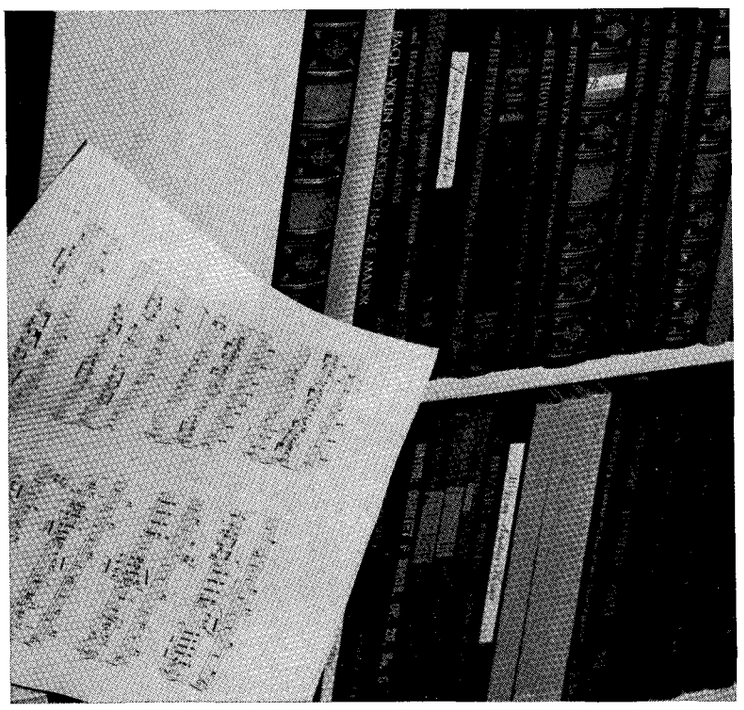
Mostly Bach

RICHARD GILBERT



OTTO HESS

THE age of mass production is gradually catching up with the artistic output of Johann Sebastian Bach. Not a month goes by without some additional evidence of the unflagging and generous regard record companies have for his music.

Now we are given the preludes and fugues, Nos. 11 to 19 from the second book of *Das Wohltemperirte Clavier,* played by Edwin Fischer. This admirable musician has already recorded the preceding pieces from the first and second books (twenty-four works in each). One more volume of discs, and we shall have the "48" in as definitive a version as the contemporary supply of virtuosity will provide—for in devotion to this beautiful music and in technical and mental equipment to cope with its incomparable variety, Mr. Fischer need bow to no other living artist.

With the exception of the pieces in F minor and G major, none of the preludes and fugues in this album (Victor set No. M334) has been previously recorded. Because they are infrequently performed in concert, they are no doubt unfamiliar to the average listener. Unlike those in the first book, the works in the second were not composed specifically as a practical demonstration in support of a new system of tuning the harpsichord or clavichord of Bach's day. Nor were they intended originally, as were many of the preludes in the first book, for the technical training of Bach's sons. Here the preludes and fugues are grandly conceived as tonal poems complete in themselves, running a wide gamut of moods, and infused with a wealth of ideas guaranteeing inexhaustible enjoyment.

The flight of Bach's imagination was never constricted by the exigencies of any form, no matter how severe. The sprightliness and gaiety of some of the fugues and the architectural restfulness of others thoroughly discredit any conception that this form exercises an appeal exclusively to the erudite. Certainly, the beauty of Bach's fugues is apparent to many listeners for whom the nomenclature of *subject, answer, countersubject, exposition* and *episode, stretto* and *inversion, augmentation* and *diminution,* and *pedal point* is meaningless jargon. An understanding, however, of the structural ramifications of the fugue (many people have been known to have conquered the complexities of contract bridge) considerably enhances enjoyment of the form. The absence from Mr. Fischer's volume four of the excellent analytical notes customarily enclosed with his former sets is to be regretted. I recommend that you obtain the two "Musical Pilgrim" booklets covering the entire "48" written by J. A. Fuller-Maitland (Oxford University Press). Thus fortified, then, those of you just beginning an acquaintance with Bach's music cannot hope for a better approach than through these superb records. For others who know, words of recommendation are unnecessary.

Ralph Kirkpatrick's harpsichord recording of Bach's *Italian Concerto* had scarcely made its appearance several months ago under the new Musicraft label when it became known that his former teacher, Wanda Landowska, had also recorded the work. Mme. Landowska's essay now appears on Victor discs Nos. 14232 and 14233, together with three little preludes of a type Bach wrote for the instruction of his children (two in C, one in C minor) and a fugue in C minor. Mr. Kirkpatrick's odd side, you will recall, was occupied by the magnificent fugue Bach wrote for *Das Musikalische Opfer* which he dispatched to Frederick the Great as a memento of his visit to Potsdam in 1747. The principal differences between the Kirkpatrick and the Landowska productions are: first, in the timbre and dynamic range of their respective harpsichords, and, second, in their individual approaches to the slow movement. Mme. Landowska's instrument is one of modern design, capable of round and full sonorities; Mr. Kirkpatrick uses a Dolmetsch reconstruction, similar to the harpsichord actually in use during Bach's day. The tone of the latter is puny compared to the *forte* which the former can produce. Some will prefer the more fragile instrument and, of course, Kirkpatrick's more delicately etched delineation, particularly in the *andante.* Here the manner in which he places the highly ornamented melody in bold relief seems altogether more appropriate than the less contrasted projection of it above the *basso ostinato* by Mme. Landowska, more closely integrated. The quick movements in each version are not very dissimilar. As a young and talented performer, Ralph Kirkpatrick com-

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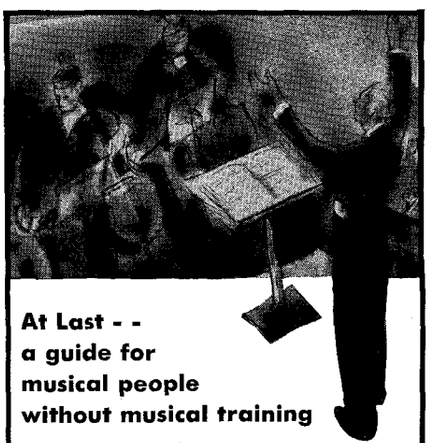

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mands considerable respect for his tasteful treatment of the concerto—a treatment that bears up uncommonly well when placed alongside one established by a veteran specialist.

*

With the bulk of the church cantatas and organ pieces unrecorded, the companies in their attention to Bach are far from the saturation point. Yet not content to await a more propitious moment for recording certain organ chorale preludes and excerpts from several cantatas when it would have been possible to capture these works in the mediums for which they were originally intended, Victor presents an album of a number of the pieces in question (there are also a prelude from the third partita for unaccompanied violin which Bach himself arranged for clavier, and yet another transcription of the *Adagio* from the organ *Toccata in C*) transcribed for piano by Alexander Kelberine who, with Jeanne Behrend, performs them in two- and four-hand versions (Victor set No. M330). Now I am not a purist who would exclaim at the violation of a shrine, but I cannot see what there is to be gained by reducing music originally planned for contralto and tenor duet with two oboes, trumpet, and *continuo* (from *Cantata No. 10*), for example, to the limited resources of the keyboard. Nor does the piano, or even two pianos, match the sonority and dynamic range of the organ. Until the phonograph was perfected it was necessary and irksome for many musicians to explore the symphonic and chamber-music literature of the masters by means of two- and four-hand adaptations. Fortunately, that is no longer necessary. Neither should the redactions of aspiring arrangers for piano teams become a habit with recording companies. In the other extreme, Stokowski and his grandiloquent orchestrations of Bach have seduced the public long enough.

*

Three important works of the modern school appear at the top of an imposing new list of Brunswick-Polydor recordings. The less advanced work is Albert Roussel's ebullient *Symphony No. 3 in G minor* which some of you will recall as the contribution of this sixty-eight-year-old French composer to the fiftieth anniversary celebration in 1930 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Stravinsky's recently composed *Concerto in D* was introduced here by the violinist Samuel Dushkin in whose repertoire it remains exclusively. A harder nut for most listeners to crack than either of the above pieces is the late Alban Berg's *Lyric Suite* in six movements for string quartet, written in the atonal manner.

From a musical savant like Roussel one might expect a pedantic, tiresome symphony. But the former naval officer's music improves with his age, and he has created here a work pregnant with ideas and teeming with vitality. The beauty of its thematic material, the rapid generation of its development, the vigorous drive of its rhythms, its harmonic freedom and clever counterpoint, and, above all, its conciseness qualify this work as an outstanding proof that —in the hands of an original and resourceful artist—the venerable symphonic mold can be used to mint new pieces of permanence and luster. The Lamoureux Orchestra performs the work brilliantly under the direction of Albert Wolff, and the recording, except for an undesirable thickness in the bass, has a fine clarity (set No. BP-3).

Critics now go to a Stravinsky première with a great disinclination to hail a new work of genius, leaving the concert hall with the profound conviction of having failed to meet with one. Time and the phonograph have a way of adjusting one's sensibilities to Stravinsky's later music, especially to those works his detractors find lacking in the "human" qualities which they are now able to discern in *L'Oiseau de Feu, Petrouchka,* and even the detonating *Sacre*. At home I've come to appreciate the marvelous manipulation of the materials of sound in *L'Histoire du Soldat,* the *Capriccio,* and the octet, in much the same manner as I take everyday pleasure with the fabrics and textures, surfaces and shapes and volumes of my functional and decorative surroundings, and the works of art I hang upon my walls.

Stravinsky's fiddle concerto—with its really remarkable combination and juxtaposition of sonorous properties, impersonal and stereotyped melodies, insouciant episodes in jaunty rhythm, and garrulous dialogue between the devilishly difficult solo part and supporting timbres—coming from yonder loudspeaker, matches for my ears the vibrant plastic relationships Picasso has contrived on the canvas which meets my eye on the opposite wall.

It is impossible to read anything into the concerto which the composer never intended. He continues to produce works, the rules governing which are of his own making. No better method of approach is possible than by means of his own recordings. Dushkin performs his piece with impeccable technic and consummate understanding. His part

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and those of the accompanying instruments—the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Stravinsky—reproduce with as fine a fidelity as I have ever heard (set No. BP–1).

The only passage in Berg's *Lyric Suite* most listeners unfamiliar with the twelve-tone technic will be able to associate with previous musical experience does not occur until the end of side seven. Here, in the middle of the concluding movement, a brief, two-bar quotation from the prelude of *Tristan* emerges as the ultimate lustration of a hyper-sensitive romantic. Despite all that has been said about the logical formalism and mathematical unification of the Schönberg-Webern-Berg style, this group has impelled a succession of intensely romantic works—culminating in Berg's operas, *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*—strangely febrile and, at times, violently subjective.

In the six movements of the *Lyric Suite,* Hans Holländer, one of Berg's keenest appreciators, witnesses "the journey of a soul: from an *Allegro gioviale* and *Andante amoroso* through an *Allegro misterioso, Adagio appassionata* and *Presto delirendo* into a *Largo desolato.*" This unique music (some of the movements are scored with *sul ponticello* effects producing sounds of an uncanny character) demands repeated hearings. The assiduously prepared performance of the Galimir Quartet of Vienna, reinforced by uncommon instrumental virtuosity, has been perpetuated in an unusually fine recording. Here, then, is our first opportunity of careful attention to a work modern music experts consider one of Berg's finest as well as a high point in the contemporary string quartet style (set No. BP–2).

I have space only to mention a magnificent recording by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Doctor Koussevitzky: Beethoven's *Symphony No. 8 in F* achieves a definition and eloquence that, I am certain, will not be surpassed for a long time (Victor set No. 336).

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 68)

1. A pungent European herb
2. "Phew! What a hot wind that is!"
3. *Ladies' Home Journal*
4. Valparaiso, Chile
5. A clutch
6. The official chaplain of the Senate
7. Thistle
8. Wesley Stout
9. Issued a stamp with the likeness of General Sherman
10. A steward
11. Hayrack
12. *The Nile*
13. Stoutness
14. German
15. 4 feet, 8½ inches
16. A hermit
17. Dee-mow-NYE-ah-kal
18. John Adams was the son of John Quincy Adams [He was the father]
19. Mark Twain
20. "Mouse"
21. Wire
22. Tony Manero (1936 champion)
23. "Claims Nidology Stronger Than Love"
24. The water that collects in ship bottoms
25. William Henry Harrison
26. 28 years (with 28 years additional if a second term is applied for)
27. A surveyed boundary dividing the Baltimore and Penn family properties
28. Australia to England
29. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*
30. Salutary (healthy, beneficial)
31. A sister zeppelin to the *Hindenburg* is being built
32. A male heir to Italy's throne was born
33. Pullman
34. Wisconsin (Clarence A. Dykstra)
35. George Bellows
36. Dactylology
37. Indiana (2.9 miles northeast of Linton, Indiana)
38. Elias Howe (1846)
39. Three days and three nights
40. Committee for Industrial Organization
41. Utility stocks
42. Their store fronts are open to the street
43. A species of underground fungi
44. Was committed to a hospital for the insane
45. "Did you like the movie version of *The Good Earth?*"
46. Rotarianism is about as big a sodality as we have (a brotherhood)
47. Comiskey Park, Chicago
48. Thomas Beer
49. Get bids from steel companies on contracts (the act requires government contract bidders to maintain a 40-hour week; steel has since capitulated.)
50. "He's got the strangest middle name —it's Vories!"

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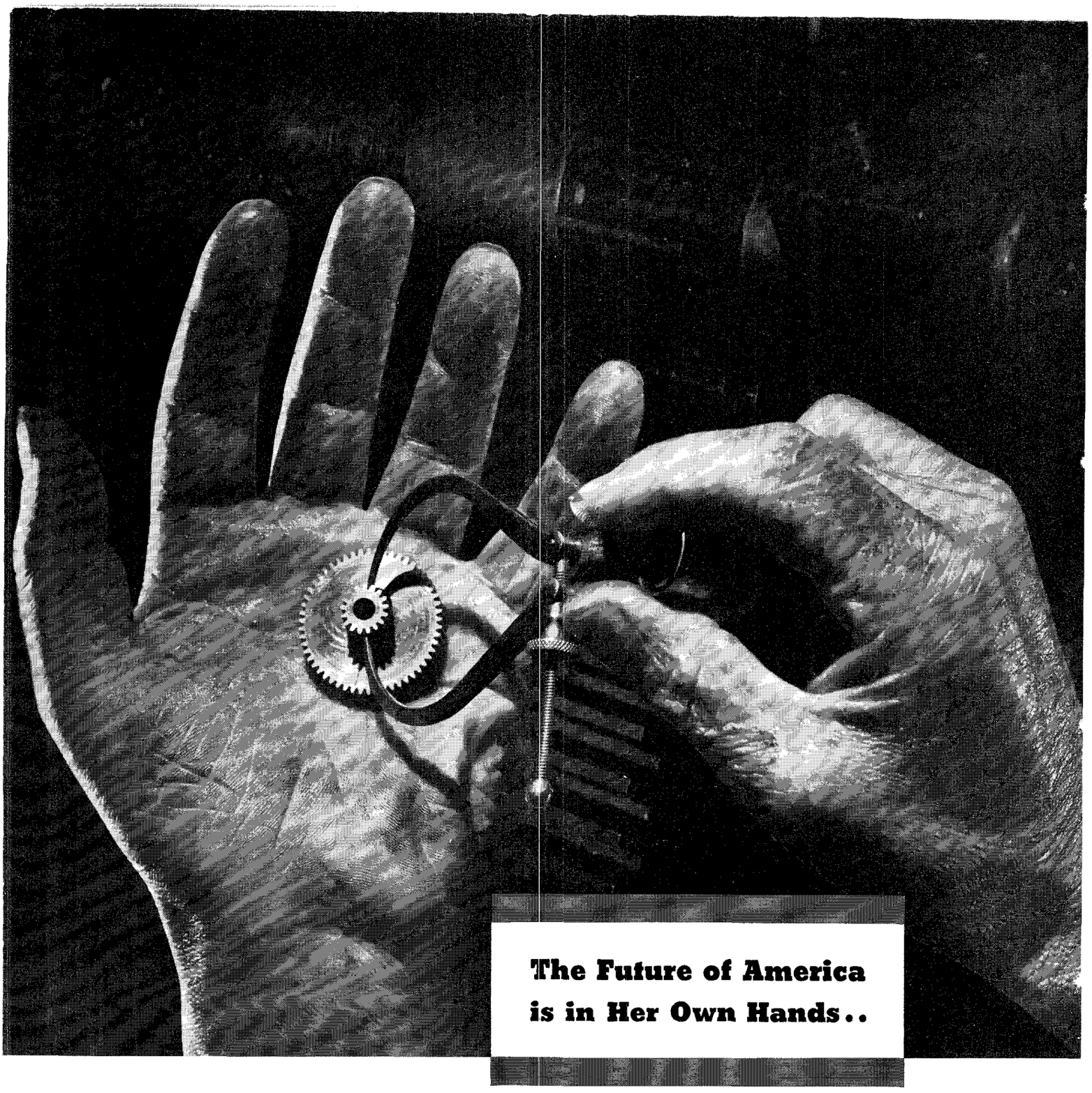

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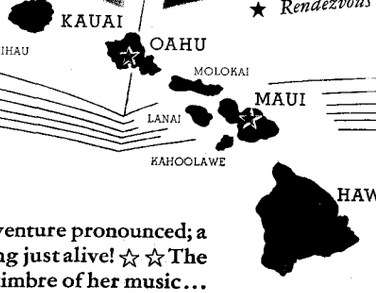
THE ISLANDS OF

Hawaii



Days in Hawaii are pages from a dictionary of pleasure! Romance defined; adventure pronounced; a word for tingling sport. With one theme binding all together…the joy of being just alive! ☆☆ The youthfulness of eternal Springtime tones the color of Hawaii's flowers… the timbre of her music… the quality of her *Aloha* welcome…her stirring invitation to do new things in a still more novel way!

Turn these pages to whatever interests *you*. Surf: tonicked, with a thrill at Waikiki. Hotels: exquisite, luxurious, and open all the year. Famed shops comprising a South Seas Fifth Avenue, for your shopping *after you arrive*. Hospitality: the sort that stirs emotion at the thought of leaving… the sort that *brings you back*. ☆☆ Too short, but filled with gaiety and charm, the smooth steamer crossing to Honolulu from Los Angeles, San Francisco or Vancouver, B. C. Less than a day on giant Clippers of the air.

Booklets "Nearby Hawaii" and "Tourfax" free from Travel Agents or Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 213 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.; 247 Petroleum Securities Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

This Bureau, with headquarters at 765 Bishop Street, in Honolulu, is a non-profit organization, maintained by

THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

to enable you to obtain accurate information on any subject concerning the entire Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

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